Sept. 24, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

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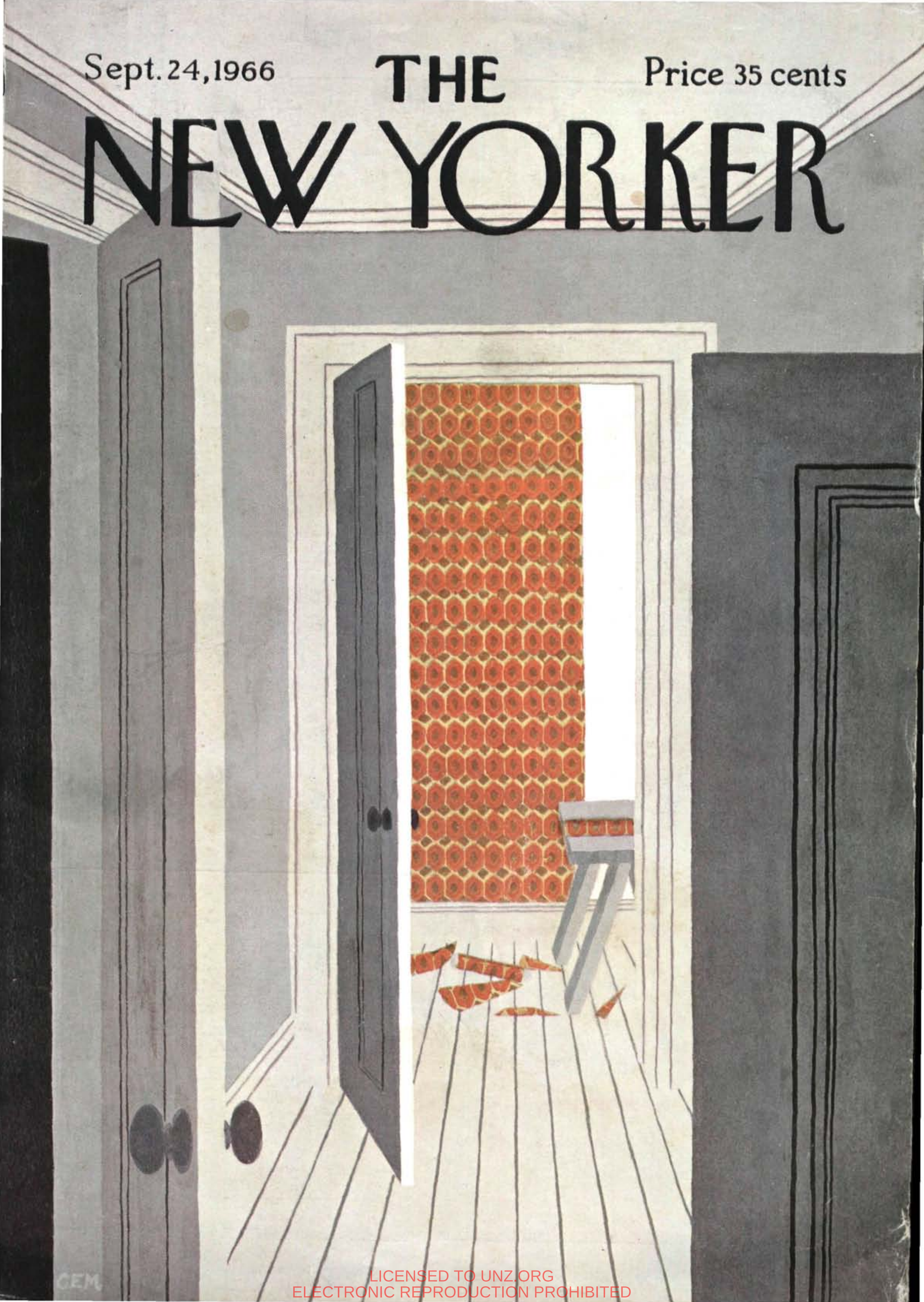

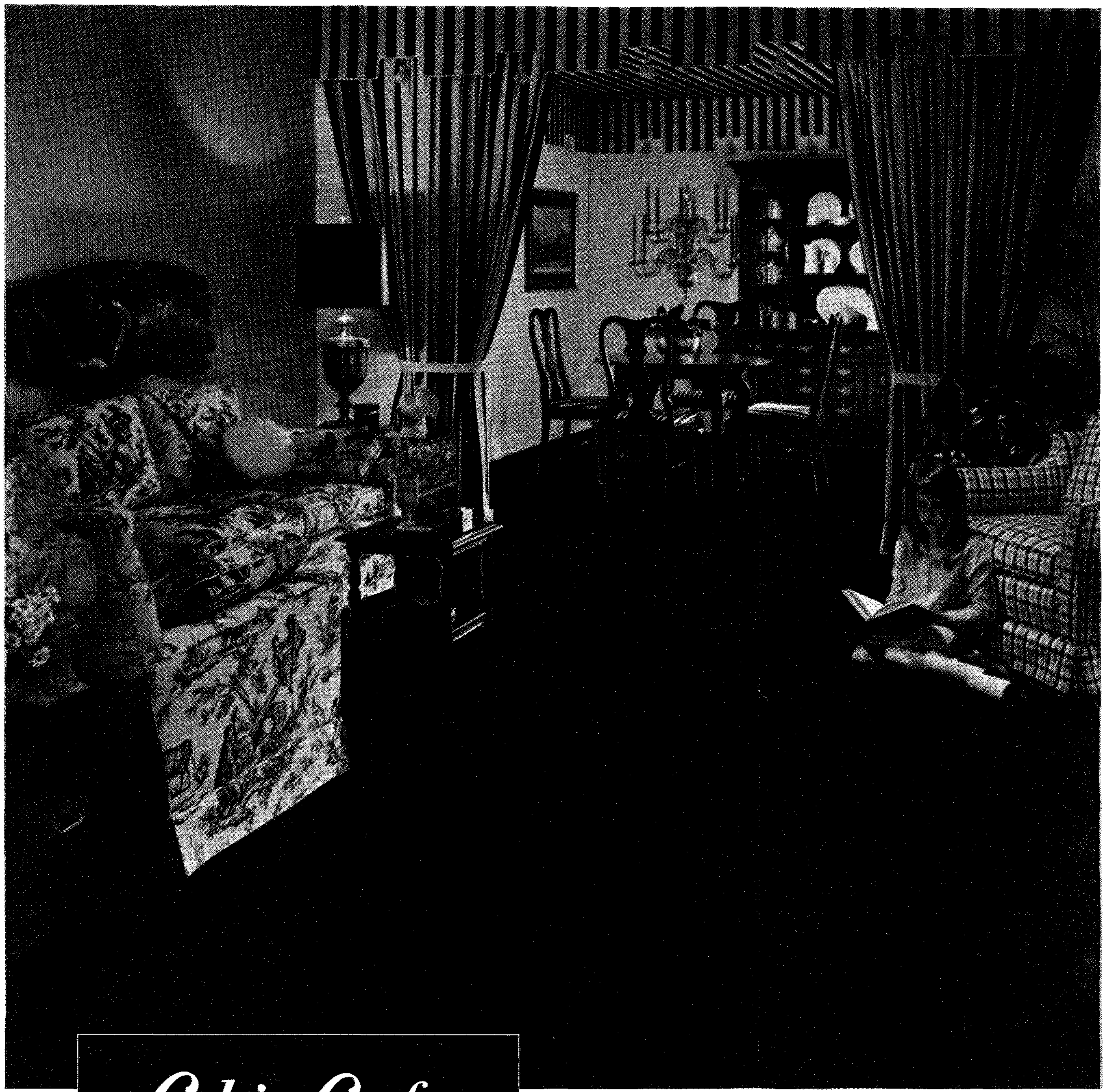

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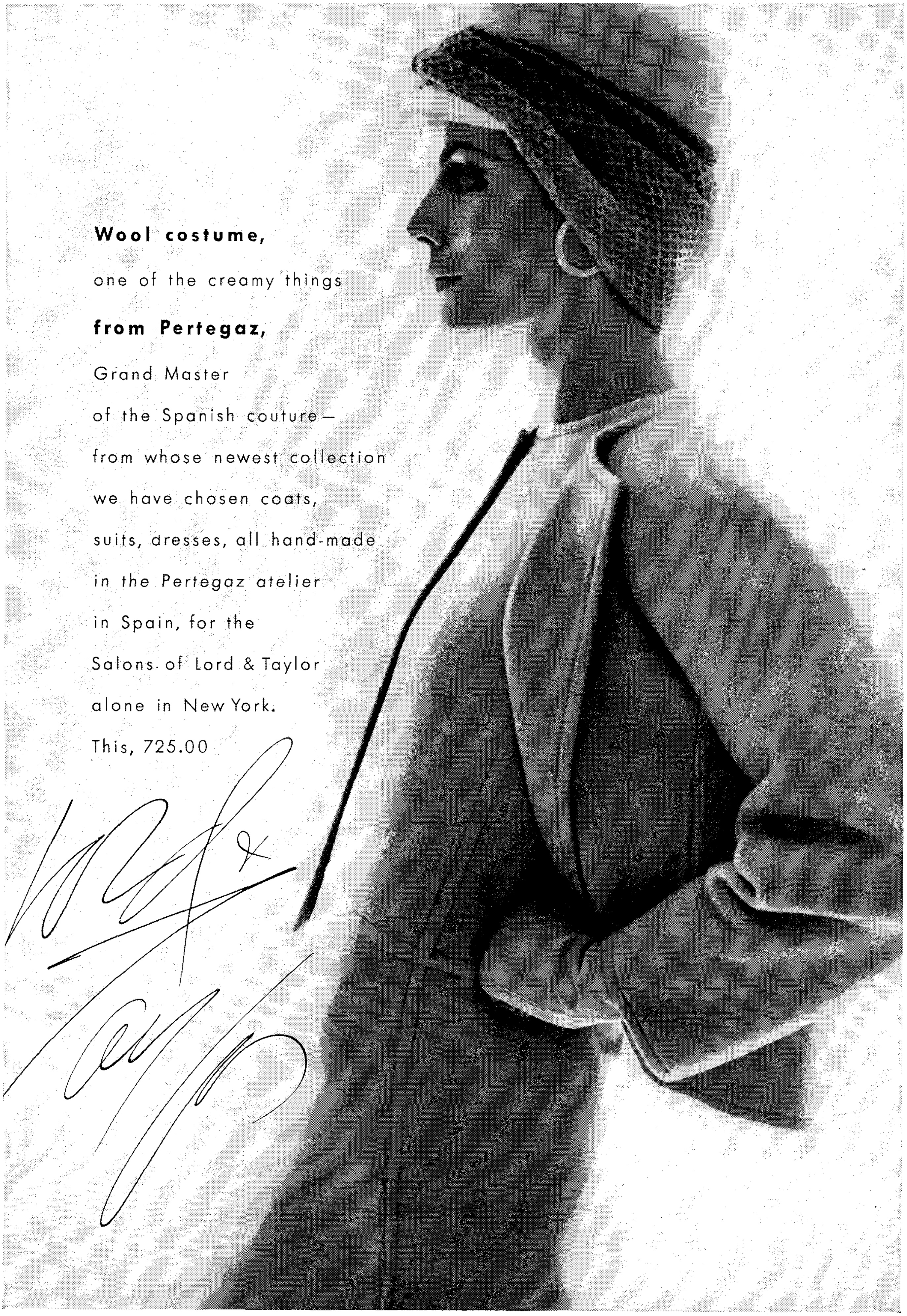

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's beguiling description of a romantic young Irishman about to leave his village for life in the New World. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb in projecting some facets of the youth, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, Mavis Villiers, and the others in the cast are laudable. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait Until Dark—In this drama by Frederick Knott, three badmen make life miserable for a blind girl because there's a doll full of heroin in her Greenwich Village apartment, but the dénouement of the business is a long time coming. Lee Remick is the put-upon young lady. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**barefoot in the park:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **cactus flower:** A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the impossible years:** Sam Levene plays a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Friday, Sept. 23, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays, except Sept. 24, at 2:40; special matinée Sunday, Sept. 25, at 3.)... **luv:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder as three lively, and rather muddled, neurotics. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the odd couple:** Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

A Hand Is on the Gate—A program of poetry and folk music of American Negroes, conceived and directed by Roscoe Lee Browne. The cast includes Josephine Prémice, Cicely Tyson, Leon Bibb, and Mr. Browne himself. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

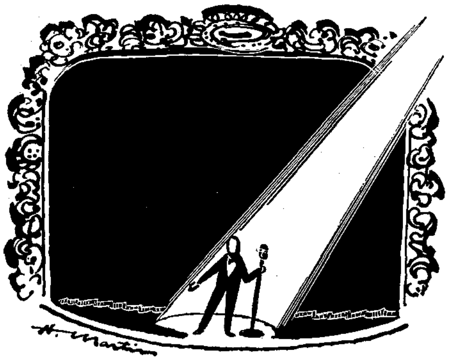
Annie Get Your Gun—Ethel Merman in a ten-week return engagement of Irving Berlin's musical, staged by Jack Sydow. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées this week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mame—A high, wide, and handsome musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is fetching as the lady in question, and her supporting cast is admirable. The book, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, has its funny moments, and the music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are quite spirited. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—A simple tale about a dance-hall hostess panting to meet a man who will love her truly. Neil Simon, who wrote the book, hasn't come up with much in the way of solid humor, but Bob Fosse's choreography and direction are expert, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are commendable. Gwen Verdon is fine as a girl with lots and lots of heart, and her supporting company is first-rate. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment from South Africa that is fresh and bracing and has a buoyant cast of eight, which sings assorted folk songs from all over the world, dances, and makes merry with all kinds of verve. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 25.)... **funny girl:** Mimi Hines portraying Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Pauline Bonaparte. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Delicate Balance—Edward Albee's new play, with Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, and Rosemary Murphy. Alan Schneider is the director. Opens Thursday, Sept. 22. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Dinner at Eight—A revival of the George S. Kaufman-Edna Ferber play. The cast includes Robert Burr, Mindy Carson, Ruth Ford, Arlene Francis, June Havoc, Jeffrey Lynn, Darren McGavin, Walter Pidgeon, Pamela Tiffin, and Blanche Yurka. Staged by Tyrone Guthrie. Previews through Monday, Sept. 26. Opens officially on Tuesday, Sept. 27. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Thursday, Sept. 29, at 2:30.)

Help Stamp Out Marriage!—A London comedy (*né* "Say Who You Are") by Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall, with a cast of four—Roddy Maude-Roxby, Ann Bell, Francis Matthews, and Valerie French. Directed by George Abbott. Previews Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 26-28. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 29. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**joffrey ballet:** Final performances of the engagement. Thursday, Sept. 22, at 8:30: "Moncayo I," "Incubus," "Gamelan," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Friday, Sept. 23, at 8:30: "Vitalitas," "Pas des Déesses," "Incubus," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 24, at 2:30: "Pas des Déesses," "These Three," and "Olympics."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8:30: "Donizetti Variations," "Nightwings," "These Three," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 25, at 1:30: "Donizetti Variations," "Sea Shadow," "These Three," and "Moncayo I."... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 25, at 7:30: "Olympics," "Gamelan," "Nightwings," and "Cakewalk."... **city center drama company:** Jennifer Jones, Rip Torn, and Joseph Anthony in a revival of Clifford Odets's **the country girl.** The first in a series of three plays by American writers. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 27-28. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 29, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 16. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **carmen.** (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

Israeli Mime Theatre—The company, appearing here for the first time, in a show called "Men and Dreams," starring Claude Kipnis. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Sept. 23, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 9.)

The Kitchen—A crisis or two in the kitchen of a large restaurant, as set forth by the English dramatist Arnold Wesker. With a couple of somewhat stronger performances in the leading roles, it might have seemed a powerful play as well as the fascinating documentary it is. Jack Gelber is responsible for the skillful direction. (81st Street Theatre, Broadway at 81st St. 799-3010. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 9.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Joan Diener, Ray Middleton, and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Sept. 23, at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Thornton Wilder Plays—Three early one-acters—"The Long Christmas Dinner," "Queens of France," and "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden"—all of them written years before "Our Town" and all of them containing hints of Mr. Wilder's great plays to come. The company does the first and second only fairly well and the last very well indeed. With John Beal, Susan Towers, and Bette Henritze. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Manuela Vargas—With her company of flamenco dancers in a two-week engagement. Previews Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, at 8:30, and Sunday, Sept. 25, at 3 and 7. Opens officially on Monday, Sept. 26, and will run through Saturday, Oct. 8. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. CI 6-6270. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

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Festa Italiana—An entertainment including a Roman chariot race; a mounted battle; Neapolitan, Sicilian, and Sardinian dances and songs; the joust of the Saracens; and the Fall of the House of Usher. A two-week engagement that starts Thursday, Sept. 29, and will run through a matinée on Wednesday, Oct. 12. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Through the years, the voice of Rosemary Clooney, who arrives in the Royal Box at dinner and supper, may grow older, but not as fast as it grows warmer, wiser, and wittier. The humorist on the bill adds nothing, maybe subtracts a bit. On Monday, Sept. 26, Tony Martin will start dispensing his honeyed words and music. The Lee Evans orchestra, all silk and a yard wide, will remain at its post. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The Little Club rides again, in its candy-striped livery, within the portals of the Barberry, and so does its dance music. Horace Diaz runs the band, which operates Sundays through Fridays from nine to two, and Saturdays from nine to three.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Cliff Hall's band, once one of the most noticeable moons over Miami, now disports itself in the restaurant Mondays through Saturdays, from eight to a reasonably late closing.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The venerable spa, again an American colony rather than a British possession, plans to reopen its borders on Thursday, Sept. 22, to the tune of a brace of orchestras in what is to be known as the Zebra Room. The borders will close only on Sundays thereafter.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Fun and games for the occupants of the snug little Café Pierre is the purpose of Ben Cutler's crew of bandsmen. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jane Morgan comes on like the conquering heroine during her dinner and supper song recitals in the Persian Room, and she is stalked by a stupendous yet supple orchestra. Burt Farber's band and Mark Monte's crew make the rest of the sound. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty; then, at eight every night but Sunday, the Court becomes a town house in Xanadu, alive with handmaidens bearing mead and viands, alive with the swashbuckling violin of Gunnar Hansen. The coach comes for Cinderella at one. . . . ¶ There is dinner music from seven to nine, in the Edwardian Room, except on Sundays.

BOWLING
OPEN 24 HOURS
24 HOURS
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50 LANES

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The trumpet of Jonah Jones jumps for joy, but never so high that it deflects the customers from their dining and dancing. The Jones quartet, which tees off at eight, finishes up on Saturday, Sept. 24; on Monday, Sept. 26, Peter Duchin and his septet will begin a brief visit to town. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Floating power, just the ticket for a riverboat, is now distributed by the Glenn Miller orchestra and all those famous orchestrations, plus some new ones by Buddy De Franco, its player-manager. On Monday, Sept. 26, Cab Calloway's band will preëmpt the podium. Eight until two is the schedule every night but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette has reverted to its original ancestor, Serge Obolensky, and it blossoms again in all its pristine munificence and magnificence, including Julie Wilson, slim and soignée, who serves as meadow lark during dinner and supper. George Cort's bubbling orchestra and Quintero's Latin band are on constant duty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a quiet glade next door, has Walter Kay at the piano and Janì Sarkozi on the violin from six until two. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Ah, wilderness! That is, as much of it as the Park affords. It is viewed from a leafy bower outside the castle walls, and the music is produced by Phil Wayne's band and a conglomeration of Latin musicians, who chortle from eight to one night after night. Everybody into the castle if it rains.

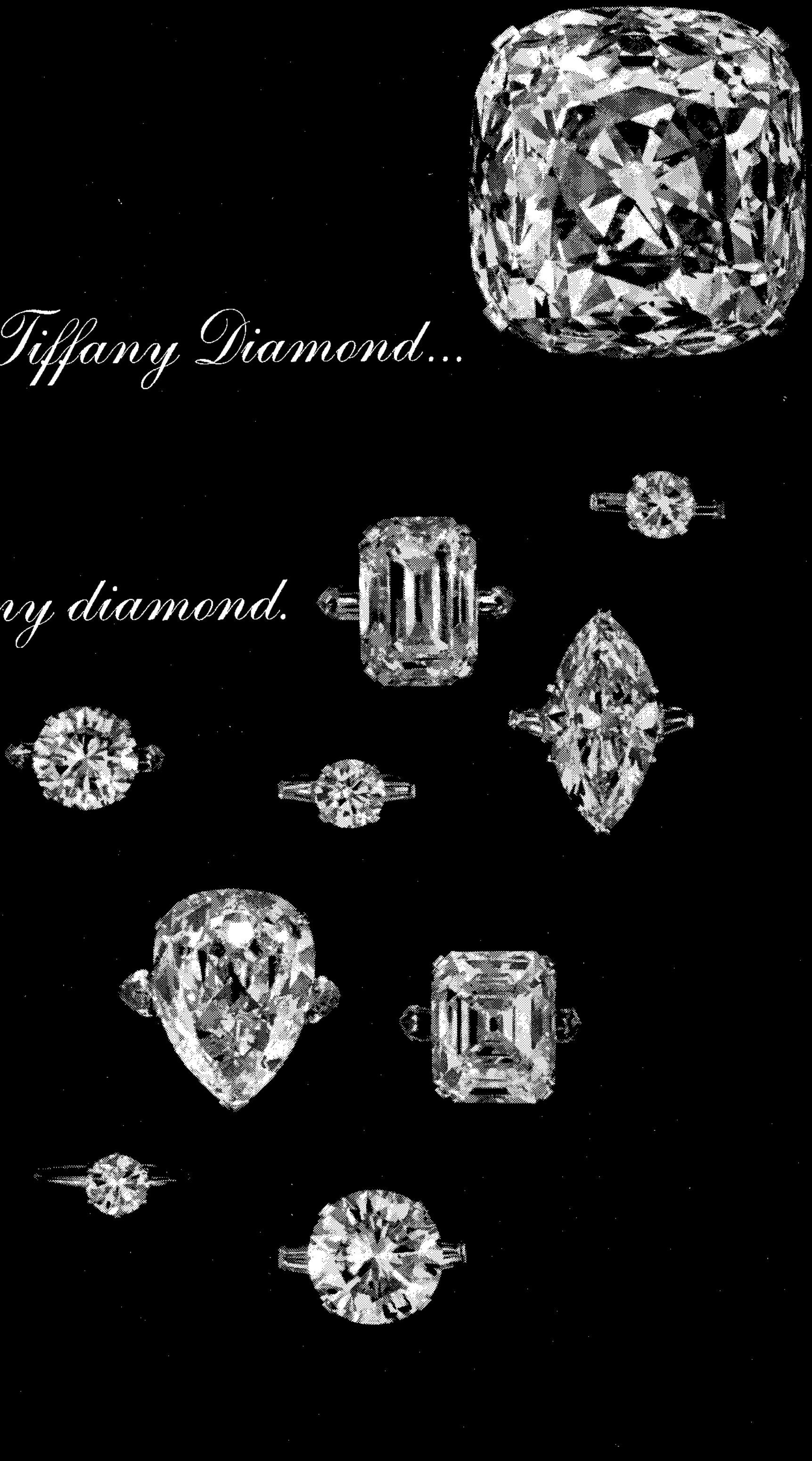
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Peacock Alley has the benefit of Ray Hartley's piano, a veritable mine of information, from five to eleven Sundays through Thursdays. A trio plays for dancing on Fridays and Saturdays from eight to one.

Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Community spirits on the upbeat (not as far up as the Twist, however, for that is *off* the beat here) in a town square ample enough for the whole human race. Seven-thirty until one is the nighttime scheme for the two ceaseless bands, except on Sundays, which begin at three-thirty. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The Chatter Box would be as good a name for this shop, since the conversation pieces are forty words to the dozen. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends in the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do up-and-at-'em double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **living room**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Bobby Short, who goes around the world every eighty days, is resting up for his next voyage by sitting at his piano all night with his inner-world songs and his trusty sidearms, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. They take no holidays. . . . **waverly lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): The piano choruses of Laurie Brewis are sometimes sung by everyone on the premises. He gets rolling in this, the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **jamaica arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The cuisine is apt to go native, especially when it is spiced by the Jamaica ginger of the homemade ditties of Lord Superior or a faultless facsimile of him. The music happens from nine to one at the start of the week, and from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **chucks' composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A coeducational dormitory for toilers among the electronic performing arts who wish to get away from them all. The enormously vibrant tunes of Cecil Young's new-thought threesome are distributed until late at night every evening but Sunday, when another squad makes music between five-thirty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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and eleven-thirty. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): A good deed in the naughty world of Second Avenue, combining bar and grill in equal proportions. Charles De Forest, whose late-night songs are collectors' items, has a piano and a bass player on his side. He is marked absent on Sundays. . . . **JANSSEN'S**, 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): The voice of Aldo Bruschi flourishes like the green bay tree as it wends its way through the Italian book of words and music; his piano, oboe, and concertina help along his brace of fellow-carollers. This takes place between Wednesday and Saturday every week, and so does dance music. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All the world's a stage when your waiter suddenly decides that he is a reincarnation of Enrico Caruso. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri has resumed her amiable career of intoning wickedest-woman-in-Paris songs—all of them as harmless as all wickedest-woman-in-etc. She chants at nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays; dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): This Hungarian rhapsody—a ceaseless rhapsody concocted of soprano, violin, zimbalon, and Béla Babai's band (this last for dancing)—goes on every night but Monday.

NOTE—The discothèque is a fact of life, and if it is to be learned at anybody's knee, let it be one of these: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): A pioneer settlement, but—frontier or not—elaborate in appointments as well as in dinner and supper menu. The music, partly Western Union and partly live, begins at seven-thirty and goes on until three or four. At nine-thirty and twelve-thirty, the civilians rest while a set of pros (Johnny Meistro, the Crests, and whatall) take the floor to show how the Frug and the rest should (or maybe should not) be done. On Tuesday, Sept. 27, these characters will be displaced by Dorothy Donegan's hard-pressing jazz trio, which will spell Western Union from then on. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The ballet, by a distinguished cast of young volunteers, is fancy free and every man to himself, every girl to herself. The St. Peter at the gate is not easily outflanked. Music is created by a variety of means, some of them quite human. Nine until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Only Houdini could escape from the knots the participants, mostly j.g., tie themselves into. Tanya Everett, the principal house dancer, is, though, an escapist far more expert than even Mr. H. The sound is a mingling of strange devices and real people, who are there between Tuesday and Thursday each week. The food provided by the management is mostly for thought. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Discothèque music is the mother of invention, and the work of the house dancers is proof of this pudding. Pudding is not on the menu, nor is very much else. Come as you are, and come young. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Beneath its jolly open-air sidewalk café lies the heart of the matter—a small *palais de danse* whose *monde* is rather *haut*, whose music is commendably *bas*, whose recording angel keeps switching tempos to test the ingenuity of the boy and girl Mod-fashion plates who decorate the floor. Nine-thirty to three-thirty every night is the extent of the seemly furore.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, the emeritus occupant of the chair of drawing-room piano in this sumptuous greenroom, receives from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one. Sundays, instead, there is piano by Forrest Perrin, his able acolyte. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The King must have been kidding when he put up this grandiose architectural folly, which is laced with the thine-is-my-heart-alone violin of Norbert Faconi every evening but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose fiddle is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The glory of Rome. The musicians know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar is the best of all possible reasons for believing in the entire canon of Spanish music, from classicism on down to caprice. He is on duty in this ornate refectory at dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, Kurt Maier plies a piano with all sorts of goodies, most of them Viennese. The hours are five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James thought up this epitome of mansion-house design, from dining room to glass-topped conservatory. In the bar, there is piano from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Ralph Strain's supply of worldly arias is now available in the opulent bar-restaurant, where he gets to his piano as early as six and stays on until well past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The grand old countinghouse is cajoled by the piano of Karl Inwald (softly, softly!). His hours run from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The parade down a cheerful Via Veneto is led by the customary crew of violinists. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy is again staffing the soothing corner piano in this particular grazing ground of the Westbury Hotel. No music Mondays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The whippoorwills who sing a couple of times a night in this walled Florentine garden are mostly opera buffs. Leonard Metcalf, new man around town, plays plenty of piano during the evening, and runs a calm trio for dancing each Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Closed Mondays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with the man from U.N.C.L.E., who dwells at UN 1-8398): The piano in the innermost of the sanctuaries in this aerie should be devoted to "Constantinople" and "Dardanella" in tribute to the owlish décor. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): No one can play His Satanic Majesty more winningly than Joe E. Lewis, even though his jokes are now and then distinctly lèse-majesté. Bill Selby, a fine new song-and-prance man, leads the Copa ballerinas into an amusing approximation of action. On Thursday, Sept. 29, Mr. Lewis surrenders the throne to Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme, an agreeable pair of cutups. Mr. Selby will stay on. Dancing for the guests, too. . . . ¶ In the lively lounge, jingle-jangle (Helen Ferguson and the Personalities, plus Al Astare's trio) sets in on the podium at ten, and it's not turned off until four or so. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Our balance of trade has been disturbed by the importation of several drafts of Oriental young ladies, all in such a hurry to get here that they left most of their clothes back home. It is a completely forgivable oversight. Twice a night is the general rule. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): Seeing is simply not believing. What the little ones who live in this hanging garden of Babylon are up to is a costume ball the like of which, etc. Two *in-extremis* bands ring out the old in everyone; curfew never rings out until four. No dining. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Mel Tormé, a troubadour with great sleight-of-voice; Woody Herman's determined band; John Byner, a wit and mimic who has been known to venture off the broad thoroughfares—these are the goods, all worthy of attention. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Thursday, Sept.

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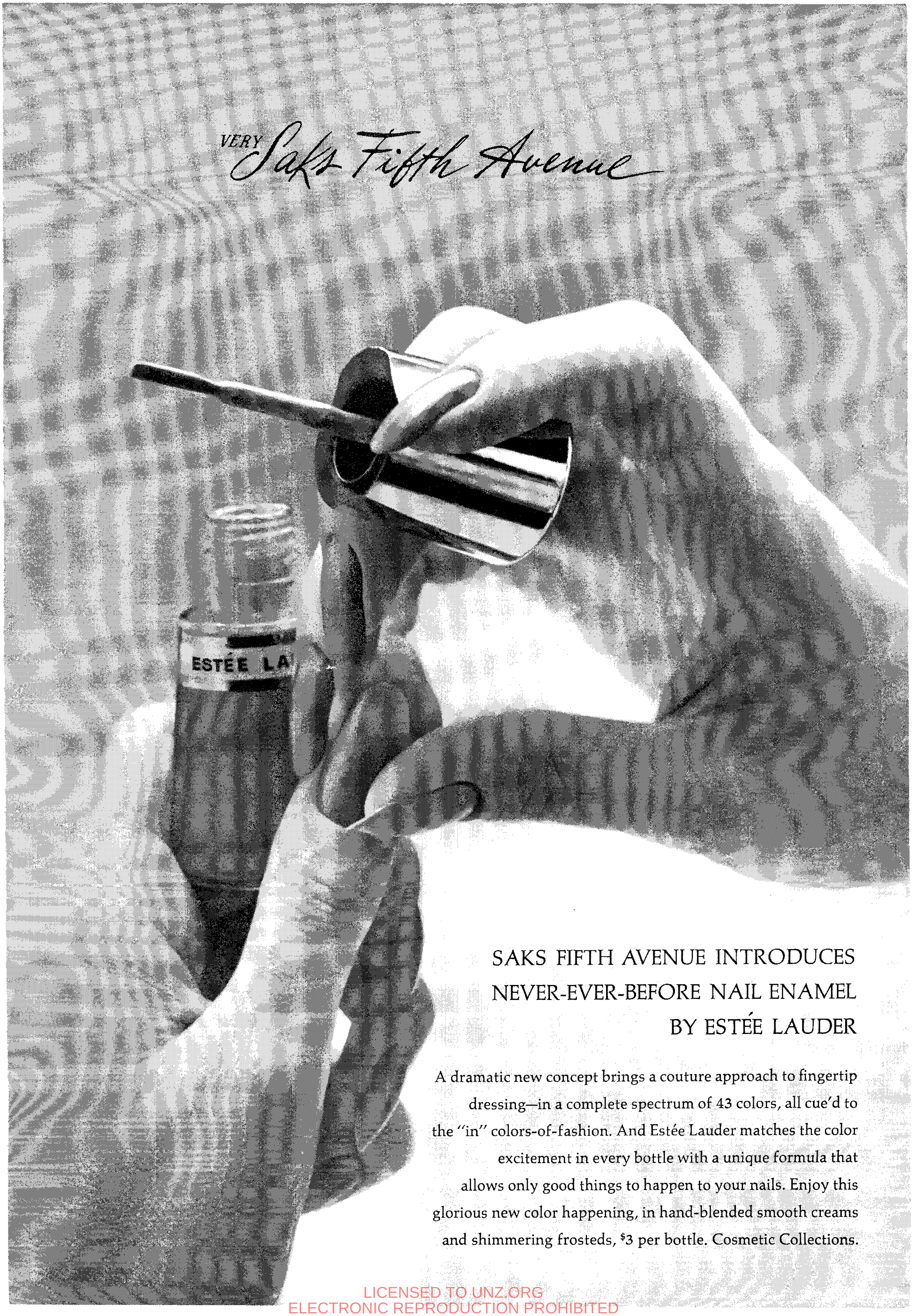

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22, has been assigned to the reopening of Julius Monk's seminar on the proper way to speak (and sing) the English language. He will be assisted in his causeries by such as Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra, who constitute one of England's (and perhaps America's) spryest political minorities, as well as by Nancy Dussault, a nightingale of exemplary demeanor. They are to be flanked by the supernal pianos of Robert Colston and Otis Clements. The architect is Mr. Monk himself, who wanders through it as *conférencier*, moderator, and interlude pianist. Nine-thirty and onward. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Up Dasher, up Prancer, and all the rest of Los Chavales de España, an army that would rather frolic than fight any day or any night. This just about all-male music festival occurs at dinner and supper; the rest of the time, the customers take the floor the way Grant took Richmond. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Emilio Prados and the tenor of Domingo Alvarado perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The editorial page put out by the young people—Richard Blair, Lily Tomlin, Madeline Kahn, and Robert Rovin—who work here makes most of its points with both verve and humor. Except on Sunday, the small revue is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The idea is hors d'oeuvre—somebody or other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual amusement.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The quartet of Thelonious Monk, the well-known Trappist obscurantist, and Jackie McLean's group have their finales on Sunday, Sept. 25. Monday will, as usual, be allotted to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and their sixteen sidemen, and on Tuesday, Sept. 27, Miles Davis (cat who walks by himself) and his band move in. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A double-decker operation—ground-floor dining pavilion, above a grotto. In the pavilion, which takes Mondays off, there are late-evening sessions by Dave Pike and other sharp-edged musicians, and Sunday afternoons (five to nine) the Jazz Interactions play restless coffee-and-cakes music. . . . ¶ The grotto is on a seven-day-a-week program. Mondays, Symphony Sid and some Latin bandsmen go south of the border; the remainder of the week, Herbie Mann's flute-and-drum corps comes north of the Caribbean, to be joined by David Frye, a recently matriculated wit. Fridays and Saturdays, the regal and radiant Miriam Makeba and her African chants are added; each Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the Jazz Workshop of Charles Mingus, Bart., is added. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): An *alkoholfrei* enterprise in which folk music gets its due and/or comeuppance. Jake Holmes is currently its spoofer. In the background is the Uncalled-For 3, which engages in mugging of the traditional (not Central Park) sort. On Wednesday, Sept. 28, the ripping and roaring and rollicking Serendipity Singers will replace the whole cast. Tuesdays, when the regulars lay off, are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): At a deer crossing in the thickly forested downtown warehouse enclave, Zoot Sims' quartet is in its permanent state of good humor, and Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, now the proud parents of a quartet, add to the glee. On Thursday, Sept. 29, Joe Williams and the Harold Maybon trio will succeed the Cain-Kral contingent. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Irene Reid is the caroller; Hank Mobley's foursome makes the music. Mondays, other players have the place to themselves. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Mr. Condon is apt to sit in with such cronies as Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, Bob Wilber, and Cliff Leeman, in accordance with a custom dating back to antiquity. The music, invented by our forefathers, is designed for dancing as well as for perusing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio is within the oval bar. Adhering to ground rules, it wafts softly during the late-dinner hour, then works up to a brisk breeze after the theatre. Between sets, Eddie Thompson disports himself on the piano. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Cliff Jackson, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Where the music (washboard, tuba, and such) knows no bounds. Nine until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band puts the establishment in an uproar; then the washboarders take over. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): A woodshed in the very heart of a new young people's nighttown, and thoroughly melting-pot is the state of affairs. The would-be one-man band, Roland Kirk, and his quartet give way, on Tuesday, Sept. 27, to Freddie Hubbard's quintet. Mondays are reserved for visiting groups.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Will Barnet and George Mueller—Paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marc Chagall and Aristide Maillol—Paintings by the former and bronzes by the latter; through Oct. 8. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Milton Charles—Casein paintings; through Saturday, Sept. 24. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Arthur Getz—Originals of some seventy *New Yorker* covers; through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Bernhard Heiliger—Abstract bronzes; through Oct. 15. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bruno Munari—Kinetic sculptures; through Oct. 8. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Nelson—Constructions and assemblages; through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Shay Rieger—Stone and bronze figures and animals; through Oct. 15. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Stroud and Julius Schmidt—Paintings by Mr. Stroud and sculptures by Mr. Schmidt; through Oct. 8. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marie Taylor—Semi-abstract animal sculptures in stone; through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Neil Williams—Geometric paintings; through Oct. 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Zajac—Abstract bronzes; through Oct. 15. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Pre-Columbian Art—Sculptures in wood, shell, and bone from Peru; through Oct. 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **IBM GALLERY,** 16 E. 57th St.: "The Decoy Maker's Craft," a bevy of some two hundred old foolers from the collection of William J. Mackey, Jr., including Elmer Crowell's black-bellied plovers and John Lee Baldwin's shore birds; through Saturday, Oct. 1. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Edward Betts, Isabel Bishop, and Fred Meyer (to mention a few); through Saturday, Sept. 24. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of Colonial and Federal portraits (by Robert Feke, Gilbert Stuart, and others), plus a group of old-master drawings, all on loan from the Bowdoin College Museum of Art; through Oct. 15.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—"Pros-

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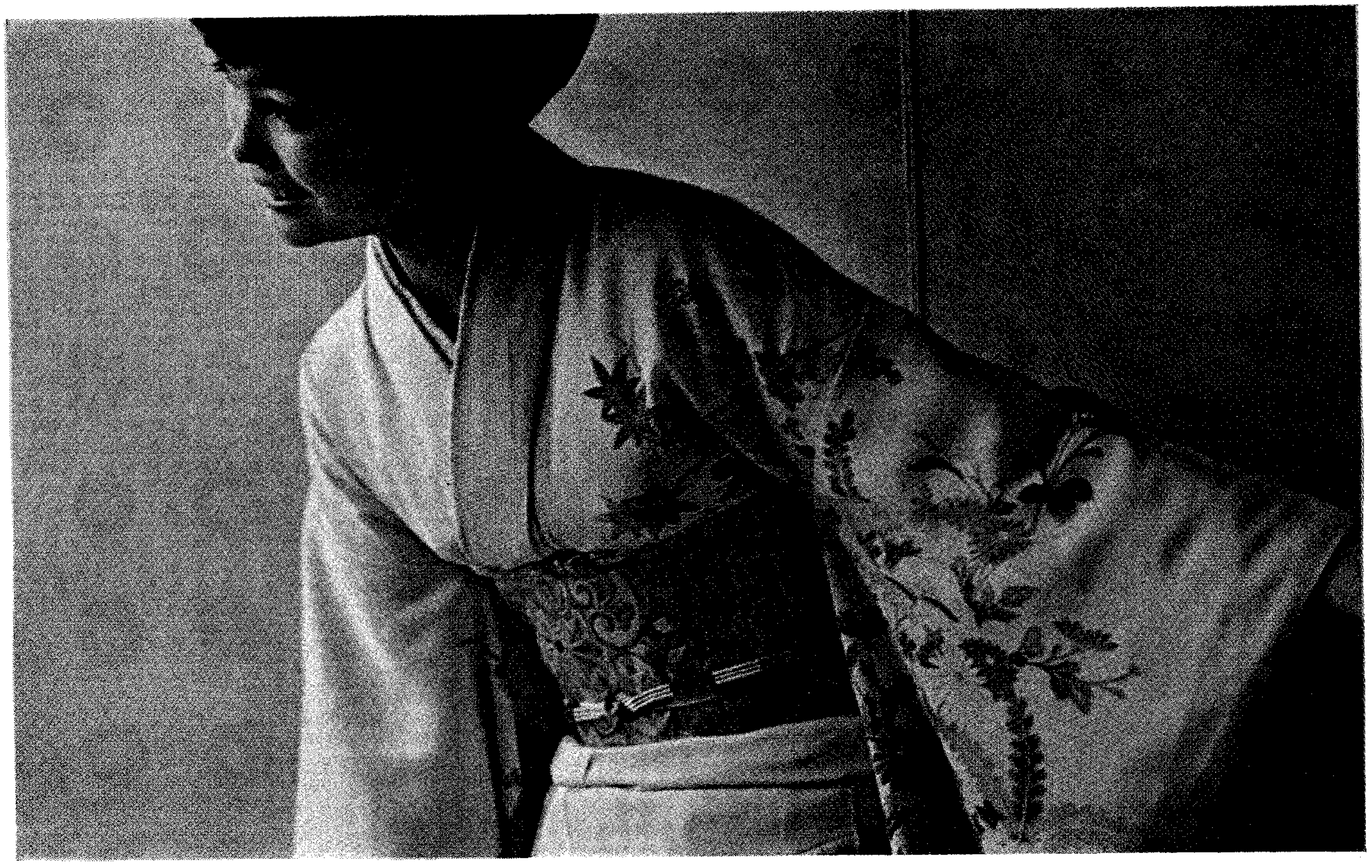

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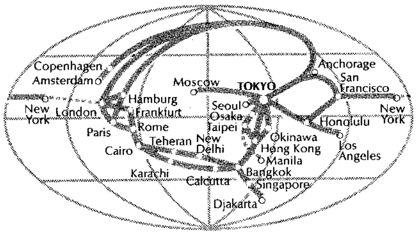
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pectus '66-'67" offers a painting or sculpture apiece by the gallery's members, among them Jimmy Ernst, Gabor Peterdi, and Giuseppe Santomaso; through Saturday, Sept. 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

French; Group Show—Paintings by such nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists as Courbet, Miró, and Chagall; through Oct. 15. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of recently acquired objects of Egyptian art—including tomb and temple sculptures and a variety of stone vessels, bronze mirrors, and ointment jars—ranging from prehistoric times until the merging of Egypt into the Roman Empire. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An excellent arrangement of the paintings of Henri Matisse from 1897 to 1953, which, though the majority date to his early years as an artist, is yet revealing of his maturing competence in design and color; through Sunday, Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Lithographs and serigraphs by twenty young painters and sculptors, among them David Hockney, Jim Dine, and James Rosenquist; through Nov. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Gauguin and the Decorative Style," a fine exhibit in which Gauguin's works are pointedly interspersed with works by such outstanding artists as Kandinsky, Matisse, and Munch; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ A showing of systemic paintings by Al Held, Larry Poons, Frank Stella, and others; through Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The doors of its new inverted-pyramid home will open on Wednesday, Sept. 28, with a show of paintings and sculptures, entitled "Art of the United States: 1670-1966," filling four floors and the sunken garden; through Nov. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fourteen watercolors by Cézanne, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ A hundred and forty-two examples of ancient Near Eastern, Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan art dating from the third millennium B.C. to the Roman era, from the collection of Leon and Harriet Pomerance; through Oct. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, an admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.). . . ¶ A showing of satirical prints and drawings—biting comments of the time—from Hogarth's "Beer Street," of 1751, to Mario Micossi's "Fantasia di Liturgie Romaniche," of 1962; through Jan. 22. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Six Centuries of Coptic Art–The Nadler Collection," *an exhibition of* sculptures (carved from marble, wood, ivory, bone, and limestone), textiles, ceramics, and bronze works; through Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Salvador Dali; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," a display of paintings and drawings of East Side subjects by George Bellows, John Sloan, and Joseph Stella (to mention a few), documenting a chapter of American-Jewish artistic and social history from 1870 to 1924; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Figure paintings and drawings by Howard Kanovitz; through Nov. 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6. Closed Thursday and Friday, Sept. 29-30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"New York: The State and the City," a selection of autograph manuscripts, letters and documents, printed books, and historical prints; through Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Illuminated religious texts in a variety of old scripts, twenty-one watercolors

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MUSIC

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OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Sept. 22 (postponed from Sept. 19): A new production of Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Mignon Dunn, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Cesare Siepi. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 24 (postponed from Sept. 22): A new production of Verdi's "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Monday, Sept. 26: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Mirella Freni, Franco Corelli, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. ... ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 27: "Antony and Cleopatra," with Leontyne Price, Mary Ellen Pracht, Rosalind Elias, Belen Amparan, Jess Thomas, Justino Díaz, John Macurdy, and Ezio Flagello.... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 28: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. ... ¶ Friday, Sept. 30: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Mignon Dunn, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Cesare Siepi.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 1: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. (Evenings at 8.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 13—Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 7:45: The New York première of Handel's "Julius Caesar," with Maureen Forrester, Beverly Sills, Beverly Wolff, Norman Treigle, and Spiro Malas. (A benefit performance.)... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Beverly Wolff, Donna Jeffrey, Placido Domingo, and Nolan Van Way.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 30, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Norma Newton, Norman Treigle, Donald Gramm, Placido Domingo, Malcolm Smith, and William Metcalf.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 1, at 7:45: A new production of Puccini's "La Bohème," with Anne Elgar, Eileen Schauler, Michele Molese, Dominic Cossa, William Beck, and Malcolm Smith. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

BROOKLYN OPERA COMPANY—"Aïda." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, May 20—Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 8:30, a program of Russian music, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Nicolai Ghiaurov, bass, and the Camerata Singers.)... ¶ A varied program on Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 30, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 3, at 7:30 (no soloists).

SARAH LAWRENCE CHORUS—Harold Aks directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 8:30.)

OBERNKIRCHEN CHILDREN'S CHOIR—Edith Möller directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 30, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—A program of Elizabethan music. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Sept. 24, at 11:30.)

JASCHA HEIFETZ AND GREGOR PIATIGORSKY—Violin and cello, with Jacob Lateiner, piano; William de Pasquale, violin; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Sept. 25, at 7.)

RONALD ANDERSON—Trumpet, with a chamber orchestra conducted by Arthur Bloom. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 8.)

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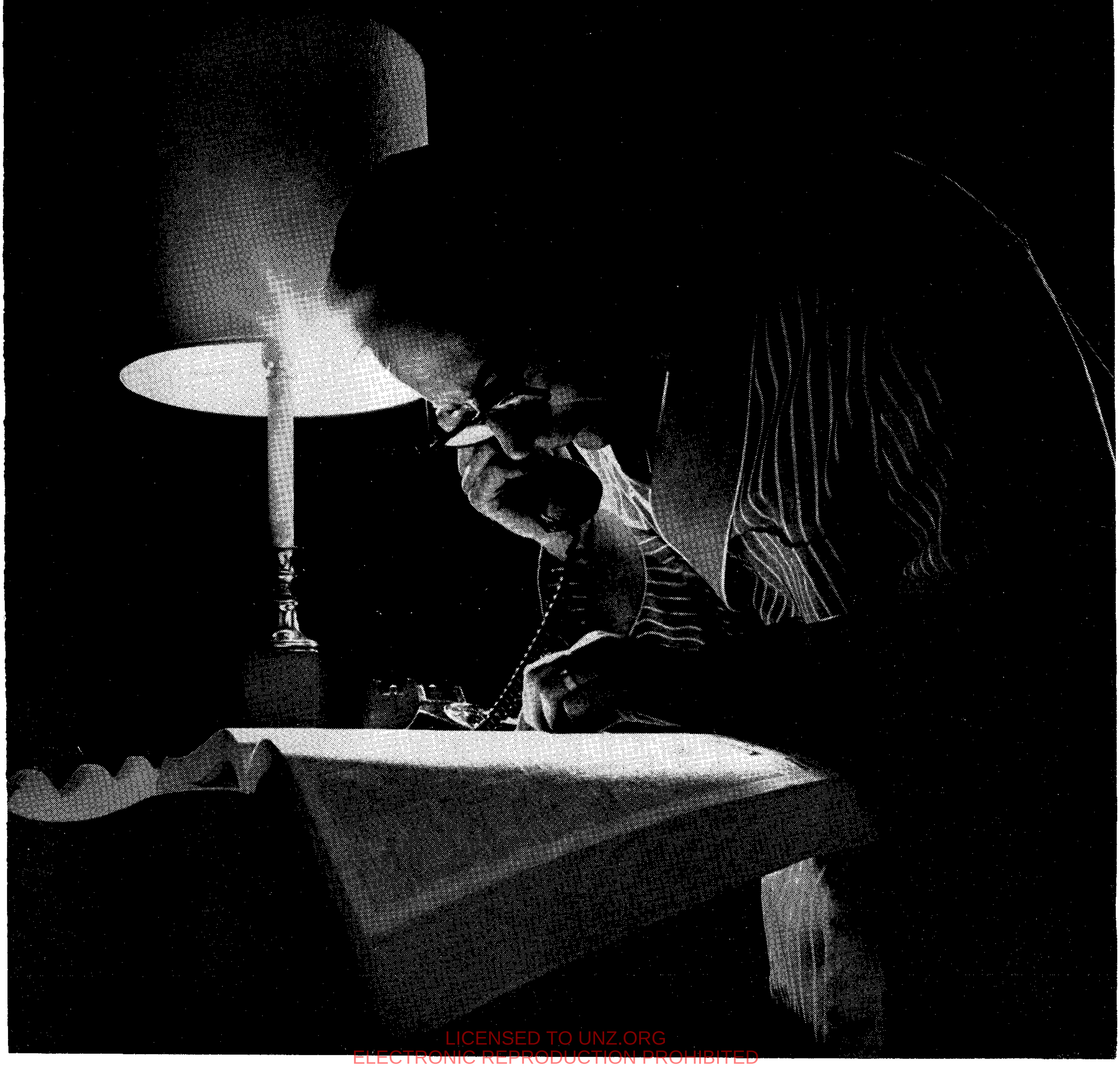

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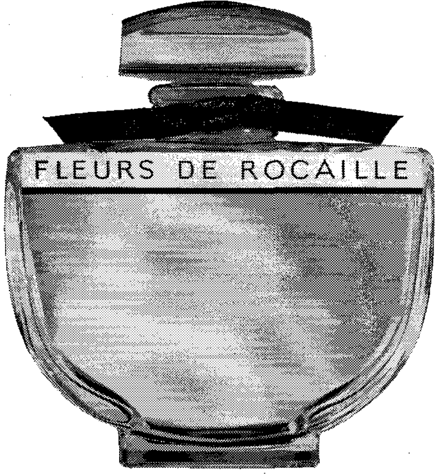

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Beethoven cycle of piano-and-violin sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 8:30.)

Anton Kuerti—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8:30.)

Douglas Nordli—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 1, at 5:15.)

MISCELLANY

Royal Highland Fusiliers—The regimental band, pipes, drums, and bugles of Princess Margaret's Glasgow and Ayrshire regiment. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 22-23, at 8:30; Saturday, Sept. 24, at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday, Sept. 25, at 2.)

Jazz Concerts—Dave Brubeck, Jimmy Smith, and Lou Rawls. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8:30 and at midnight.)... ¶ Dionne Warwick, who is as much folk as jazz. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Sept. 25, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 23, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 24, at 7; and Sunday, Sept. 25, at 2.... SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Chicago, Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 8, and Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 2.... ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at 8.

College Football—SATURDAY, SEPT. 24: Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point, at 2.... ¶ Columbia vs. Colgate, at Baker Field, at 1:30. ... ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2.... ¶ Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford, at 2.... ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2.... SATURDAY, OCT. 1: Army vs. Penn State, at West Point, at 2.... ¶ Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence, at 1:30.... ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2.... ¶ Fordham vs. Iona, at Fordham, at 2.... ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton, at 2. ... ¶ Yale vs. Rutgers, at New Haven, at 2.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Mountain Ridge Country Club, West Caldwell, N.J. Through Thursday, Sept. 22.)

Horse Show—Chester County Horse Show. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 24.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.... BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 24, and the Woodward, Saturday, Oct. 1.... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Tuesday, Oct. 11.

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Sept. 24, at 12:30.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Oct. 18.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, at 1:45: French, English, and Italian furniture of the sixteenth through the eighteenth centuries; French and Spanish glass; Russian icons; tapestries; rugs; and medieval and Renaissance objects of art. From the estate of Alfred P. Sloan and from other sources.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at 1:45: Early French, English, and other furniture and decorations; collected by Sarah Mellon Scaife and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 24.

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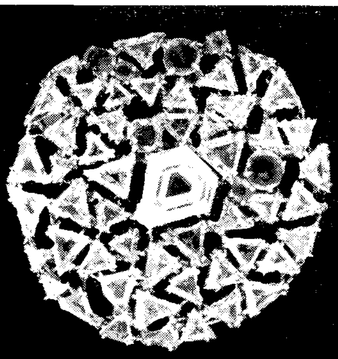

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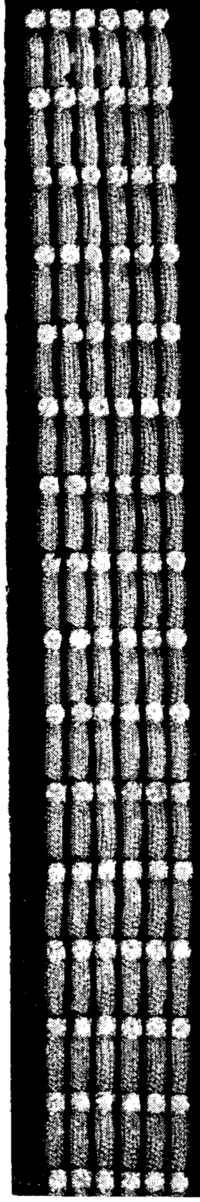
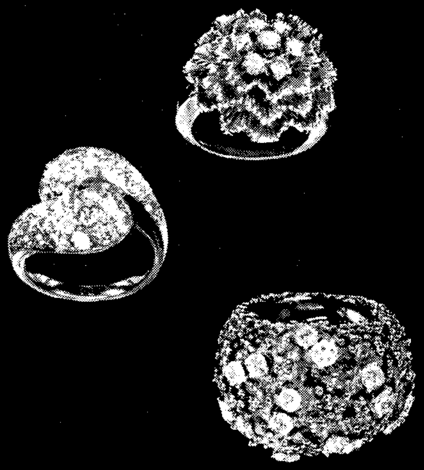


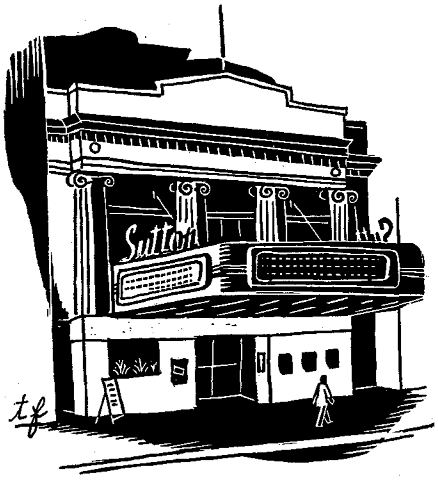


Brooch, about $10,000; bracelet, about $4300; serpentine ring, about $2000; flower ring, about $420; textured ring, about $900.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Le Bonheur—A young Parisian cabinetmaker loves his wife and loves his mistress. He thinks this should make everyone very happy, but he is wrong. A strange and beautiful picture, written and directed by Agnès Varda. In French. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Sept. 28.)

Dear John—A boldly written, boldly photographed account of a three-day love affair. With Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin, and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren. In Swedish. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 28.)

Doctor Zhivago—A movie that is mostly settings, with such actors as Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson, Tom Courtenay, Julie Christie, and Omar Sharif milling about in what amounts to unemployment. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Endless Summer—California surfers take their boards to Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Tahiti. Out of sight. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Fantastic Voyage—A science-fiction tale about a band of brave souls who journey into the interior of the human brain. With Stephen Boyd and Raquel Welch. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607. . . . ¶ State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; through Sept. 24.)

The Group—A long movie about some girls who got out of Vassar in '33 and were fairly miserable by '39. From the novel by Mary McCarthy and directed by Sidney Lumet, with Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Larry Hagman, James Broderick, Hal Holbrook, and a great many others. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through Sept. 27.)

Khartoum—Interesting failure to portray mysterious British soldier in Africa. Charlton Heston and Laurence Olivier in Cinerama. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Lady L—Nearly all good fun, thanks to Peter Ustinov's lively direction of his own witty, rather ramshackle screenplay. With Sophia Loren, David Niven, and Paul Newman. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Sept. 27.)

A Man and a Woman—Splendid visual elaboration of a slight love story, in which the principals are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

Morgan!—A slam-bang comic attack on the status quo. A brilliant English movie, directed by Karel Reisz and starring Vanessa Redgrave, David Warner, and Robert Stephens. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Sept. 27.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Naked Prey—Cornel Wilde at his all-around best in Africa. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; starting Sept. 28.)

A Thousand Clowns—An adaptation of a Broadway comedy that, for a wonder, is better than the original. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through Sept. 27.)

To Die in Madrid—A blunt, heartbreaking, and sometimes beautiful documentary about the Spanish Civil War. With an English narration. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 24.)

What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?—A gloriously nonsensical comedy about some G.I.s in Sicily during the Second World War. Dick Shawn and James Coburn are its stars, and Blake Edwards is its director. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 27.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—A fine movie of that hard night's night. Mike Nichols, as director, and the cast, who need not be named here, do Edward Albee proud. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Wrong Box—Farce, in color, about murderous competition for money, with Ralph Richardson and John Mills as heads of the competing branches of a family whose other members include Michael Caine, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore. Peter Sellers as a doctor, Wilfrid Lawson as a butler. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

REVIVALS

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Sept. 27.)

Diabolique (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. With Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. In French. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Sept. 27.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; starting Sept. 28.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Goldfinger (1964)—Sean Connery as the elastic and inexhaustible James Bond, who bungles every encounter but the last. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; starting Sept. 28.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 27.)

It's a Gift (1934)—W. C. Fields as a family man with many problems. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 23-26.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Sept. 27.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—A tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Directed by Federico Fellini, and with Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Sept. 22. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Sept. 24.)

The Knack (1965)—A comedy of sex in London, with Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 25-27.)

Knife in the Water (1963)—A director named Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. In Polish. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Sept. 27.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 27.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's scrutiny of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. In Swedish. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Sept. 27.)

The Man on the Flying Trapeze (1935)—W. C. Fields again, this time concerned with domestic life. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Sept. 27.)

Mississippi (1935)—More W. C. Fields, here with Bing Crosby, and a memorable score by Rodgers and Hart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 22.)

Sapphire (1959)—A British mystery film in which a pair of detectives solves the murder of a girl half white and half Negro. Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell, and Michael Craig. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 27.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 27.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Sept. 27.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1928)—About the October Revolution (Russian). Eisenstein (also Russian) directed it. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through Sept. 26.)

Tillie and Gus (1933)—Still more Fields, this time with Alison Skipworth and a ferryboat swindle. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Sept. 27.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed (1963)—Alberto Sordi plays a Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. In Italian and Swedish. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; through Sept. 28.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—W. C. Fields *again*, now involved with Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, and the circus. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 23-26.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Sept. 22 at 3, 5:30, and 8: "The Informer" (1935), with Victor McLaglen. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 3 and 5: "The President Vanishes" (1934), with Edward Arnold. . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, and Sept. 25 at 3 and 5:30: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), with Charles Laughton and Mary Boland. . . . ¶ Sept. 26-27 at 3 and 5:30: "Top Hat" (1935), with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 3 and 5:30: "Broken Blossoms" (1936), with Dolly Haas and Emlyn Williams. . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Joe Pasternak." Through Sept. 23: "Where the Boys Are" (1960), with Dolores Hart and George Hamilton. . . . ¶ Sept. 24-25: "The Unfinished Dance" (1946), with Margaret O'Brien and Danny Thomas. . . . ¶ Sept. 27-28: "The Toast of New Orleans" (1950), with Kathryn Grayson and Mario Lanza. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Sept. 27: "Ambush Bay," Hugh O'Brian, Mickey Rooney.
From Sept. 28: **DR. NO**, revival; and **GOLDFINGER**, revival.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Appaloosa," Marlon Brando.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"An American Dream," Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Kaleidoscope," Warren Beatty, Susannah York.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Sept. 24: **FANTASTIC VOYAGE.**
Sept. 25-27: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 28 at 8:30: "The Bible." (Opening night by invitation only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Butterfield 8," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
KHARTOUM.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 27: **MORGAN!**
From Sept. 28: **DEAR JOHN** (in Swedish).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
HELP!, revival; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 27: **LADY L**; and "The Loved One," revival, Robert Morse, Jonathan Winters.
From Sept. 28: **DEAR JOHN** (in Swedish).

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Sept. 27: **THE GROUP**; and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**
From Sept. 28: **DR. NO**, revival; and **GOLDFINGER**, revival.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Loving Couples" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson, Gunnel Lindblom.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Blue Max," George Peppard, James Mason. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Sept. 27: "Ambush Bay," Hugh O'Brian, Mickey Rooney.
From Sept. 28: **DR. NO**, revival; and **GOLDFINGER**, revival.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"An American Dream," Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Sept. 25: "Walk in the Shadow," Patrick McGoohan, Janet Munro.
From Sept. 26: "The Shameless Old Lady" (in French), Sylvie.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
DIABOLIQUE (in French), revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Appaloosa," Marlon Brando.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE WRONG BOX.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Pad (and How to Use It)," Brian Bedford, Julie Sommars.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Sept. 27: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival; and **THE MAGICIAN** (in Swedish), revival.
From Sept. 28: "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
GIGI, revival.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 27: "Walk, Don't Run," Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar.
From Sept. 28 at 9: "Bolshoi Ballet 67." (Opening night by invitation only.)

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 27: **HELP!**, revival; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.
From Sept. 28 (tentative): "Arabesque," Gregory Peck, Sophia Loren; and "A Man Could Get Killed," James Garner, Melina Mercouri.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 27: **DEAR JOHN** (in Swedish).
From Sept. 28: **LE BONHEUR** (in French); and "The Wild Affair," Nancy Kwan, Terry-Thomas.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 27: "Assault on a Queen," Frank Sinatra, Virna Lisi; and "Waco," Howard Keel, Jane Russell.
From Sept. 28: **THE NAKED PREY**; and "The Psychopath," Patrick Wymark.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
FANTASTIC VOYAGE.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through Sept. 26: **TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD** (silent); and "Earth" (silent).
From Sept. 27: "Bed and Sofa" (silent); and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (in French), revival.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Sept. 22: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian), revival; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.
From Sept. 23: "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean; and "Rebel Without a Cause," revival, James Dean, Natalie Wood.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 27: **LADY L**; and "The Loved One," revival, Robert Morse, Jonathan Winters.
From Sept. 28: "Walk, Don't Run," Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar; and "The Trouble with Angels," Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills.

Alice
Gowns
Chez Alice
Albert Hubbell

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 27: **THE LADY VANISHES**, revival; and **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival.
From Sept. 28: "The Pad (and How to Use It)," Brian Bedford, Julie Sommars.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Sept. 27: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish), revival; and "The Doll" (in Swedish), revival.
From Sept. 28: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 26: **WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY?**; and "The Dirty Game," Henry Fonda, Vittorio Gassman.
Sept. 27: **DINNER AT EIGHT**, revival; and "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.
From Sept. 28: "Lost Command," Anthony Quinn, Alain Delon; and "Ride Beyond Vengeance," Chuck Connors.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 24: **TO DIE IN MADRID**; and **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian), revival.
Sept. 25-27: **THE KNACK**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From Sept. 28: **LE BONHEUR** (in French); and "The Wild Affair," Nancy Kwan, Terry-Thomas.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"An American Dream," Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through Sept. 28: **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish), revival; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian), revival.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"La Visita" (in Italian), Sandra Milo, François Périer.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Masculine Feminine" (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Good Times, Wonderful Times," a semi-documentary film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Sept. 28 (tentative): "Assault on a Queen," Frank Sinatra, Virna Lisi.

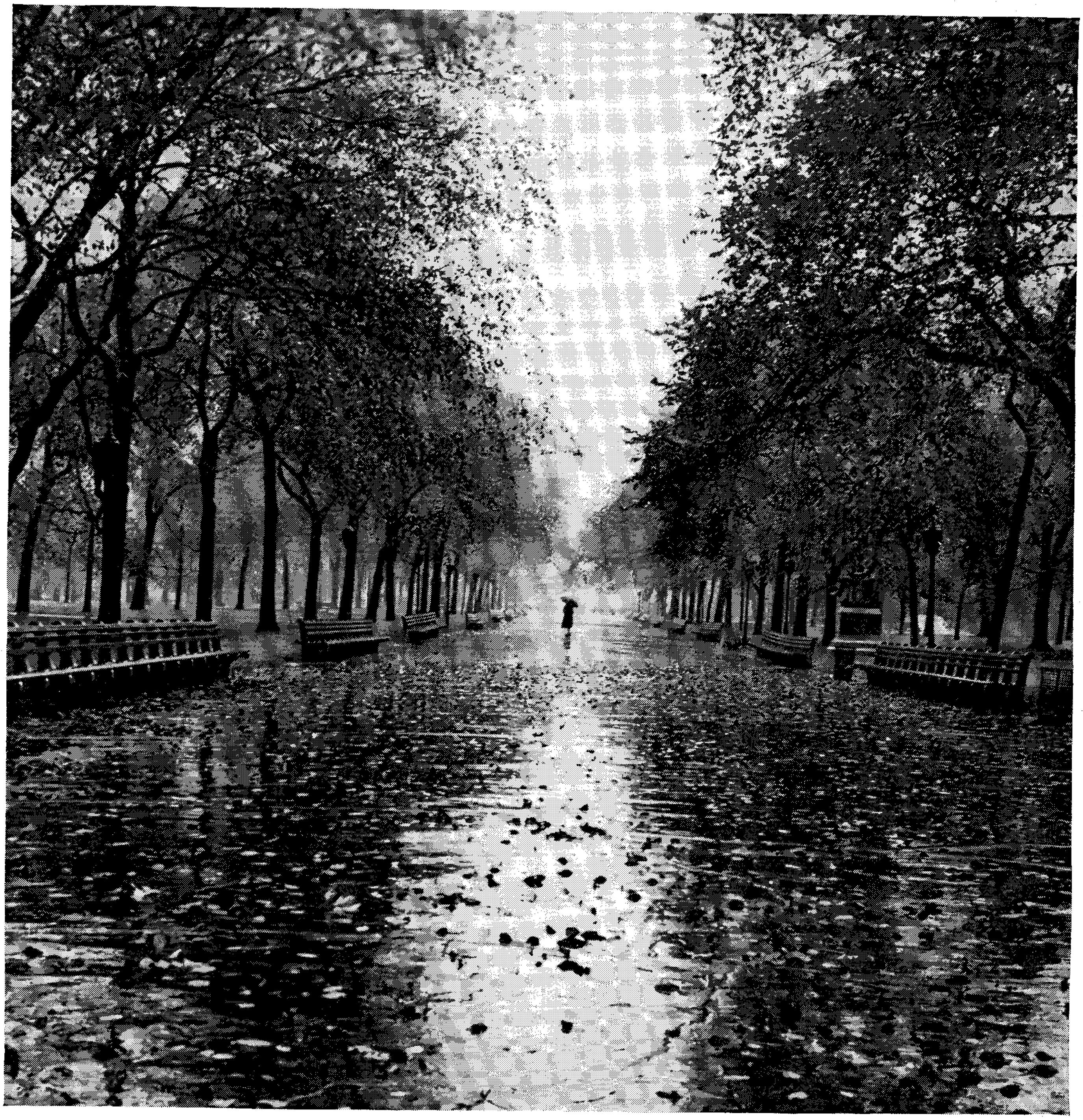
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 22: **MISSISSIPPI**, revival; and "Her Majesty Love," revival, Marilyn Miller, W. C. Fields.
Sept. 23-26: **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival; and **IT'S A GIFT**, revival.
From Sept. 27: **THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE**, revival; and **TILLIE AND GUS**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 27: **WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY?**; and "The Dirty Game," Henry Fonda, Vittorio Gassman.
From Sept. 28: "A Patch of Blue," revival, Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters; and "Nothing but the Best," revival, Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 22: "Il Grido" (in Italian), revival, Steve Cochran, Alida Valli; and "Macario" (in Spanish), revival.
Sept. 23: "Anatomy of a Marriage" (in French), revival, Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.
Sept. 24: **THE KNACK**, revival; and "The Slender Thread," revival, Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.
Sept. 25: "Queen of Spades" and "Eugene Onegin" (both in Russian and both revivals).
Sept. 26: "The Life of Emile Zola," revival, Paul Muni, Joseph Schildkraut; and "Martin Luther," revival, Niall Mac Ginnis.
Sept. 27: **SAPPHIRE**, revival; and **SHADOWS**, revival.
Sept. 28: "Vitelloni" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi; and "The White Sheik" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 27: **MORGAN!**; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.
From Sept. 28: **LE BONHEUR** (in French); and "The Wild Affair," Nancy Kwan, Terry-Thomas.

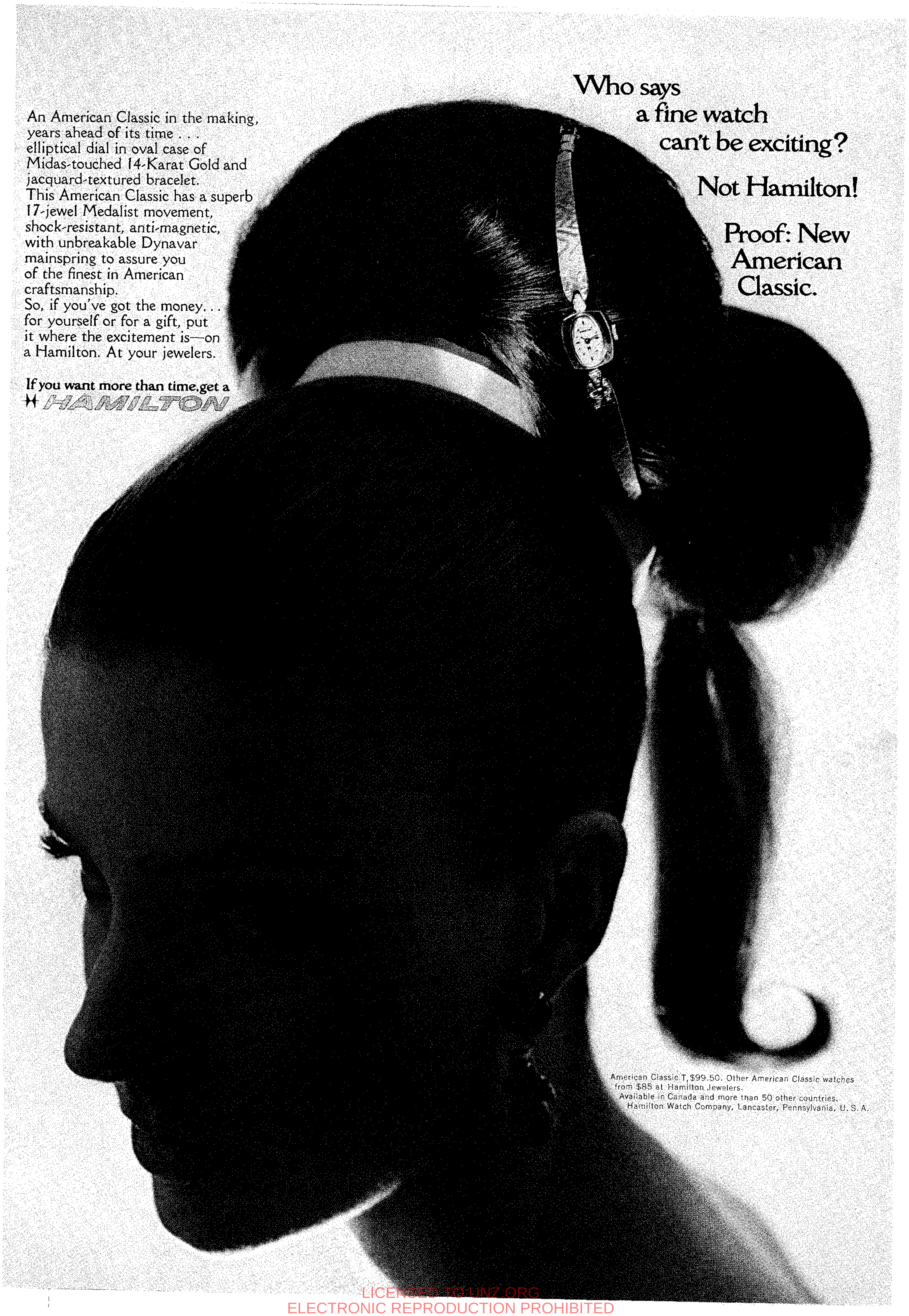


When you wish you had a Wales.

The raincoat specially designed for small gals and big weather! Knacky chicerinos will flip for our double breasted version replete with epaulets and detachable back belt. The fabric is a wash and wear blend of Dacron* polyester and cotton, treated with **ZE PEL*** fabric fluoridizer for extra rain and stain protection. In bone, navy, natural or British tan, in junior and junior petite sizes, about $37.50; with zip-out Frostbiter® warmer, about $55. At G. Fox & Co., Hartford; Hecht Co., Baltimore and Washington, D.C.; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Macy's, New York; Gimbel Bros., Pittsburgh; Chas. A. Stevens & Co., Chicago; Best's Apparel, Seattle and Portland, Oregon.

*DuPont's reg. tm   Prices slightly higher in the west

Lady Wales Rainwear
A division of Wales Mfg. Co., makers of fine rainwear for ladies & gentlemen
1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York


Who says
a fine watch
can't be exciting?
Not Hamilton!
Proof: New
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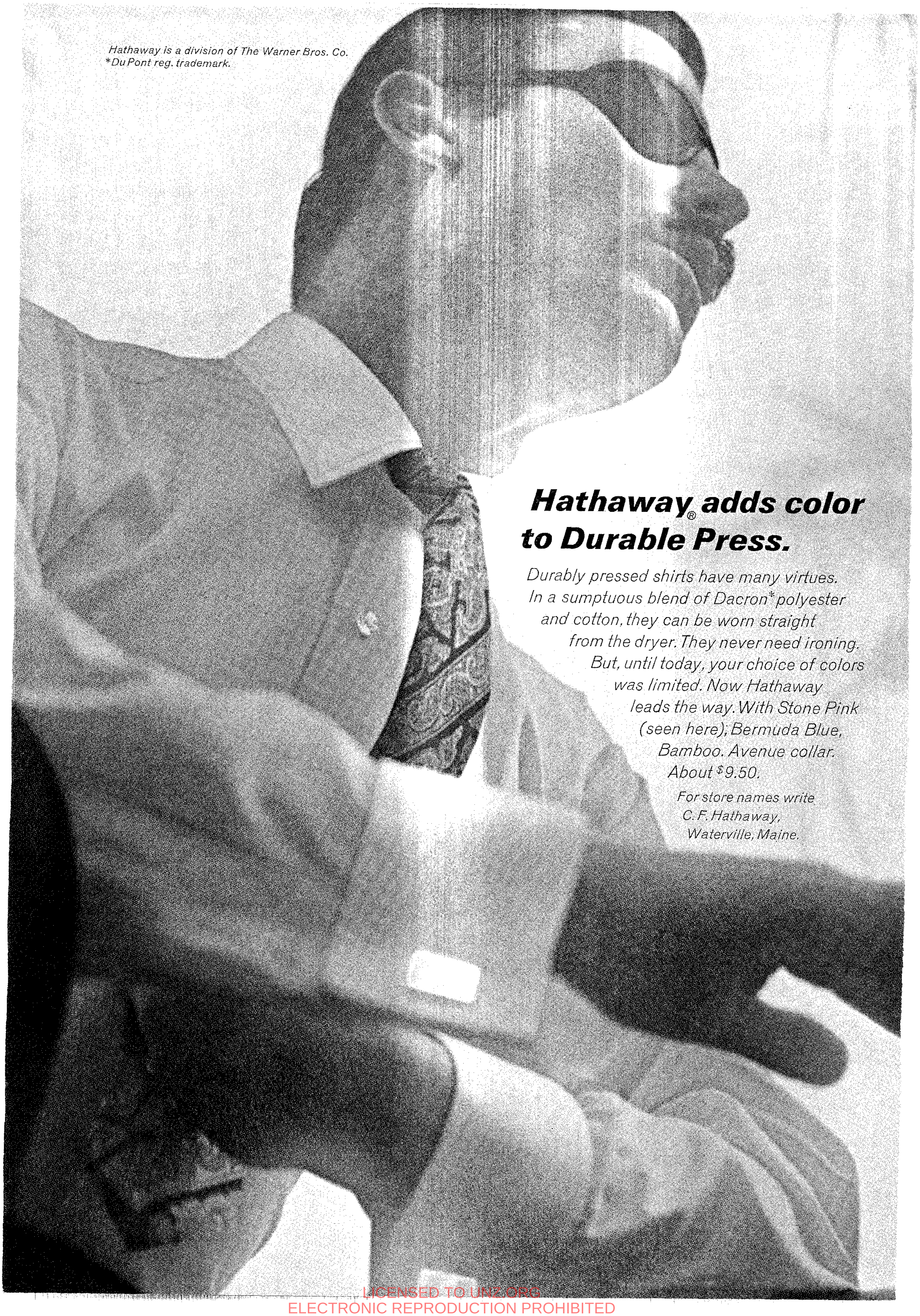
An American Classic in the making, years ahead of its time . . . elliptical dial in oval case of Midas-touched 14-Karat Gold and jacquard-textured bracelet. This American Classic has a superb 17-jewel Medalist movement, shock-resistant, anti-magnetic, with unbreakable Dynavar mainspring to assure you of the finest in American craftsmanship. So, if you've got the money. . . for yourself or for a gift, put it where the excitement is—on a Hamilton. At your jewelers.

If you want more than time, get a
HAMILTON

American Classic T, $99.50. Other American Classic watches from $85 at Hamilton Jewelers.
Available in Canada and more than 50 other countries.
Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

Hathaway is a division of The Warner Bros. Co.
*Du Pont reg. trademark.



Hathaway® adds color to Durable Press.

Durably pressed shirts have many virtues. In a sumptuous blend of Dacron polyester and cotton, they can be worn straight from the dryer. They never need ironing. But, until today, your choice of colors was limited. Now Hathaway leads the way. With Stone Pink (seen here); Bermuda Blue, Bamboo. Avenue collar. About $9.50.*

For store names write
C. F. Hathaway,
Waterville, Maine.

PETERBOROUGH ROW

[Pall-Mall, with the Carlton and other Club-Houses.]

Bloomingdale's and the British Menswear Guild present a distinctive 1966 collection of clothing and appointments

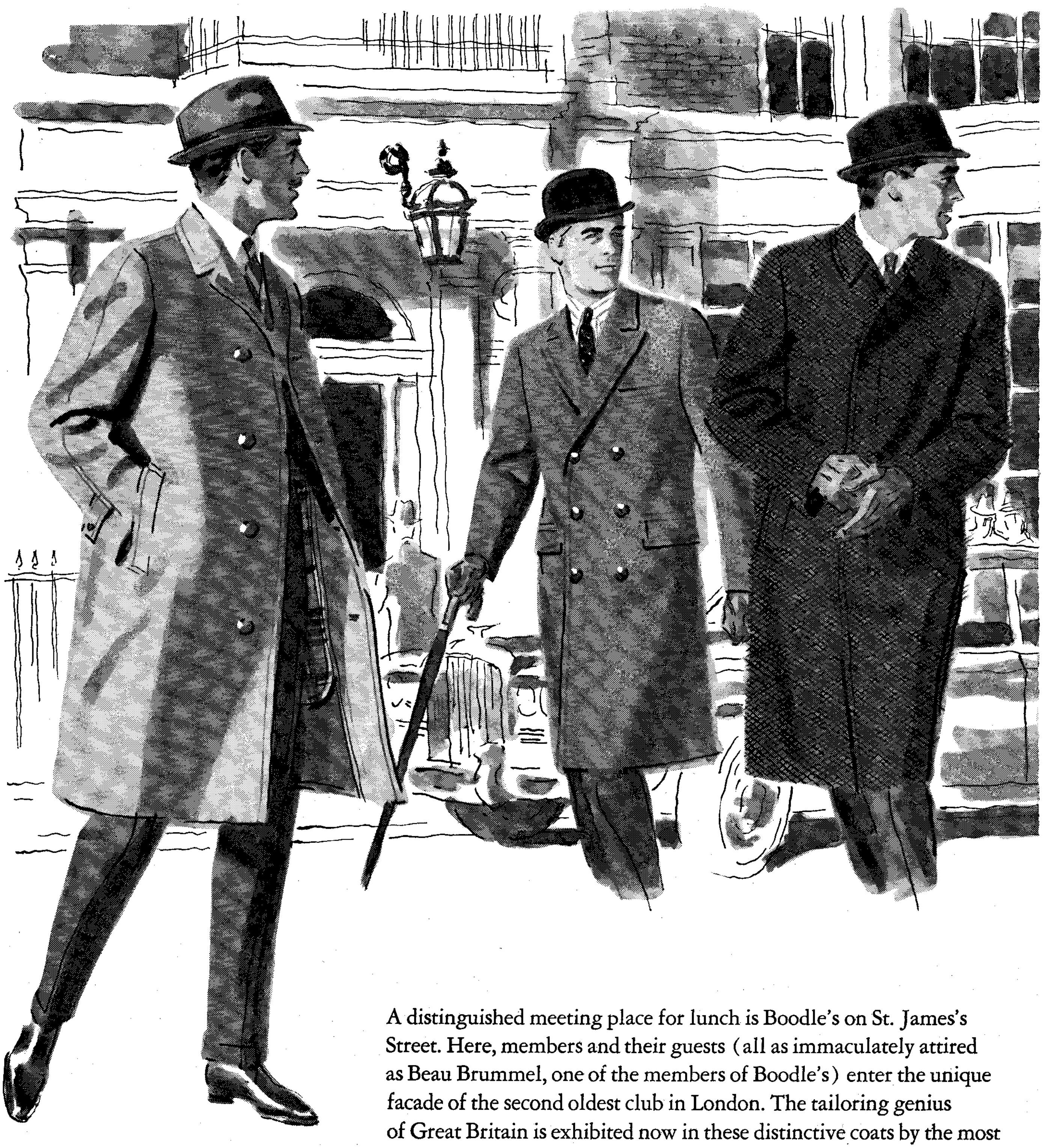
Noted Members of the British Menswear Guild
Aquascutum Limited
Bonsoir Limited
Braemar Knitwear Ltd.
Byford & Co. Limited
Chester Barrie Ltd.
Christy & Co. Limited
Church & Co. Ltd.
Daks-Simpson of London
John Smedley Limited
Michelsons Limited
Morlands Limited
Munrospun Limited
Phillips & Piper Limited
Rodex Limited
Richard Atkinson Ltd.

From the most celebrated firms of Great Britain for the New York man of discriminating taste . . . a superb new collection of the finest British apparel and furnishings that represents the epitome of fashion, exemplary workmanship and unsurpassed quality. Reflecting the traditional leadership of England in men's apparel, our distinguished collection encompasses the entire wardrobe . . . from stylish town clothes to rugged sports clothes . . . of the well-dressed man. Here, then, in our "Peterborough Row", city attire influenced by the elegance seen at the great clubs of London; in our "High Wood", robust country clothes inspired by the ruggedness of the British countryside.

Peterborough Row, Men's Store,
Street Floor

Bloomingdale's
Men's Store

Third Avenue at 59th Street
New York store only



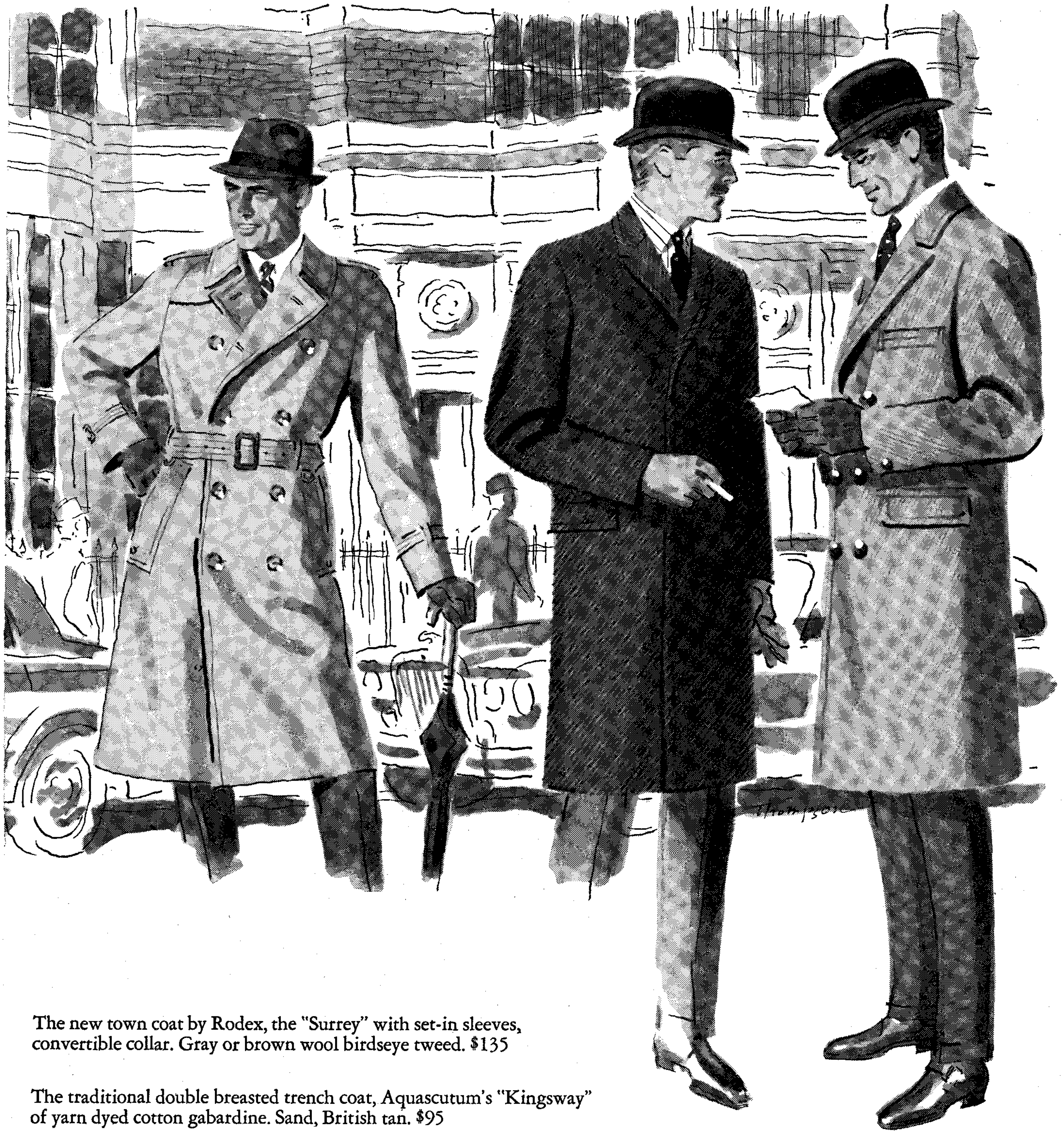
A distinguished meeting place for lunch is Boodle's on St. James's Street. Here, members and their guests (all as immaculately attired as Beau Brummel, one of the members of Boodle's) enter the unique facade of the second oldest club in London. The tailoring genius of Great Britain is exhibited now in these distinctive coats by the most respected members of the British Menswear Guild.

The "Travelord" by Aquascutum is of wool gabardine with a zip-in wool lining. English navy, natural tan. $145

Our own double breasted British warm of luxurious Crombie wool curl-cloth is tailored by Rodex. Taupe. $195

PETERBOROUGH ROW

Bloomingdale's
Men's Store



The new town coat by Rodex, the "Surrey" with set-in sleeves, convertible collar. Gray or brown wool birdseye tweed. $135

The traditional double breasted trench coat, Aquascutum's "Kingsway" of yarn dyed cotton gabardine. Sand, British tan. $95

The "Garston" by Rodex is of lambswool with a smart diagonal pattern. Our own natural shoulder tailoring. Dark gray, light gray, new brown. $140

The double breasted warm by Aquascutum is of wool cavalry twill and has natural shoulder tailoring. Natural tan. $155

Peterborough Row, Men's Store, Street Floor
59th Street at Third Avenue *New York store only*

PETERBOROUGH ROW

Bloomingdale's
Men's Store

PETERBOROUGH ROW

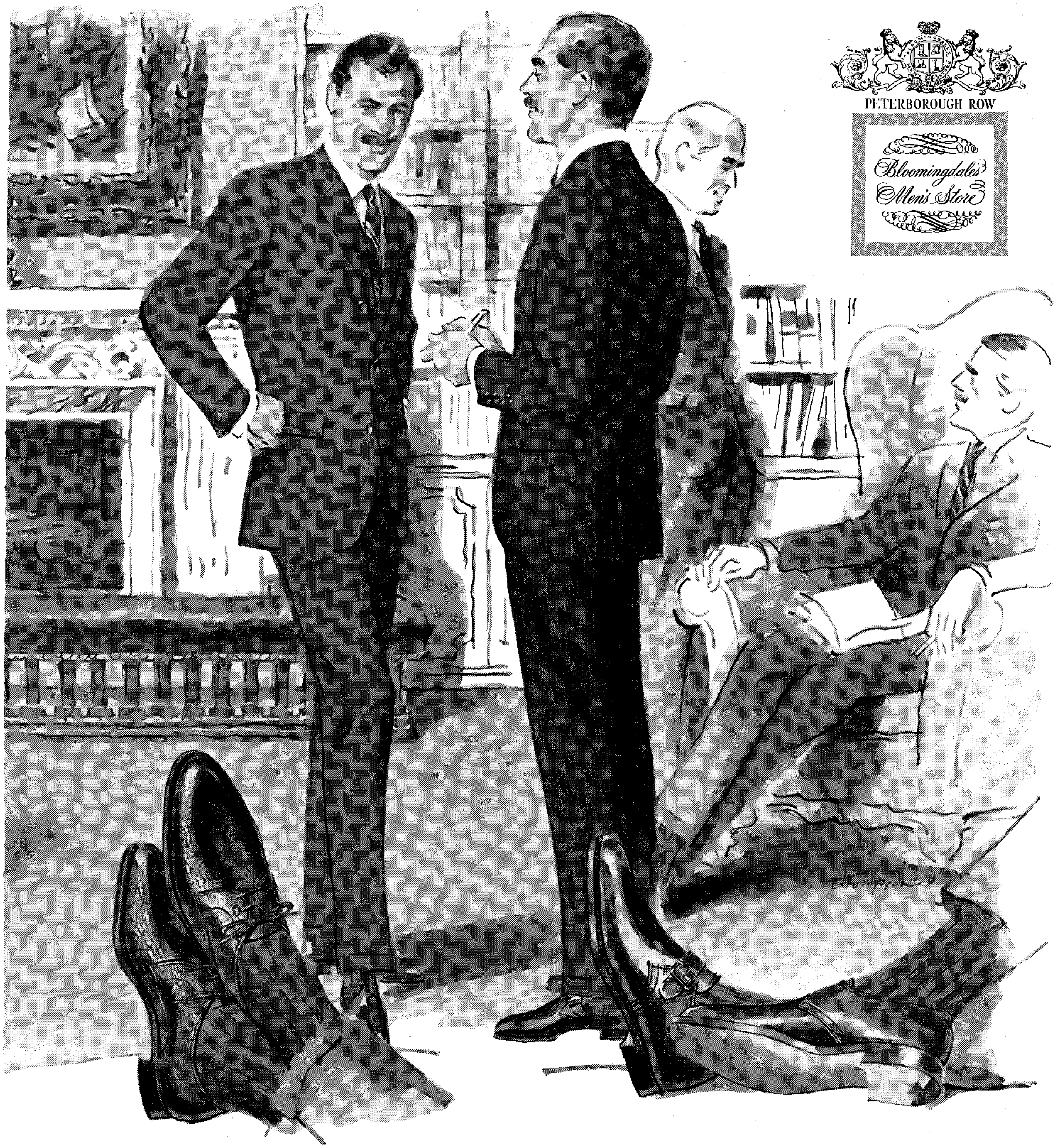
Bloomingdale's
Men's Store

The camaraderie of the officers of H.R.M.'S Cavalry and Yeomanry is retained here in the library of The Cavalry Club at Piccadilly, London. Members here enjoy the best cavalry library in the world . . . as well as the best tailoring the members of the British Menswear Guild have to offer.

Handsome glen plaid suiting of our exclusive British wool worsted. With our natural shoulder styling, hand-tailored by Chester Barrie. $195

Chester Barrie's wool worsted suit in our exclusive traditional chalk striped navy. Impeccably hand-tailored. $195

Peterborough Row, Men's Store, Street Floor, 59th Street at Third Avenue, New York store only



Our fine wool worsted sharkskin suit is hand-tailored by Chester Barrie in our natural shoulder style. Gray. $195

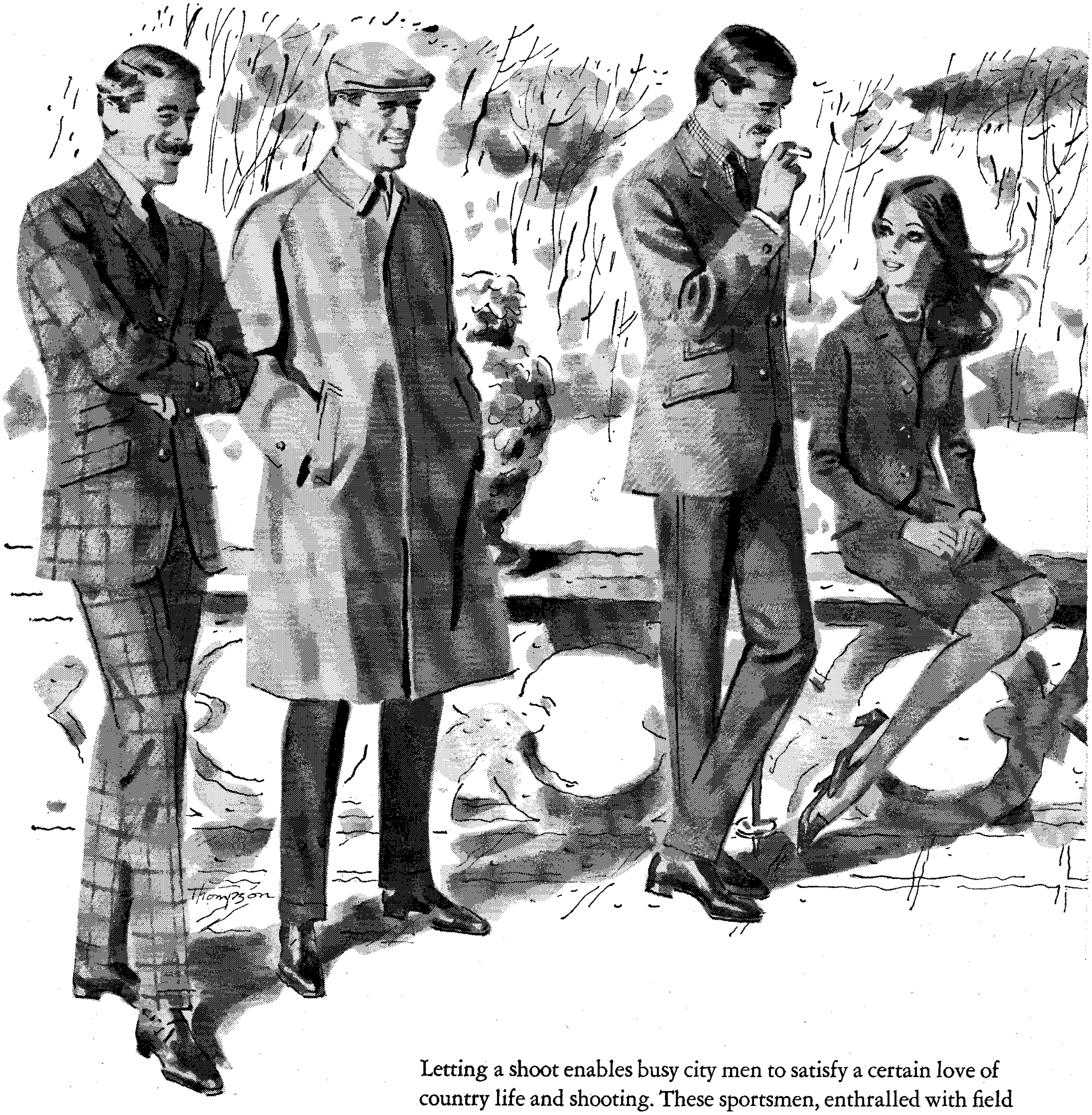
The distinguished navy pin striped suit tailored by Daks-Simpson® with our own favored natural shoulder. $175

Mastercrafted shoes by Church's of England, with flexible construction for comfort. A newcomer to our distinguished collection, our moccasin front buckle shoe. Black calfskin, fully leather lined. $45

Our plain toe three-eyelet tie dress shoe of supple calfskin. Black. $45

Lightweight camelskin in a three-eyelet Blucher pattern. Black or dark brown. $45

The smart military buckle shoe. This classic monk strap is fully leather lined. Black or dark brown calfskin. $45



Letting a shoot enables busy city men to satisfy a certain love of country life and shooting. These sportsmen, enthralled with field sports, very likely will be enthralled with our unique "High Wood", a collection of country clothes that takes its inspiration from the robust countryside of Great Britain. All here tailored by the distinguished members of the British Menswear Guild.

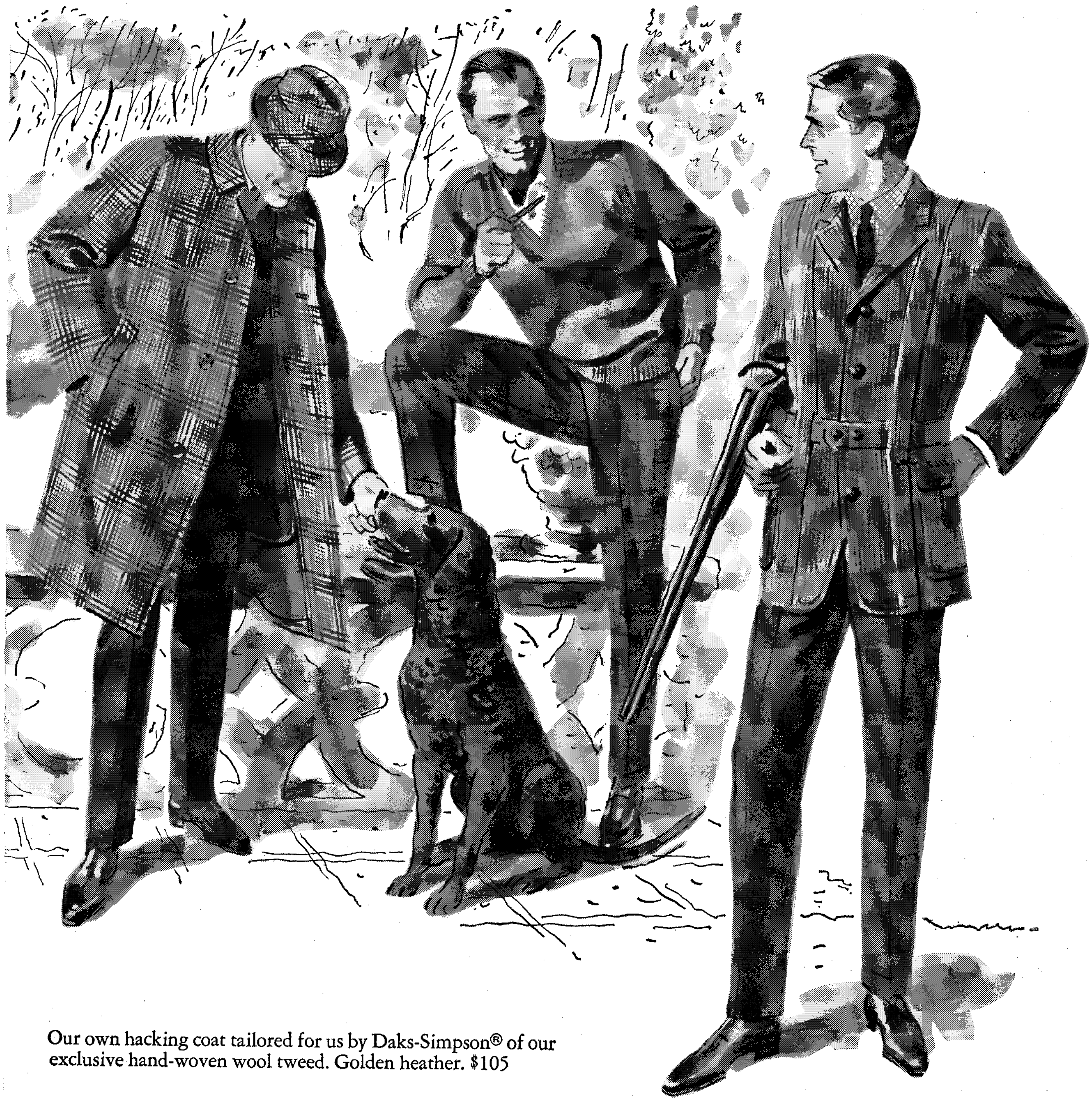
Our own gentleman's country suit by Daks-Simpson® is of superb hand-woven wool tweed. In a distinctive window pane pattern of barn red and olive. $155

The "Park" raincoat by Aquascutum is suitable for drizzly days in the country. British tan or taupe, yarn dyed cotton gabardine. $65

Peterborough Row, Men's Store, Street Floor
59th Street at Third Avenue *New York store only*

PETERBOROUGH ROW

Bloomingdale's
Men's Store



Our own hacking coat tailored for us by Daks-Simpson® of our exclusive hand-woven wool tweed. Golden heather. $105

Our wool whipcord slacks by Daks-Simpson®. 39.50

The "Woodford" glen plaid coat by Rodex with a dark red wool zip-in lining is the perfect protector against cool, crisp country air. $150

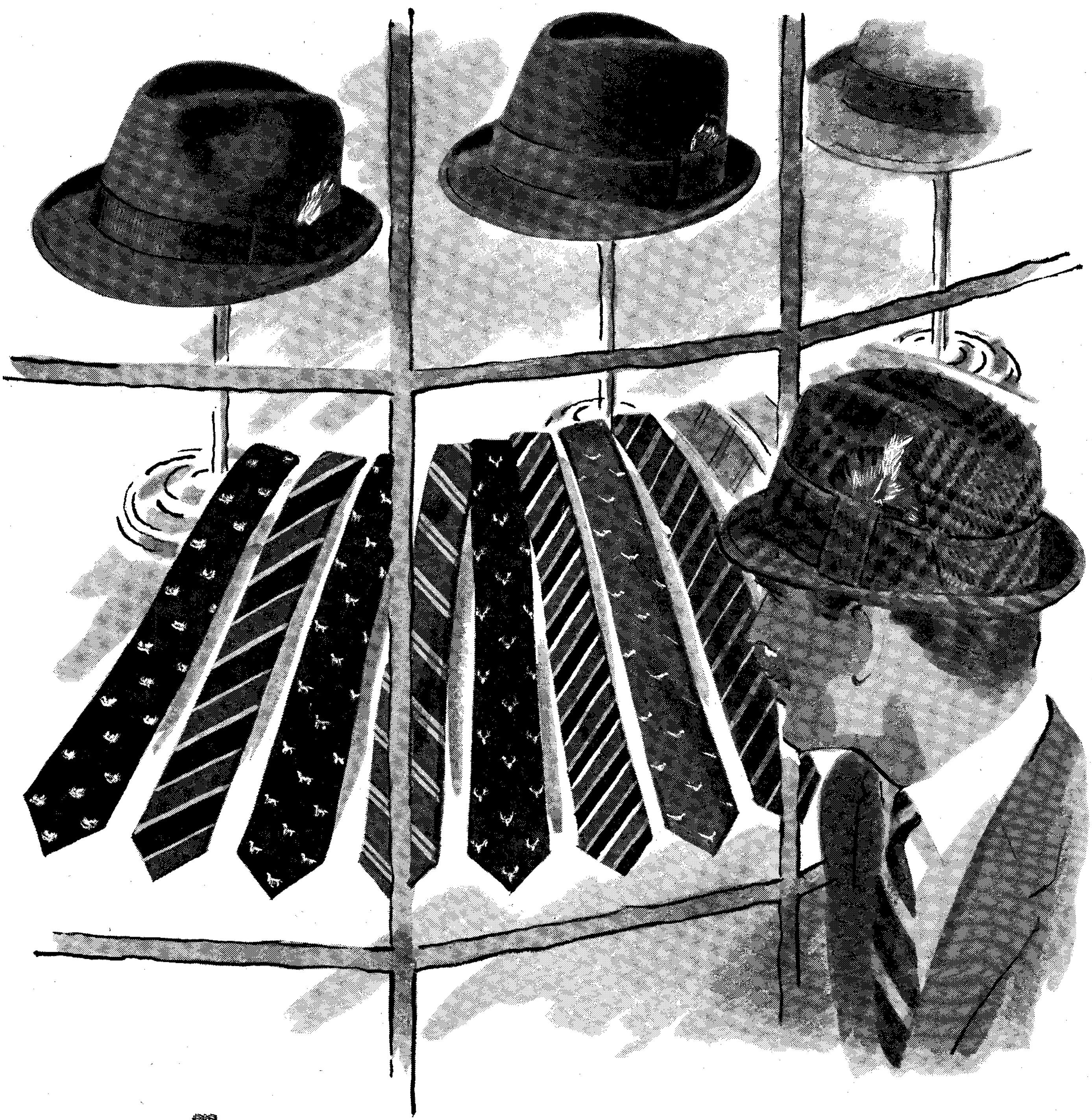
The ultimate in sweater luxury is the "super lambswool" V-neck pullover by Braemar, knitted to our own specifications. Navy, burgundy, blue mix, yellow, bottle green, slate blue, natural. 22.50

Tailored by Daks-Simpson®, our exclusive Norfolk sport coat is of superb cotton corduroy. Natural tan. $125

Our fine wool flannel slacks by Daks-Simpson®. $45

PETERBOROUGH ROW

Bloomingdale's
Men's Store



PETERBOROUGH ROW

Bloomingdale's
Men's Store

Among the many famous shops on Bond Street in London's W.1., are the most notable men's stores. And, among the most notable men's stores in New York is, of course, Bloomingdale's Men's Store. Here, one can find a distinctive collection of ties and hats, such as those shown, master-crafted by members of the British Menswear Guild.

Our casual tweed hats of rugged Scottish wool tweed by Christy's of London. $11
The "Hunt Club" town and country felt by Christy's of London. $22
A felt dress hat is the "Galen" by Christy's of London. 18.50
Exclusive ties by Michelson: "London City Club"; silk taffeta with stripings inspired by the famous London clubs. $5
Our own "Hunting Club" ties; woven hunting motifs on soft, supple silk repp. Stags' head, boars' head, hunting dog and pheasant. 6.50
Atkinson Royal Irish poplin ties in a blend of wool and silk; in stripings of the noted British regiments. $5

Peterborough Row,
Men's Store, Street Floor,
59th Street at Third Avenue,
New York store only

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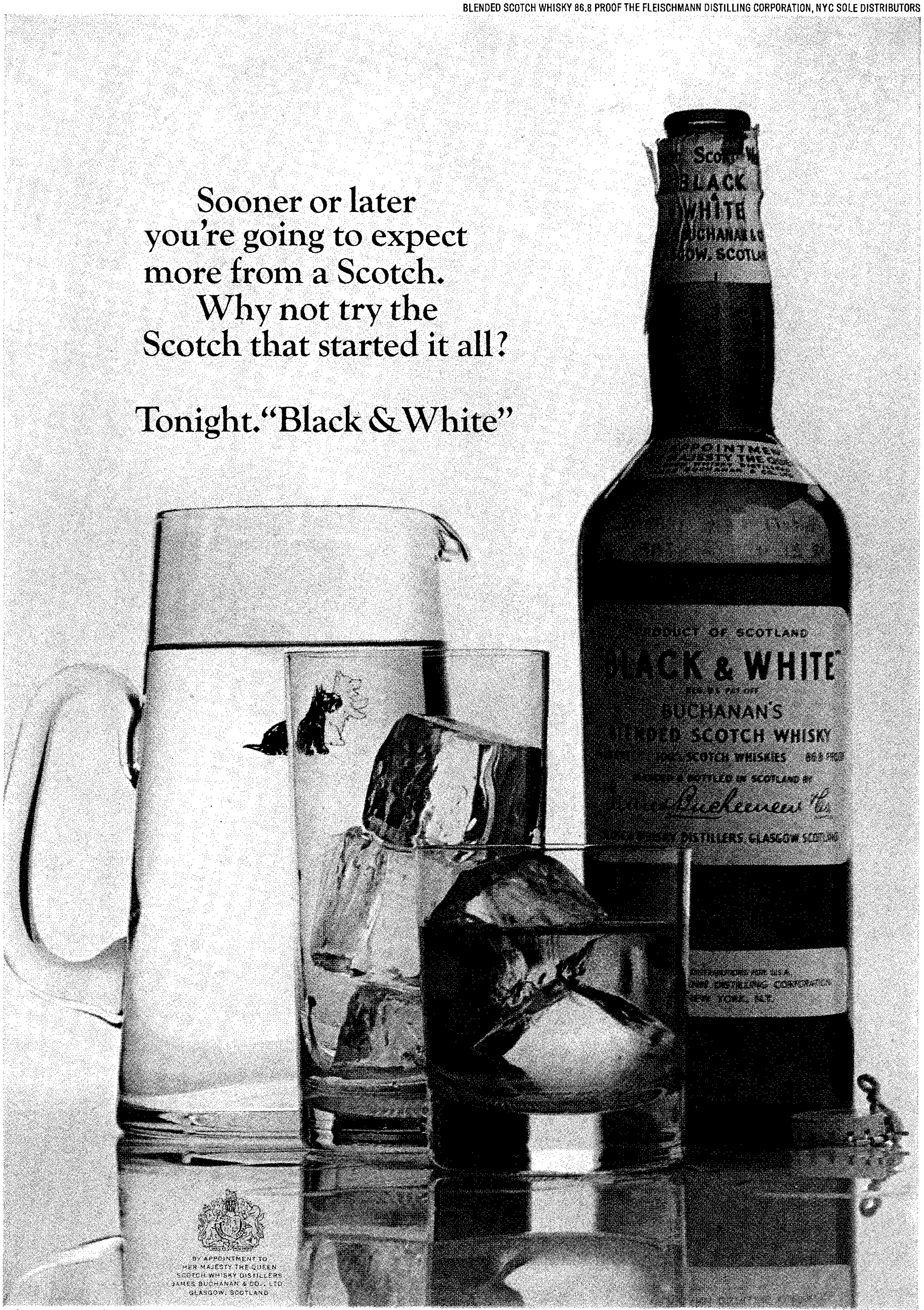
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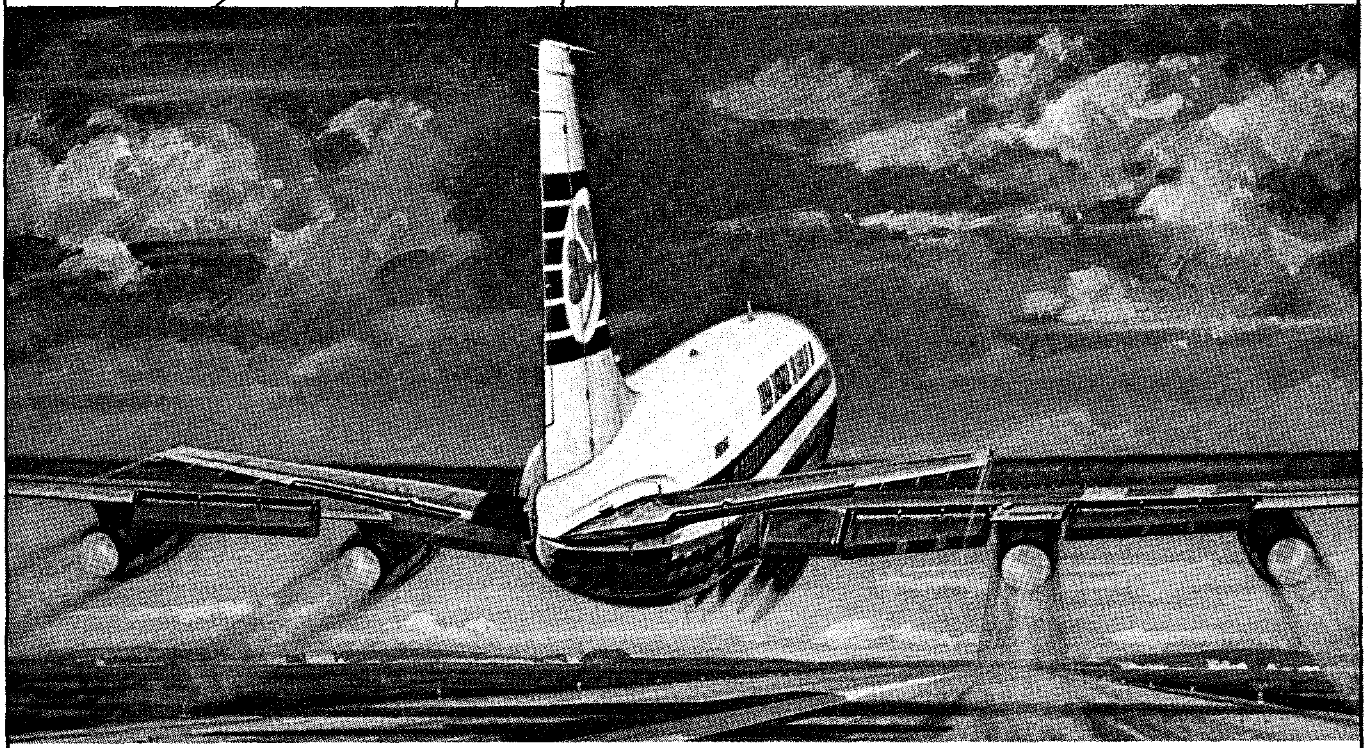
Tonight. "Black & White"

There are two "Black & White" Scotches, and one is Extra Light.

JET IRISH



International is our middle name. 30 of our destinations are outside of Ireland.

As a matter of fact, ever-increasing numbers of the people who fly Irish aren't Irish at all!

You might well ask, "Who *are* all the people who keep Irish so busy adding flights to its daily schedule? Who rides in all those new jets Irish keeps buying?" And we'd be proud to tell you.

They're *knowing* travelers, many of whom have been to Europe before. They think our way to go is more interesting, more fun, and more of a bargain. In many ways it is more convenient, too.

Our big Boeing jets take you on the shortest, most direct route to Europe. From Dublin, our Aer Lingus jets cover the important places all over the Continent.

From this side, you can now jet Irish direct from New York, Boston, Chicago or Montreal.

On your way to or from the rest of Europe, you can stop in Ireland without paying one penny extra air fare...even on our new, lowest-in-history Economy Excursion fares. Nowadays, Ireland has good fun for Americans all year-round ...and you'll never need a foreign-language dictionary!

We're happy to offer you the finest jets, most up-to-date equipment, convenient daily schedules, excellent food, razor-sharp crews, and prompt service when you push the button. But if that's all we had, we wouldn't be making nearly so many friends in so many different countries. It takes a special something extra. Our passengers say it's just that we Irish love people, that we enjoy making them comfortable, and that we can't help showing it.

So you see, most of our passengers choose us not because they're Irish...but because *we* are. Just ask your Travel Agent.

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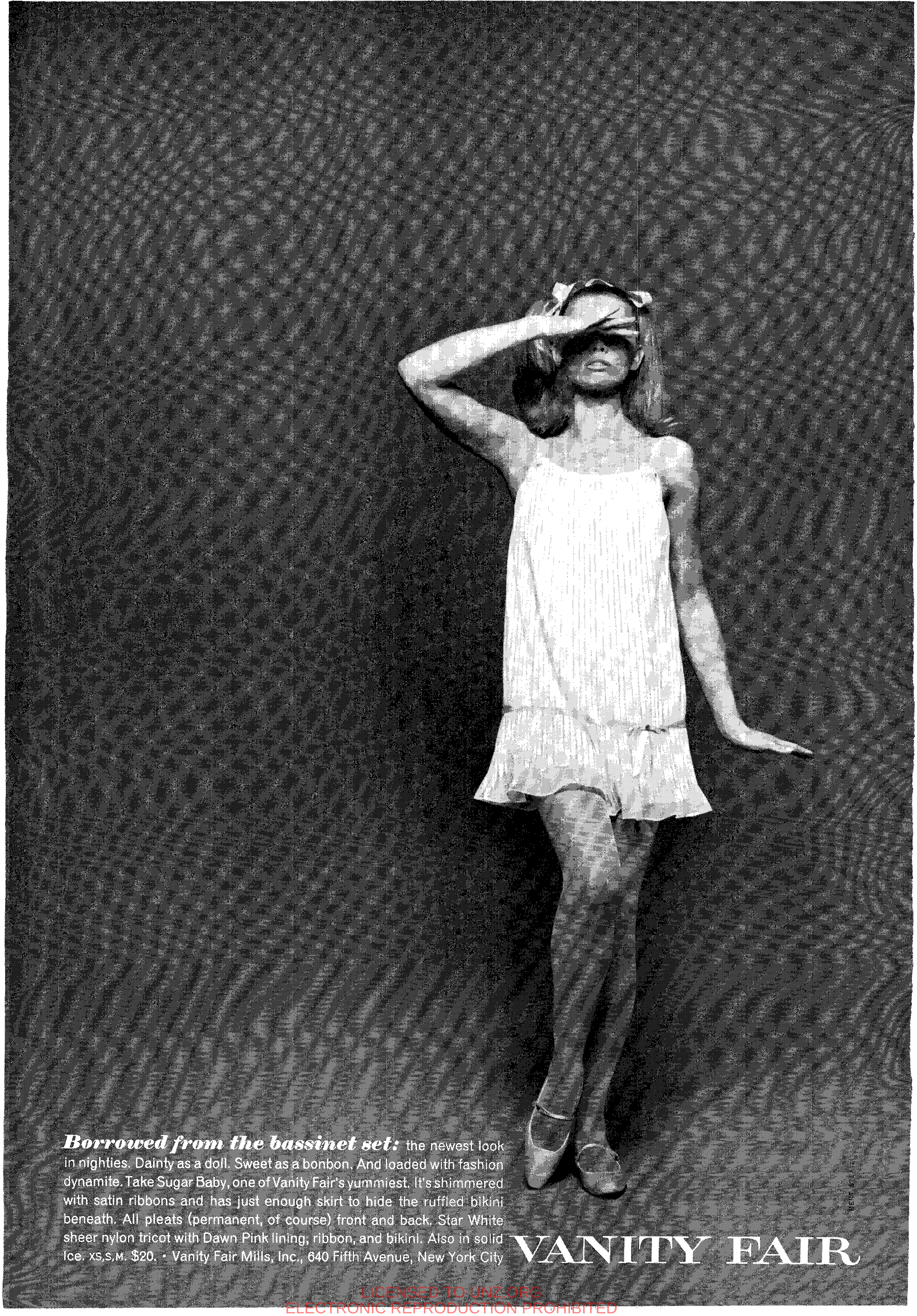
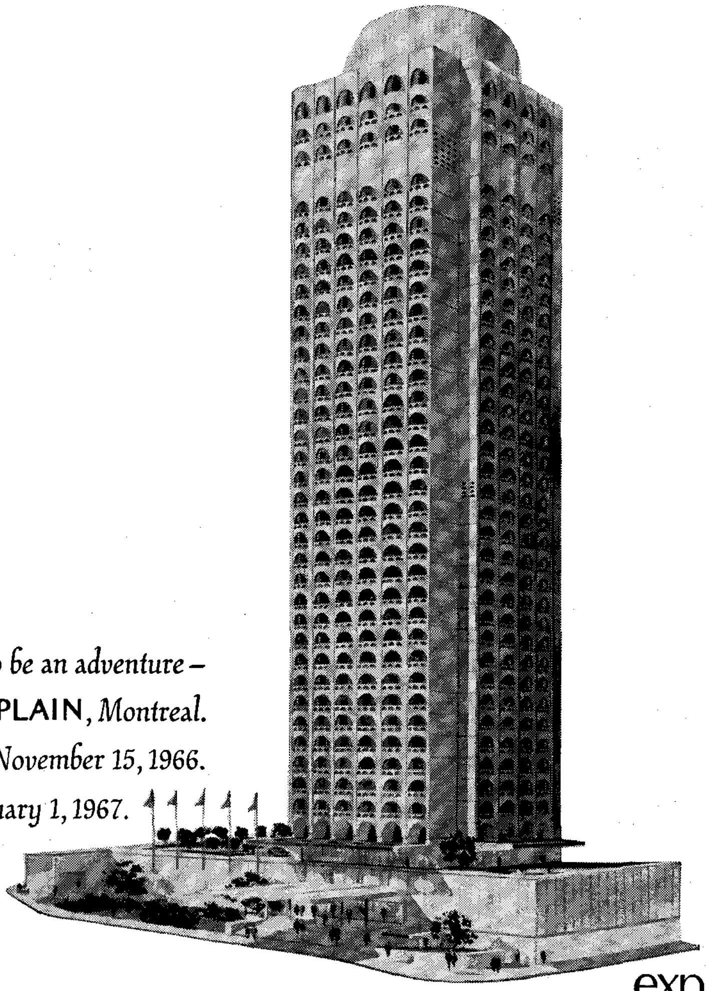


Borrowed from the bassinet set: the newest look in nighties. Dainty as a doll. Sweet as a bonbon. And loaded with fashion dynamite. Take Sugar Baby, one of Vanity Fair's yummiest. It's shimmered with satin ribbons and has just enough skirt to hide the ruffled bikini beneath. All pleats (permanent, of course) front and back. Star White sheer nylon tricot with Dawn Pink lining, ribbon, and bikini. Also in solid Ice. XS,S,M. $20. • Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York City

VANITY FAIR

Le Château Champlain . . . destined to be one of the world's finest hotels with cosmopolitan atmosphere, serving Montreal's international clientele. Reservations are being taken now.



Intimate enough to be an adventure –
LE CHATEAU CHAMPLAIN, *Montreal.*
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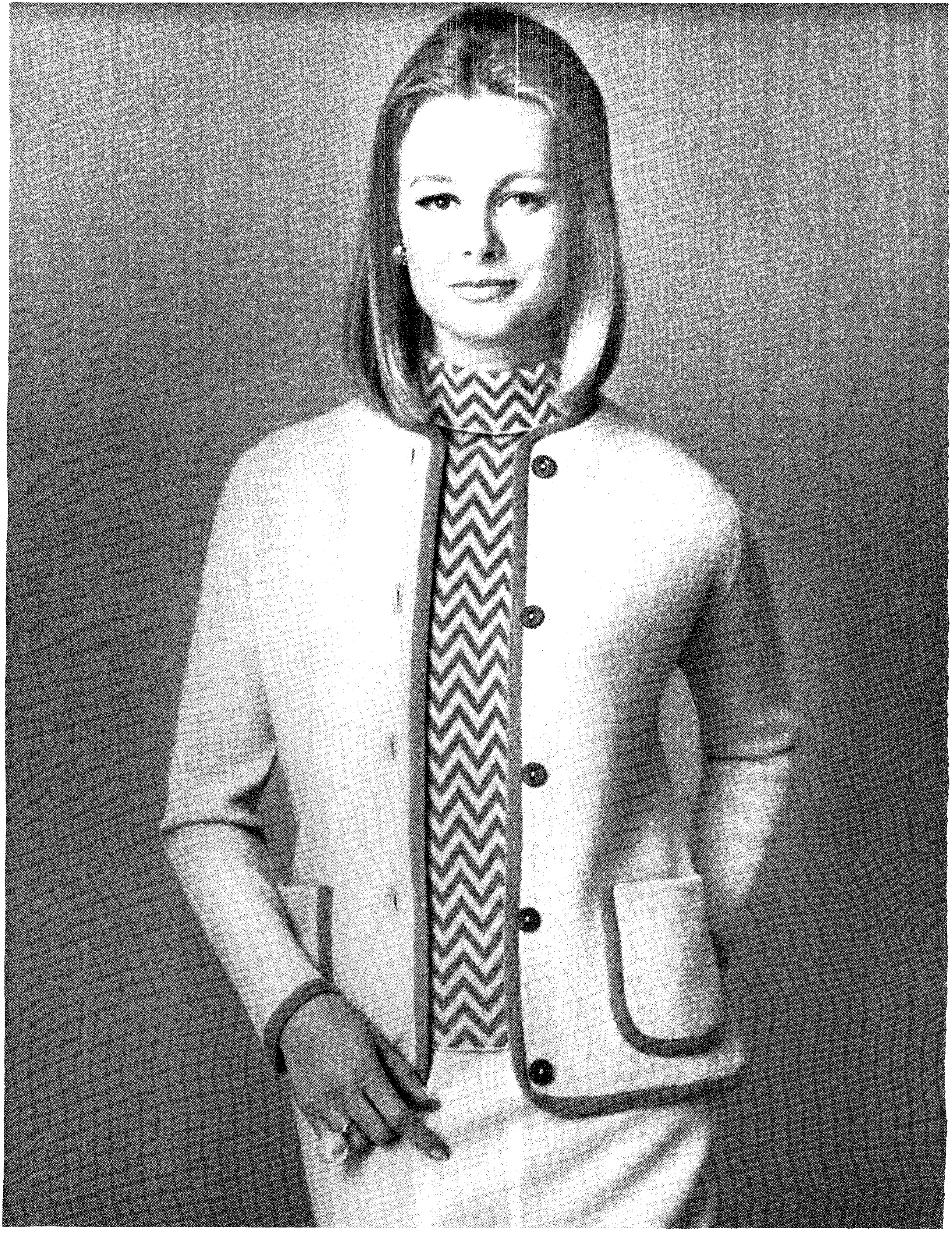
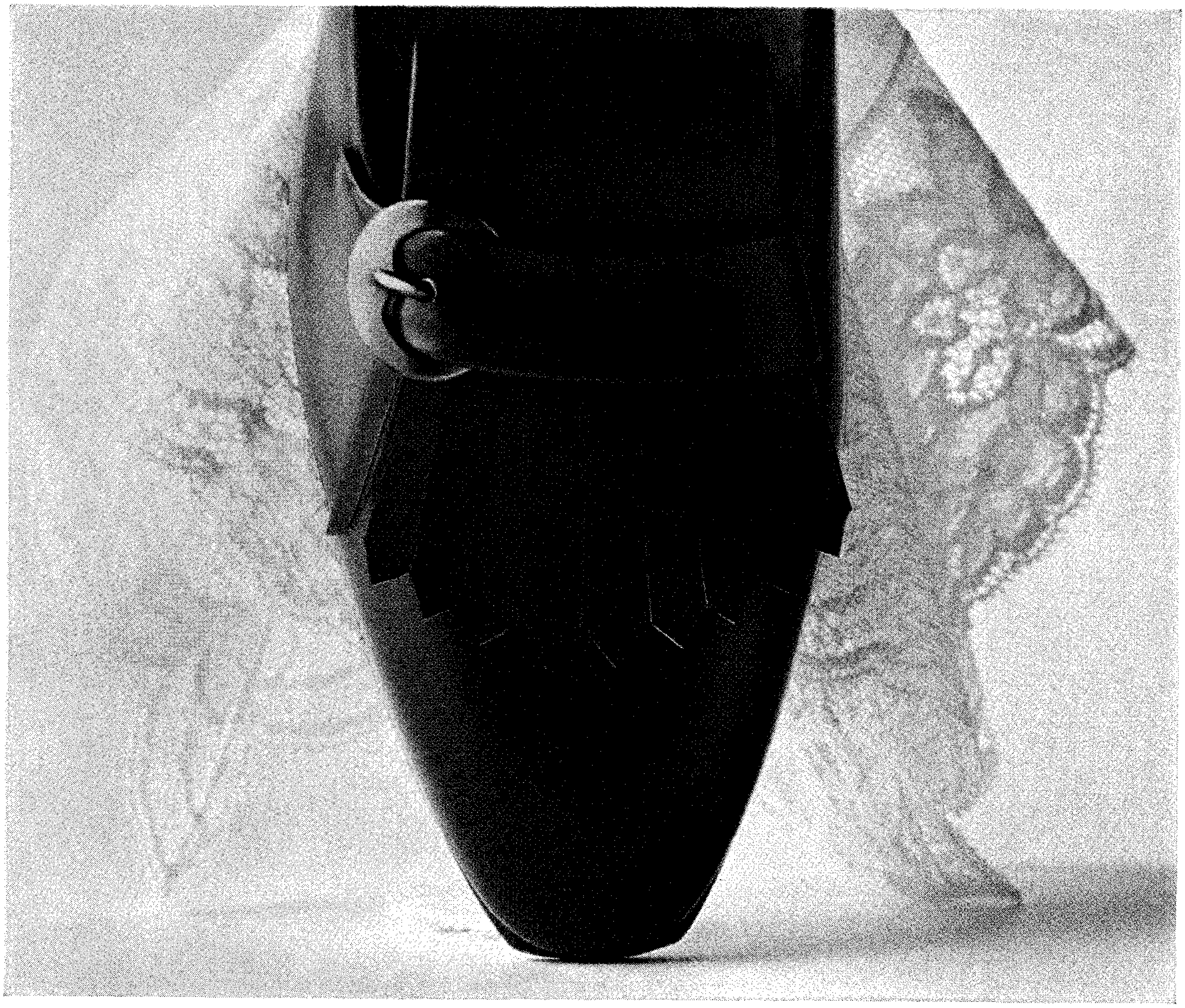


Hadley is simple on purpose. Women are wonderful enough.

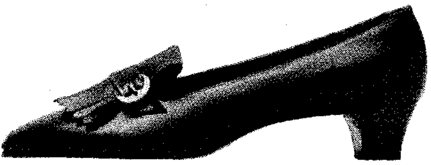
There's a Hadley way of doing things. Here, it's using the kind of multi-ply cashmere that gives this jacket and its herringbone shell quiet presence. These two, with their matching flannel skirt, have a look of unaffected graciousness. The Hadley Corporation, 1407 Broadway, New York 10018.



To make a walking shoe feminine—put a skirt on it.

See? A walking shoe doesn't have to look like you bought it in a men's shop. It can have a fringe-y skirt. A little buckled belt. A curvy toe. What's more, this walking pump is crafted of a softer, lighter shoe upper material. One that holds its shape better. Wipes clean. Repels water. Stays new looking longer. It's of CORFAM*, the breathable new shoe upper material from Du Pont.

Hill & Dale walking shoe in antiqued CORFAM®



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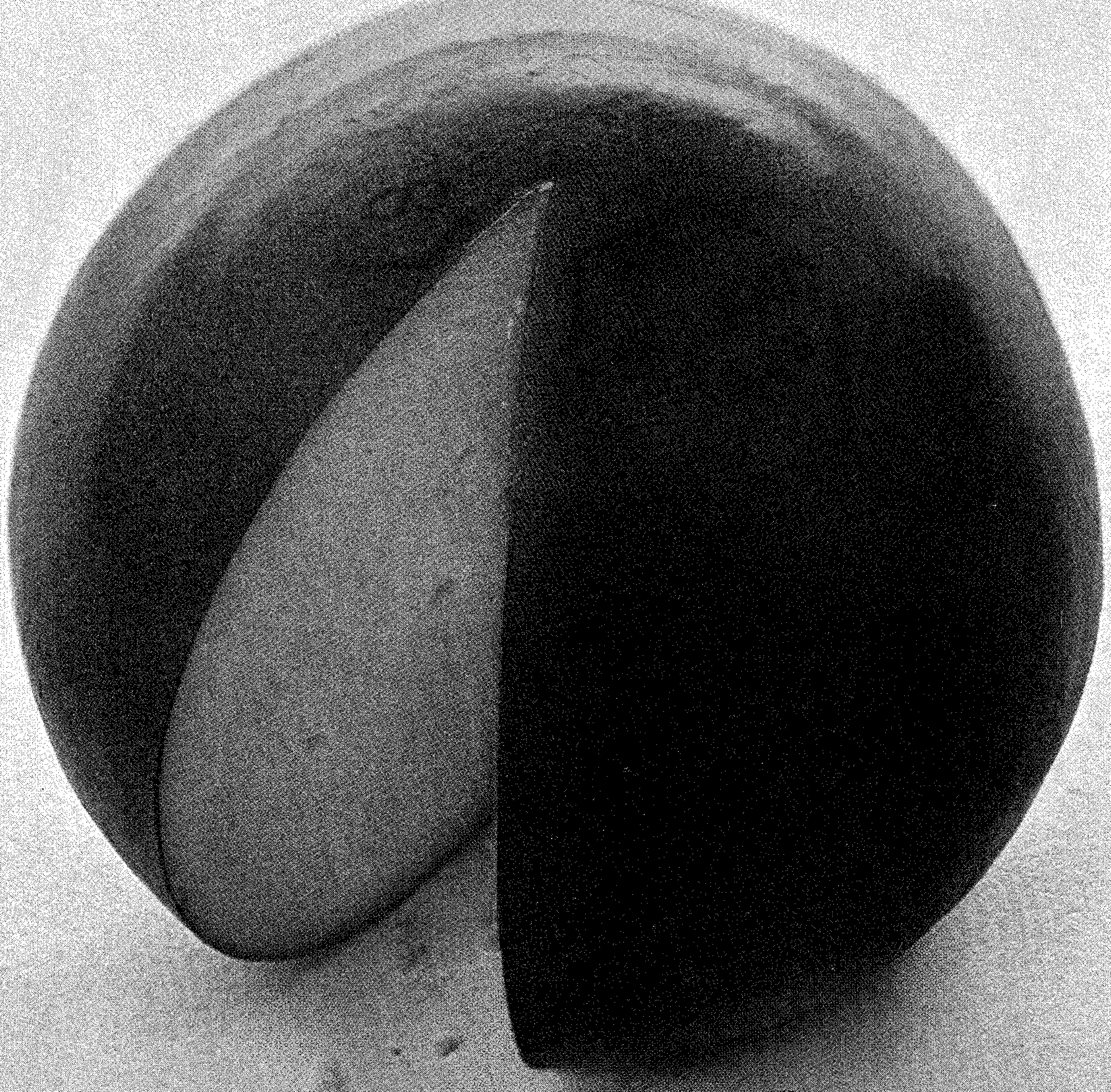
Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

*Du Pont's registered trademark for its man-made poromeric

This Hill & Dale shoe, about $22.00, at: Lord & Taylor, New York; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; R. H. Stearns, Boston; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Imperial Shoe Store, New Orleans; Robinson's, California.

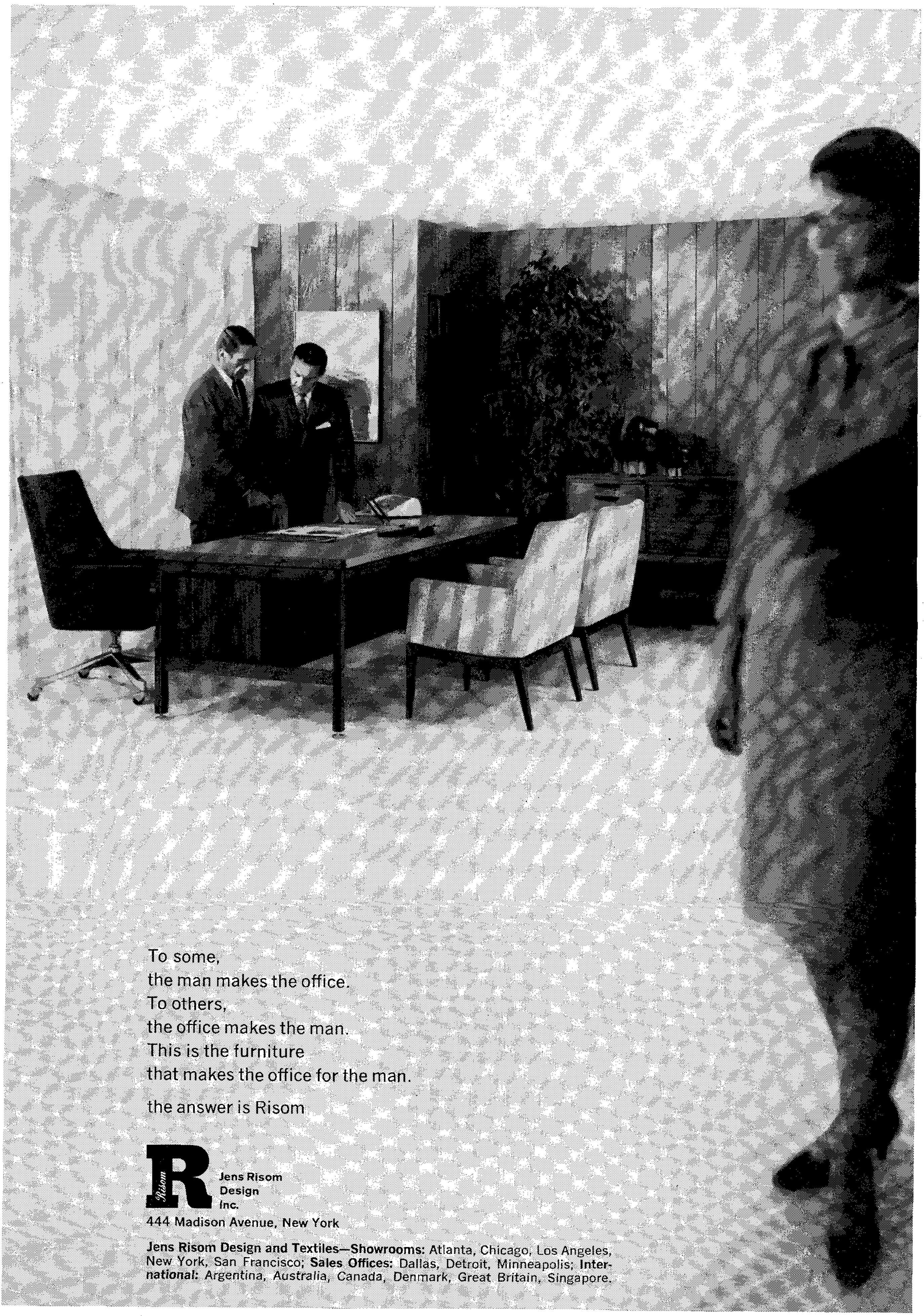
Pâté costs more than liverwurst.
Bisque costs more than soup.
Stroganoff costs more than stew.
This cheese costs more than other Edam.

Life is short.



SEND FOR OUR BOOKLET OF TEMPTING SERVING SUGGESTIONS. WRITE TO HOLLAND CHEESE EXPORTERS ASSOCIATION, 10 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020. INCLUDE 10¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

CHEESE OF HOLLAND



To some,
the man makes the office.
To others,
the office makes the man.
This is the furniture
that makes the office for the man.

the answer is Risom

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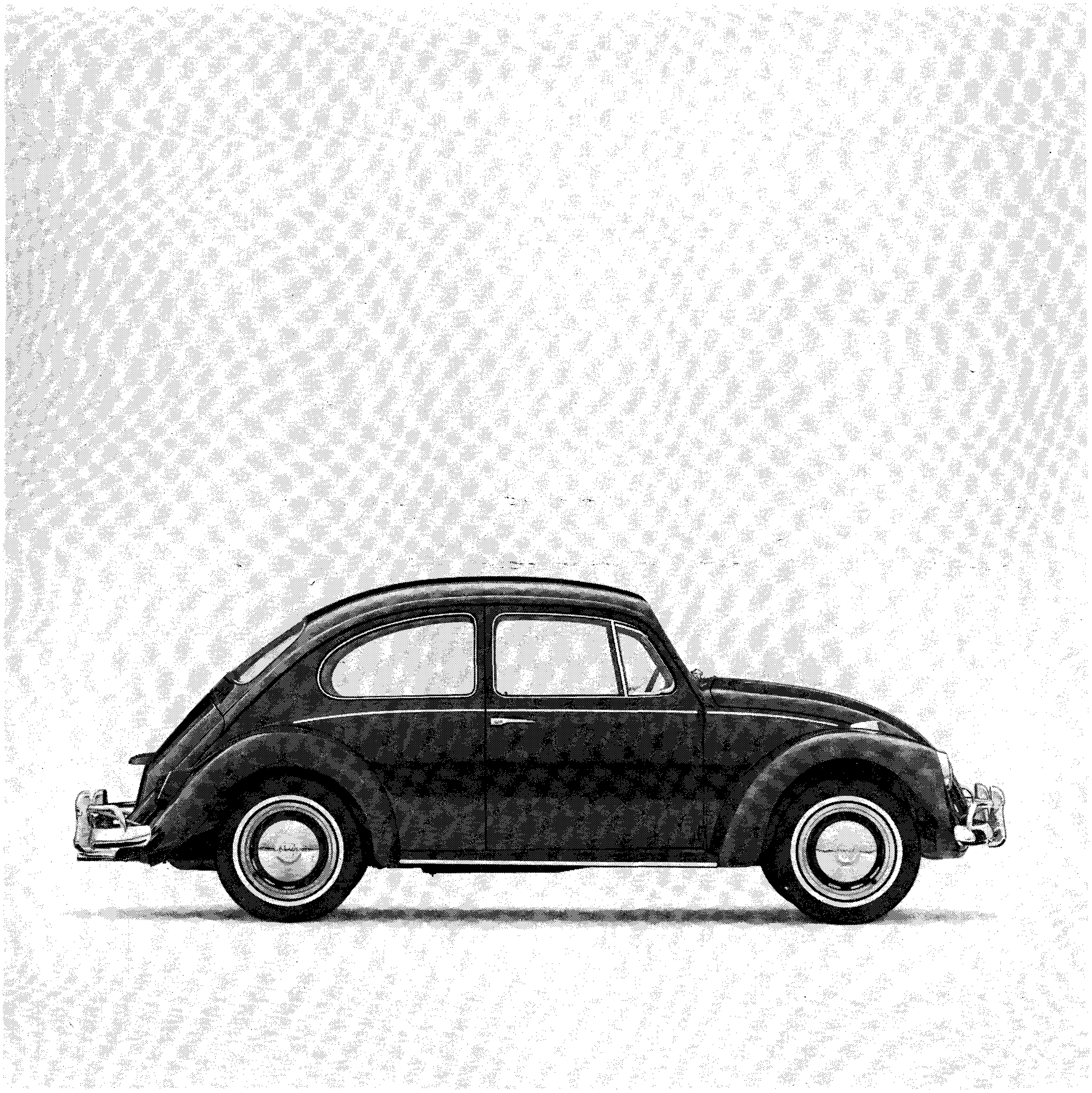

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Introducing two of the most radical changes in Volkswagen history. Can you spot them?

Did you notice that the headlights are vertical now instead of leaning back a bit? That doesn't make the car look any better. But it makes the road look better by making the lights a little brighter.

And that little hump in the back? We did that to hold the license plate up straight so the police can read it better. (Sorry.)

What you won't notice without driving the new model are the big improvements.

The engine has been enlarged to a ferocious 53 horsepower. That only adds 3 m.p.h. to the top speed. Because we put most of the additional power where it would make the engine accelerate faster, turn slower and last even longer.

Now that the VW is getting to be such a hot car, we put in a couple of things to slow it down. Dual brakes.

The front wheel brakes are completely independent of the rear wheel brakes. So if you ever lost the front wheel brakes, you could still stop the back of the car. (Which automatically stops the front too.)

The new VW also has seat belts, back-up lights and recessed door handles as standard equipment. In fact, this year we made so many changes on the VW that we thought we'd better make one more.

We wrote "Volkswagen" on the back of the car to be sure everybody would know what it was.

Is GENESCO a golfer's Paradise?

No, but we're in there swinging.

One of the top hundred industrial corporations of the country, Genesco dresses the whole family for all kinds of occasions — including golf, of course. **If it's something to wear, it's Genesco's business.** We concentrate on the widespread specialization of wearables, in plants that turn out everything from girls' girdles to men's formal wear (there's an endless list of things in between), at the rate of 380,000 pieces a day. And millions of Americans are literally in our shoes, in all kinds of pursuits. You may want to see our new Annual Report, it tells our current story. We'll be glad to send it if you'll write.

Salutations to golfers and all sports fans everywhere, and also hail to the languorous. As for us, we'd better stay on the job. After all, everybody has to have something to wear.

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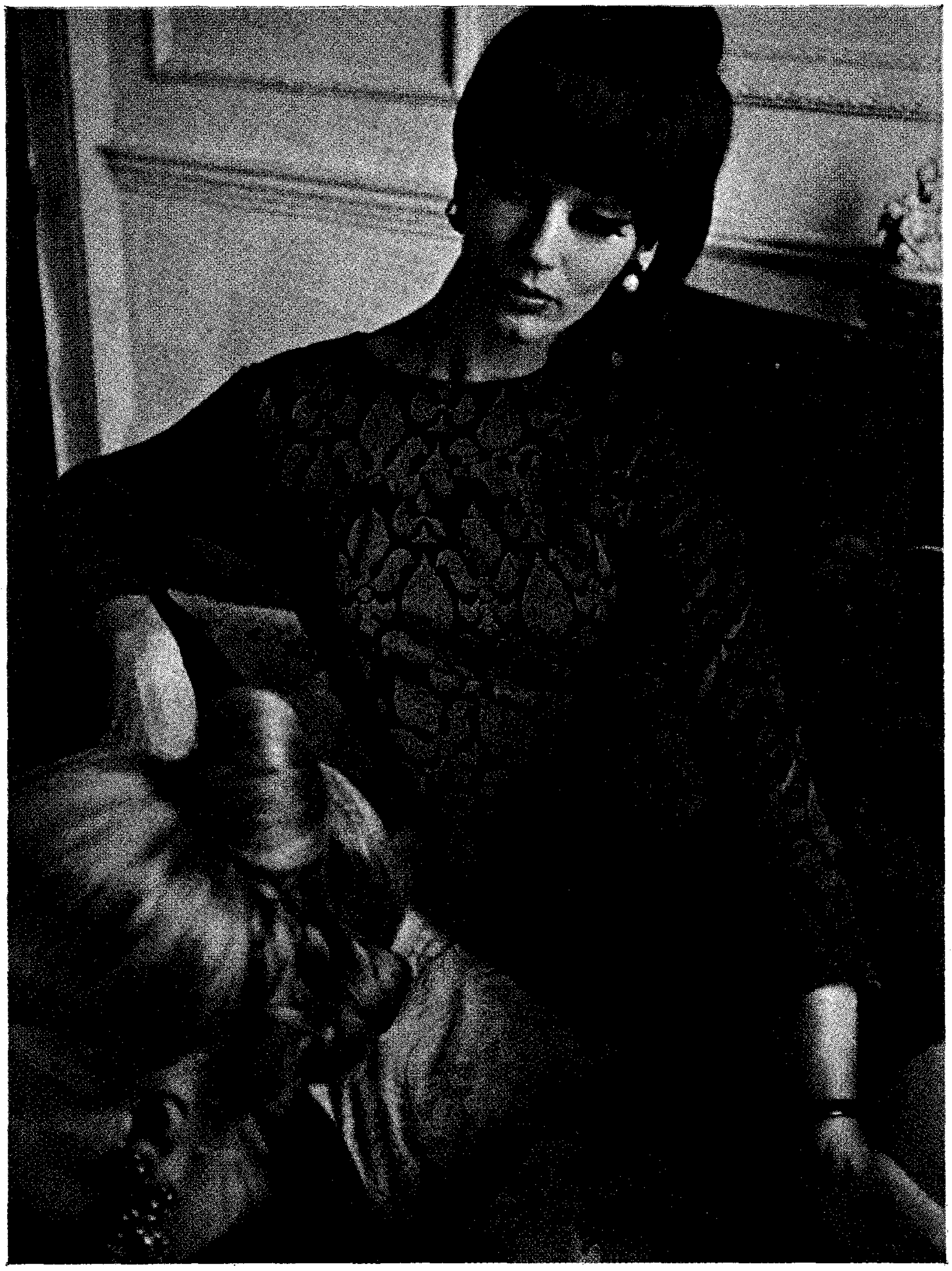
Frances Denney

Source of Beauty
FRANCES DENNEY



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The Case of Peter Dawson

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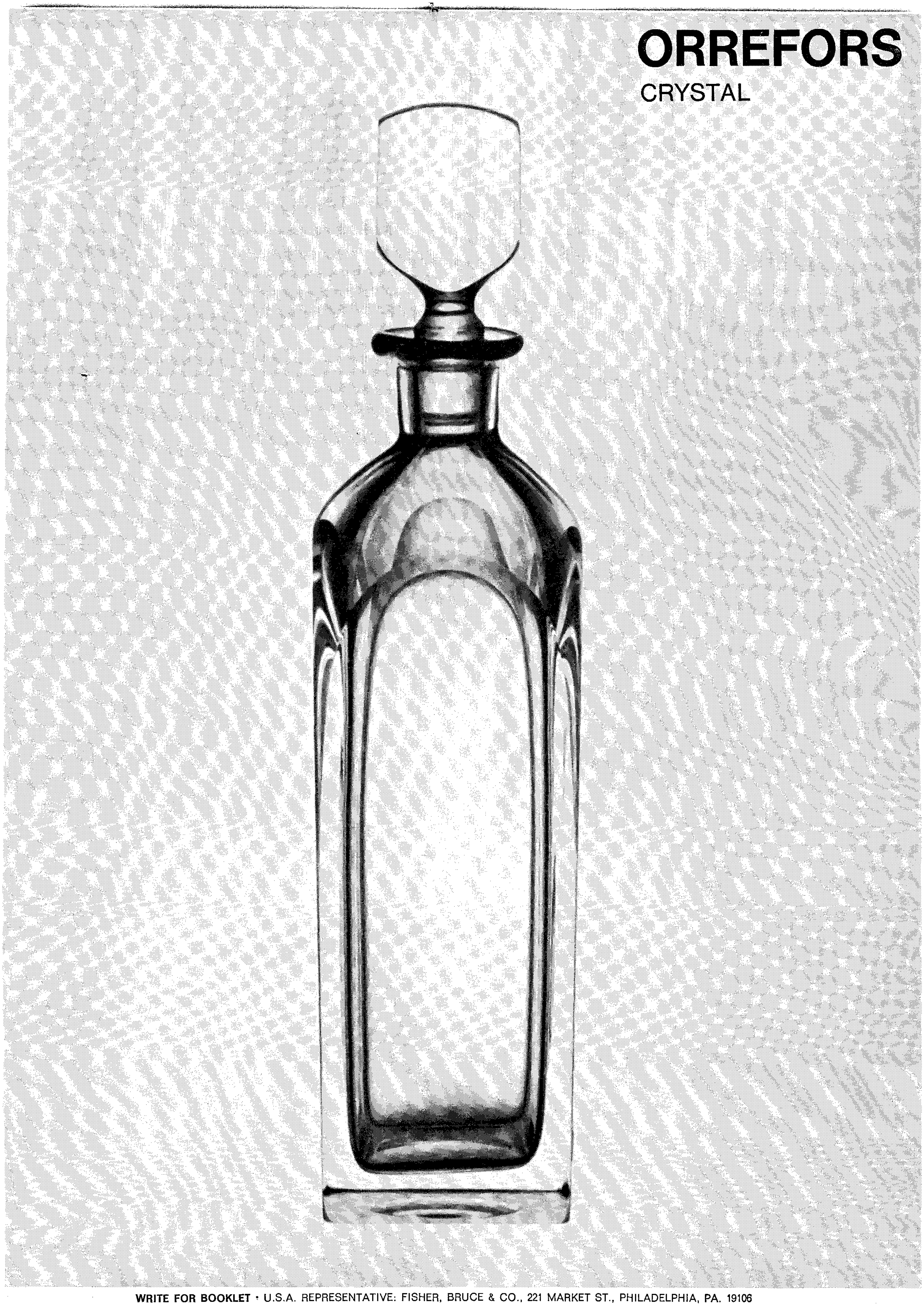
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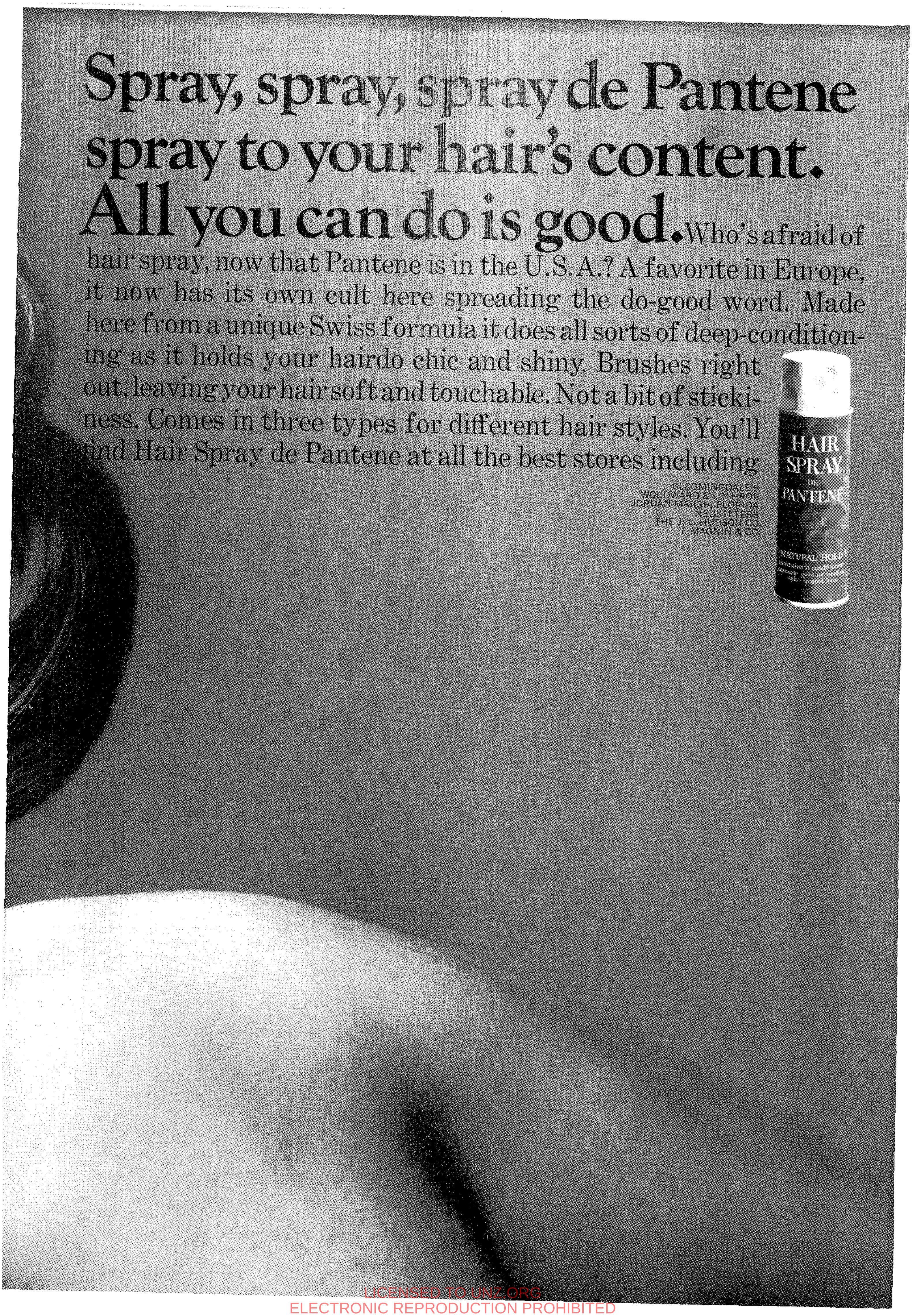
Spray, spray, spray de Pantene spray to your hair's content. All you can do is good. Who's afraid of hair spray, now that Pantene is in the U.S.A.? A favorite in Europe, it now has its own cult here spreading the do-good word. Made here from a unique Swiss formula it does all sorts of deep-conditioning as it holds your hairdo chic and shiny. Brushes right out, leaving your hair soft and touchable. Not a bit of stickiness. Comes in three types for different hair styles. You'll find Hair Spray de Pantene at all the best stores including

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*Prices quoted are manufacturer's suggested retail base prices, at East Coast P.O.E. The West Coast P.O.E. prices are: two-door Cortina Deluxe costs only $1,853.04. Four-door version, $1,972.48. Station wagon, $2,189.65. Hot GT, $2,209.13. Cortina modified by Lotus only $3,507.25. Destination charges from P.O.E., other optional equipment and state and local taxes and fees if any, are extra. Car shown is the Cortina station wagon. Whitewall tires shown $24.21. Overseas delivery available at substantial savings.

Ford's Cortina goes domestic.

Ask any car buff and he'll tell you that Ford's Cortina is at home on the track winning races and rallies all over the world. In fact, he may find it hard to believe that Ford's Cortina also comes as a family wagon that's perfectly at home at your home. But we found a way to tame a winner without breaking its spirit. And give you up to 30 miles to the gallon of gas.

First off, it's not what we take away from the world's most successful racing sedan that makes it a family wagon. It's what we add: a tailgate with 65.2 cubic feet of load space inside.

But you get a lot more than a racy reputation and space in Ford's Cortina station wagon. *You get foam-padded bucket seats.* A built-in ventilation system that can change the air inside the car even with the windows up. A washable vinyl interior. A safety-padded instrument panel and twin padded sun visors. Even a special locking feature that makes this family wagon's doors virtually "child-proof." (It disengages the rear door handle mechanisms so they won't open even when you pull on them.)

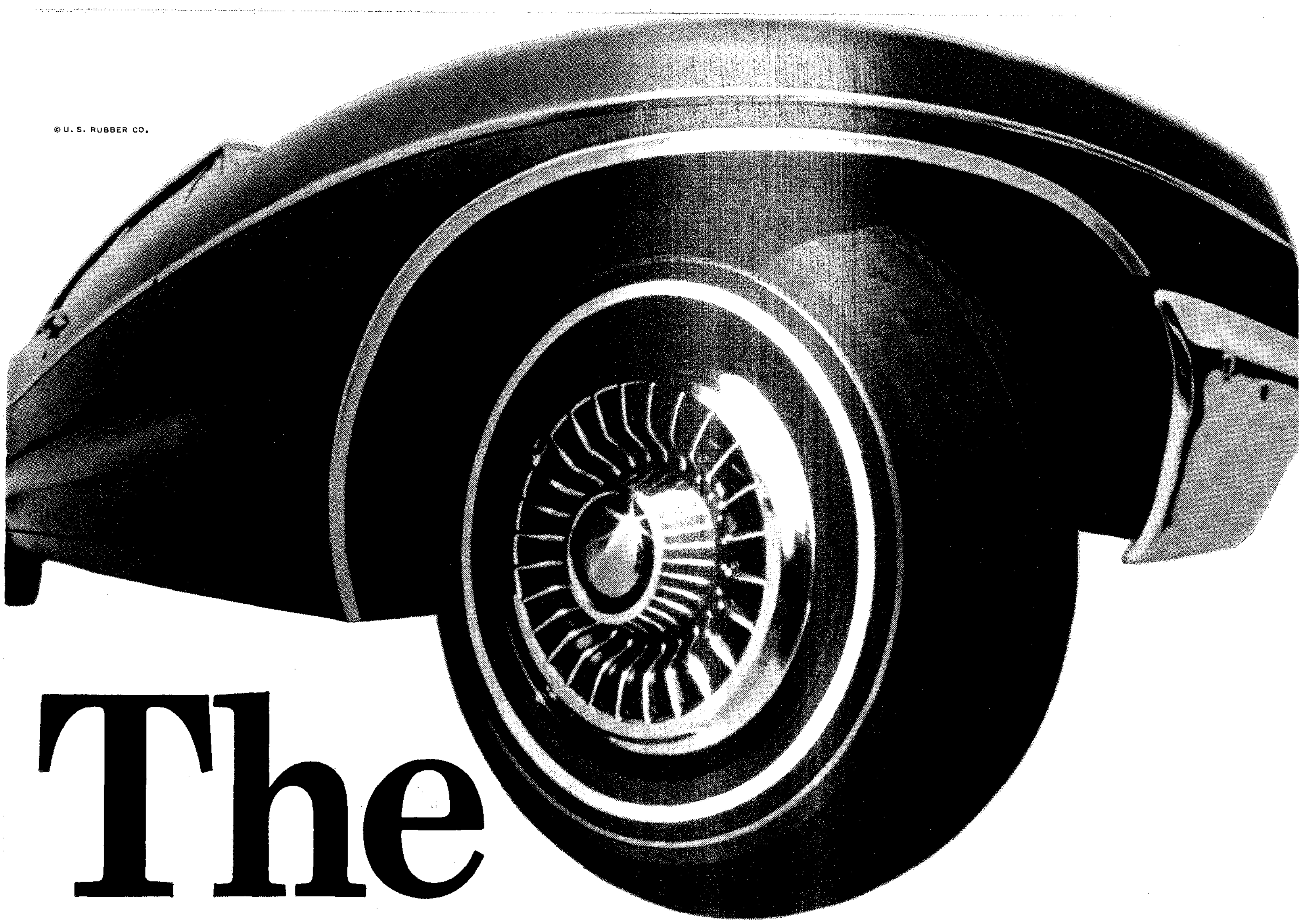
Also front disc brakes and a four-speed all-synchromesh transmission like its winning Cortina cousin back on the race track.

A lot of car for a little money. You can give Ford's Cortina station wagon a home for only $2101.10*. If you prefer a trunk to a tailgate, we have a four-door sedan for only $1884.43*, and a two-door sedan for $1765.49*. Our not overly domesticated GT sells for $2121.58*. And the really hot one, the Cortina modified by Lotus, is available at $3419.70*.

For the name of your nearest Cortina dealer write to: Imported Vehicles, Ford Division, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan. See him and take a test drive.

Ford

© U. S. RUBBER CO.



The $75 Tire

If it only saves your life once, it's a bargain.

Sure, $75 is a lot of money for our Royal Master size 8.25-14 tire.

And that's with your old tire, no less.

Some people don't spend that much for a whole set of tires.

But is saving money the first thing you should think of when you buy a tire? Or would you rather know you've got something special on your wheels when you hit a pothole at 70 m.p.h.

Or sweep around a rain-slicked curve.

Or pick up a nail at 3 o'clock in the morning.

Still and all, $75 *is* a lot of money for a tire.

And maybe you're wondering how much better the new Royal Master could possibly be that we're asking so much for it.

Well, to begin with, it's built with more hand labor than you would ever think anybody puts into a tire.

Hand labor performed by men who've been building tires for an average of 19 years.

It's got a brute of a carcass that's so strong, you can practically forget about blowouts.

It's got a special red liner that grips any sharp object you pick up and helps to block off the air leakage.

And it's got two special traction bars that we mold into the tread to wipe wet, slippery roads dry.

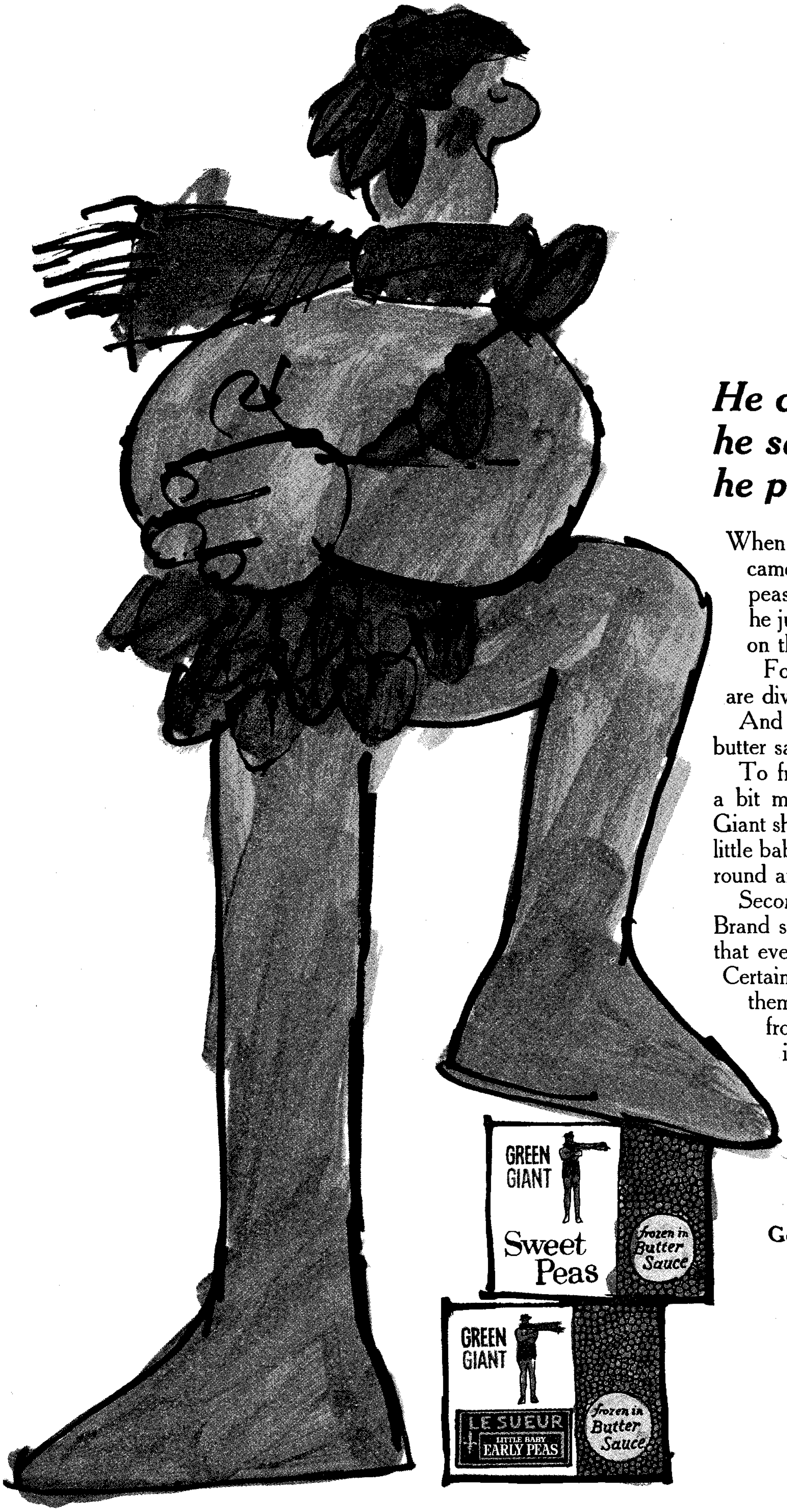
So when you look at the Royal Master and wonder whether it pays for you to buy such an expensive tire, just remember this.

Money doesn't do you any good
if you're not around to spend it.

Sizes other than 8.25-14 priced accordingly.

UNIROYAL
U.S. RUBBER

THE NEW U.S. ROYAL MASTER


GREEN GIANT
Sweet Peas
frozen in Butter Sauce
GREEN GIANT
LE SUEUR
LITTLE BABY
EARLY PEAS
frozen in Butter Sauce

He came, he saw, he packed.

When the Jolly Green Giant first came to the Valley, it was to plant peas, not to praise them. But lately, he jumps at a chance to say a word on their behalf.

For instance, he says that all peas are divided into two kinds.

And he has both kinds, frozen in butter sauce.

To friends who'll lend an ear, he's a bit more specific. First, the Green Giant shows them his Le Sueur Brand little baby early peas. Noble little peas, round and popping-tender.

Second, his famous Green Giant Brand sweet peas. The sweetest peas that ever drew a lean and hungry look. Certainly this is the noblest Giant of them all. Two kinds of peas, each frozen in butter sauce, each packed in a flavor-tight cooking pouch. Citizens of the Valley sure enjoy them. *Et tu?*

Green Giant

Good things from the garden

©Green Giant Company

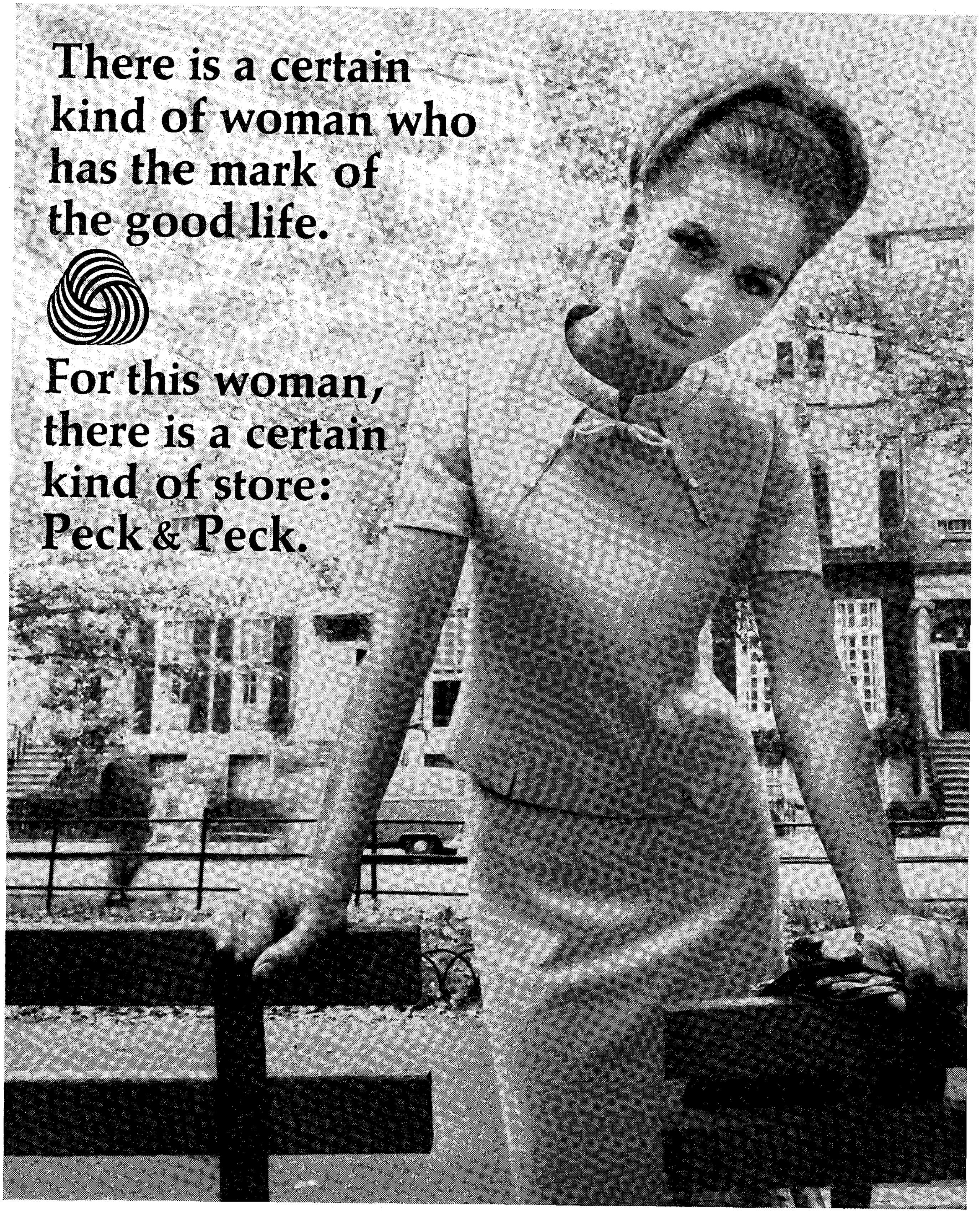
Left to right: Madrigal, Lace Point, Eloquence, William & Mary, Delacourt

six ways to start a beautiful meal

Pleasure is in the eye of the beholder. Long before it touches the palate. The tallest-toqued chefs agree on this; and on the fact that everything tastes better on a beautiful silver fork. Such forks as Lunt makes: sightly, stately—a full-balanced embodiment of artistry that's pure joy to the touch, as well. Count on Lunt silver to key the overture to a momentous meal. Or an *impromptu* one. (You could even go picnicking with Lunt solid sterling and artichokes a la Grècque. And remember it all your life. The Good Life. That's one of the things Lunt sterling stands for.)

LUNT
STERLING

For information write: Lunt Silversmiths, Dept. Y-1, Greenfield, Mass.


There is a certain kind of woman who has the mark of the good life.
For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

Soft, winter pastels color this delightful two-piece in wool, soft wool.
The split, stand-up collar is bow accented. The darts have a button trim.
Fully lined. Tart green, pink ice, pale blue. 8 to 16, 36.00

The wool mark is awarded to quality-tested products
made of the world's best...Pure Virgin Wool

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE don't know whether any nickname for the *World Journal Tribune* has yet won wide acceptance. We do know, though, that the newsstand man down the block from our office refers to the new paper as the *Telegram*.

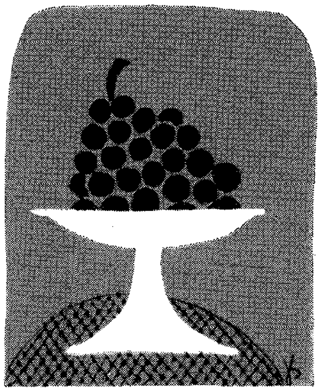
NOWADAYS, whenever smog settles heavily upon the city, we peruse, for our comfort, a *Times* article that is headlined "Trees Held Major Source of Pollution." It is truly a sight for sore and watering eyes:

> Fritz W. Went, a botanist at the University of Nevada, said that the fragrant pine, the pungent sage, and other related trees emit 1,000 per cent more pollutants than all man's fires, factories, and vehicles....
>
> The botanist said that these trees send molecular substances known as terpenes and esters into the air, stimulating a chemical reaction similar to that caused by manmade pollutants.
>
> The result is "summer haze" or "blue haze," the professor said.
>
> The terpene, from which turpentine gets its name, comes from pines and other trees, and is "incredibly toxic," he added.

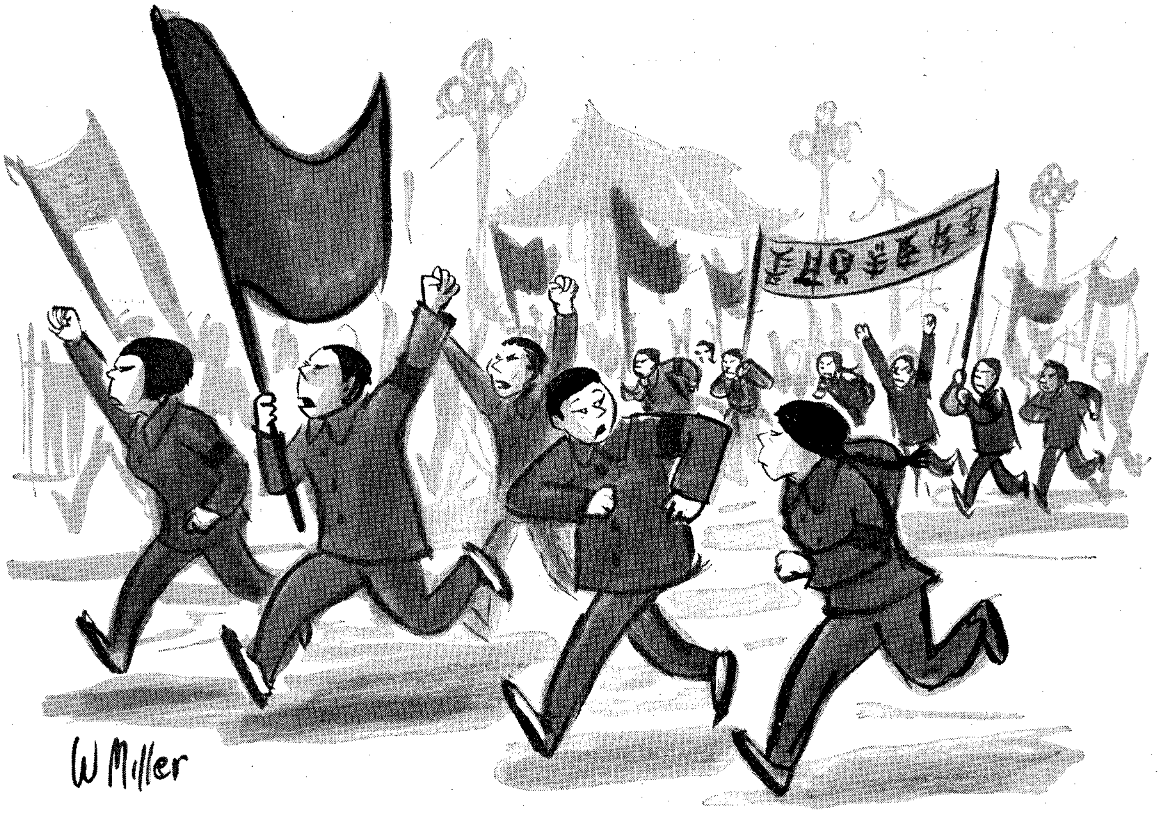
This dispatch has shattered all our notions of rural life. Like many another urban innocent, we have contributed occasionally to Fresh Air funds that enable city children to enjoy the supposed benefits of country living. Professor Went makes it clear that this traffic ought to be reversed—that country children, sun-bronzed and miserable, ought to be shipped into the city to recuperate in a relatively beneficent atmosphere of exhaust fumes, coal smoke, and burning rubber tires. Indeed, the hardships and horrors of country life, in the lurid light of our new knowledge, begin to loom like dreadful visions. Behind the false smiling face of the landscape one glimpses the pines and related trees spewing forth a cloud of incredibly toxic substances. When the blue haze begins to thicken on distant hills, the knowing countryman presumably dons a respirator or withdraws to an oxygen tent. The ear of imagination picks up the plaint of rural wives: "How anyone can expect a person to keep a clean house in this filthy place is more than *I* can say. Just look at that table! Not fifteen minutes ago, I gave it a good dusting, and there it is, already just *covered* with terpenes!" And what of the lumberjacks? Poor, brave, frail creatures who scarcely contrive to give the deadly pine a few strokes of the axe before collapsing, at which crisis volunteers no doubt drag them into a clearing and revive them by holding their heads over the quickening exhaust of diesel motors. To be in a pine forest on a sunny afternoon, we surmise, must be altogether terrible. So now when the innocent city smog hangs thick and brown and acrid over the avenues, when the eyes smart, the temples throb, and the throat rasps, we murmur to ourself, "At least we are not in a pine forest on a sunny afternoon."

Risky Shifts

THE other day, we walked up to the Waldorf-Astoria, where some sessions of the Seventy-fourth Annual Convention of the American Psychological Association were being held. There were other sessions, too—at the Biltmore, the Commodore, and the Roosevelt—because thirteen thousand psychologists had come to town, and no one hotel was big enough to hold them, or all they had to say. At the Waldorf, the Grand Ballroom was filled with booths and salesmen, most of whom were representatives of publishers hawking the latest psychological tracts. A few booths contained psychological paraphernalia, and we stopped at one of them—the booth of the Lehigh Valley Electronics Company, of Fogelsville, Pennsylvania. "We make manipulanda and stimuli for a whole universe of experiments involving the behavior analysis of animals and humans," the salesman on duty said. We asked to see a manipulandum, and he explained that we were looking at several that very minute, for manipulanda are push buttons and levers. "You can hook up manipulanda and stimuli in any number of ways," the salesman went on. "Here, for instance, is a pigeon-pecking key. If the pigeon reacts to the stimuli correctly, the solenoid inside is energized and a scoop of grain is presented to the bird." Then he showed us a complete line of equipment for rats, including a tiny harness, which he said was an improvement over previous harnesses, because it permitted the rat to turn entirely around without crossing any wires that might be attached to him. "We also have an extensive human line," the salesman concluded.



We next put our head in at the door of an auditorium in time to hear a speaker, Mr. Vincent Skelton, of Young & Rubicam's Detroit office, say, "Is it possible to have a successful advertising campaign in which the advertisements themselves are strongly disliked? Yes, this can and does happen." We stayed long enough to learn that one of the offensive advertisements in question contained a picture of an automobile in a dining room. Passing another auditorium, we learned that dolphins sleep with one eye open. Then we pushed on to a room where Dr. Donald H. Thor and Mr. Russell J. Wood, psychologists from Western Michigan University, were discussing something called the moon illusion. The moon, we learned, appears larger on the horizon than at the



"This is really nothing but Leninism à go-go!"

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zenith, though it demonstrably remains the same size. This is perhaps the oldest optical illusion known to man, Dr. Thor was saying, and through history scientists have struggled unsuccessfully to account for it. Ptolemy gave the most generally accepted explanation, which is that the moon seems bigger on the horizon because it is seen in relation to the landscape. But this explanation has been challenged by a number of experimenters, including one who peered between his legs at a rising moon and found it to be smaller than when he looked at it right side up. Here the problem for the most part rested until Dr. Thor and Mr. Wood discovered that a matchbox held at arm's length always appears to be the same size, whether it is held in front of the subject or over his head—where, owing to the fact that the eyes are six inches or so above the shoulders, the matchbox should seem larger and closer. They suggested that this optical idiosyncrasy might explain the moon illusion, and before anyone could gainsay them we slipped out and went on to a room where Dr. R. L. Van de Castle, of the University of North Carolina School of Medicine, was discussing the frequency with which certain animals appear in dreams. According to a head count that Dr. Van de Castle had made, the animals that pop up most commonly in dreams are dogs and horses. Dogs and horses are reported mainly by women dreamers, but the next most popular type of animal—birds—largely populates the dreams of men. Men also see more thick-skinned or hard-shelled animals, such as crocodiles, crabs, and turtles. Dr. Van de Castle said he thought that dreams with a high mammalian content might reflect psychological maturity. Children, for instance, have more dreams about insects than adults have, and primitive people tend to dream less about the higher animals, too. Dr. Van de Castle reported a poll of dream animals taken among the Yir Yoronts, who are Australian bushmen; it turned up six ducks, five turtles, three lizards, one flying fox, one crab, one leech, one rat, one bush cat, one bull, one cow, and one bandicoot. A similar but less extensive count among the Hopi Indians in Arizona turned up one dog, one chicken, one bee, and one worm.

Leaving the animals, we headed for the Jade Room, where a symposium on the taking of risks was under way. We listened to Dr. Henry S. G. Cutter, of the Veterans Administration Hospital in Brockton, Massachusetts, who had plied a number of men, both introverts and extroverts, with varying amounts of alcohol and then asked them to gamble on whether or not they could pull a green bead from boxes containing green and red beads in varying proportions. Extrovert dries take greater risks than introvert dries, Dr. Cutter was able to report, but wet introverts take greater risks than wet extroverts, and a wet introvert takes greater risks than even a dry extrovert. Then Dr. Michael A. Wallach rose to report on something called the risky shift, which he described as the tendency of people to be willing to take greater risks as the result of general discussion than they would be if they had made the decision individually.

We went back to the ballroom, and at the C. H. Stoelting Company display there we inspected a timer that could be programmed to feed animals over the weekend or at other times when psychologists were away, perhaps at conventions. Finally, we listened to a salesman at the booth of the Industrial Acoustics Company as he harangued us about an absolutely soundproof room for conducting isolation studies. He had one with him. We climbed inside, closed the door, and discovered, gratefully, that the salesman was quite right.

Down East

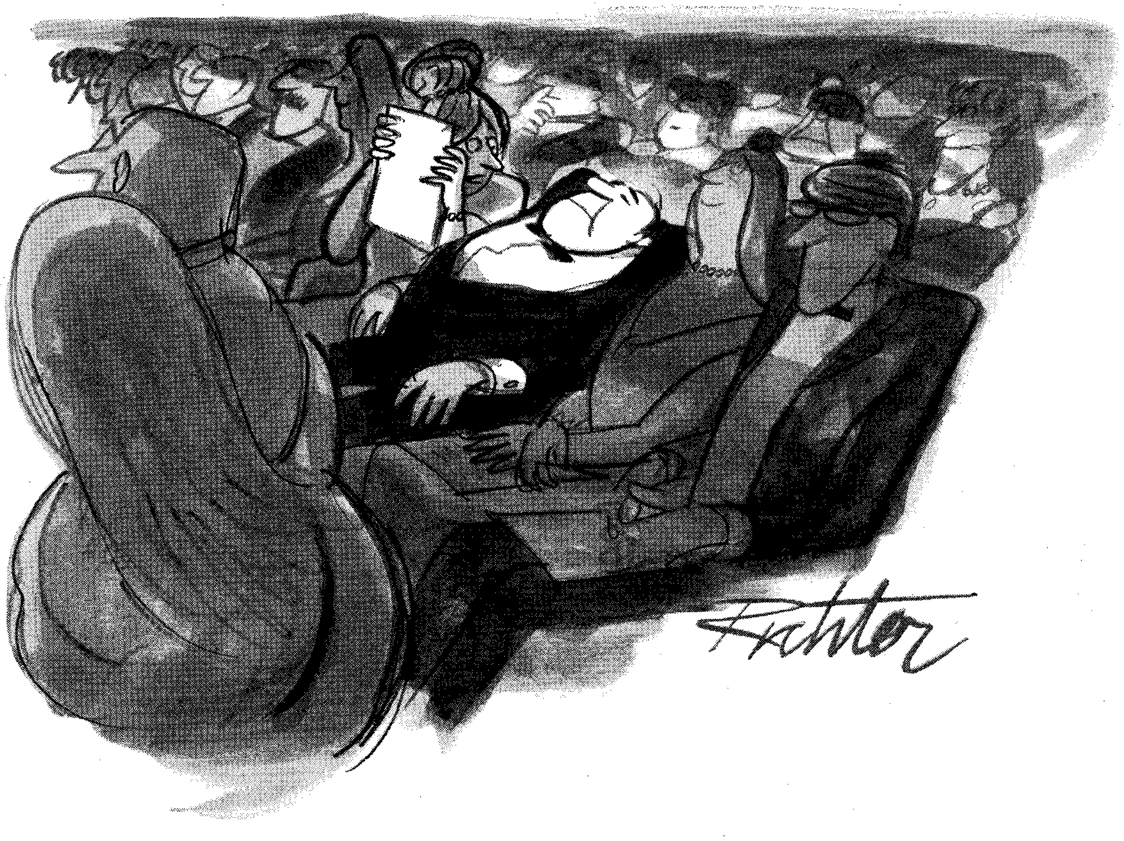
A RETURNING vacationer reports that all the souvenirs in a Howard Johnson gift shop on the Maine Turnpike—ashtrays in the shape of lobsters, bottle openers in the shape of lobsters, coin banks in the shape of lobster traps, playing cards with big, red boiled lobsters on their reverse sides, and so on—are marked "Souvenir of Maine" and "Made in Japan," with the exception of some Penobscot Indian dolls, which are marked "Souvenir of Maine" and "Made in Hong Kong."

The Sky Has to Be Big Enough

ONE of the mildest, most cheerful, and most decorative forms of *local* air pollution—skywriting—reappeared in the skies of New York recently after what seemed to us quite a long absence, so we went out to Flushing Airport on a pleasant day last week to check in with Anthony Stinis, pilot and proprietor of Stinis Air Service (Skywriting), and see what was up. "It's feast or famine in this business," said Mr. Stinis, a middle-aged man who looks like everybody's idea of a pilot, right down to sleek hair, a dark tan, and a pencil mustache, "and there aren't too many of us left, but we hope to do a lot of work in the political campaigns this fall." He was standing at the edge of the field, looking at the sky. Behind the hangars, in the marsh across the road, tall cattails and black-eyed Susans tossed in the wind; above, an occasional jet rose from LaGuardia Airport, and seagulls soared overhead. "For skywriting, the sky has to be big enough," Stinis said. "A day like today, now, I could give you a small message over there"—he indicated an open patch of sky above the pale-gray-green towers of the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge—"but not over there," and he pointed to a wall of clouds piling up over Manhattan. "I fly visual," he added. "If the sky's clear, I take off." He walked over to a row of five red-white-and-blue North American SNJs—single-engine training planes—that were parked at the edge of the runway, and pointed out a ten-foot-long stainless-steel exhaust pipe attached to the right wing of the first plane. "This is where the smoke comes from," he said. "We release a special oil from a seventy-gallon tank behind the pilot's seat into that hot exhaust pipe under pressure, and it makes white smoke. I use this plane for ordinary skywriting or fly it in formation with the other four planes for what we call 'sky-typing.' We fly four hundred feet apart, side by side, and by radio control we release dots of smoke two hundred feet long. We can write ten letters a minute. Ordinary skywriting takes about a minute and a half per letter, and an 'E' or a 'K' takes even longer. Sky-typing is the newest thing. My son, who lives in Long Beach, California, has started sky-typing out there."

Mr. Stinis led the way into his office—a small white clapboard bungalow next to a large gray hangar. "I've written 'Pepsi-Cola' maybe six thousand times," he said. "I've been skywriting since 1934. I saw my first sky signs around 1922—'Lucky Strike'—and I thought, Gee, wouldn't it be wonderful to do that!" The walls of the office were covered with framed old photographs of skywriting, of planes, and of pilots in helmets and goggles; models of old airplanes hung from the ceiling. On top of a cluttered desk was a copy of *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, with a picture of a spaceman on the cover. "Skywriting is all done by feel," Stinis said. "You have no time to look at instruments. You go up to roughly ten thousand feet, and you write the letters upside down and backward, so they can be read from below. You usually make the letters three-quarters of a mile long, and then they can be seen for twenty or twenty-five miles. For an 'O,' I just release the smoke, bank the airplane at a certain angle, and then go around till I meet my smoke again. I picture to myself where I'm at. 'W's are kind of hard to make. 'I's are the easiest. 'S' is difficult; you need precise timing—a right bank, then a left. You have to concentrate hard. A lot of pilots have misspelled. 'Pesi-Cola,' 'Air Sow'—that kind of thing. Writing in script is extra hard. I've written in Chinese, over the first New York World's Fair. A Chinese girl was sending a message to somebody, and I took her along as a passenger. Don't ask me what the message was—something about Happy New Year—but it was very tricky maneuvering. I've written French, over Quebec, and Greek, over a Greek parade in New York. A few weeks ago, I wrote 'Renee' over Connecticut for a lady's birthday; I wrote it twice, as a matter of fact, because there wasn't enough sky to write 'Happy Birthday.' I've made hearts with an arrow through them and initials on each side. I've drawn pictures—an outline of a ship that came into New York Harbor, with smoke coming out, and I've even done faces—but only when the weather was very good. Every so often, I'll write 'Hi' over a friend's house." He pointed to a photograph near the door. "Here's a game of ticktacktoe that another pilot and I played over Manhattan around 1939. It was just for the fun of it. First we put out the lines, then we played. I'd do an 'O,' then watch: 'Oh, he's putting an "X" over *there!* Well, I'll put an "O" over here.' I won."

Stinis told us that he was born in Greece, and saw his first airplane—a pusher type—on Crete. He came to the United States when he was eight. "I used to be a bug on motorcycles," he said. "I had a four-cylinder Henderson, and, before that, an Indian Chief. I used to race, and I've still got scars from motorcycle racing, but I don't have any from flying. When I was eighteen, I was motorcycling through Armonk one day and I saw a plane—an OX-5 Waco—hopping pas-



"Oh, Alfred! Not in the new opera house!"

sengers, and I paid ten dollars for a ride. I decided that was for me. I sold my motorcycle and took flying lessons, at thirty-five dollars an hour. After I soloed, I saved up and bought a half interest in a Jenny for four hundred dollars. Here's a model of it." He touched a small dark-green biplane that was hanging from the ceiling. "And pretty soon I was instructing others at thirty-five dollars an hour, out at the old Curtiss Field. The Jenny was a tricky plane—you stalled that baby a little bit and she'd go right into a spin. It took off at thirty miles an hour, and the top speed was sixty-five or seventy. There were no brakes. It was big and clumsy, but we loved it."

Stinis walked around the room, looking at the photographs. "I. J. Fox Furs," declared a trail of white script in one picture. "1934," he said. "One of my first jobs after I'd taught myself to skywrite. I'd ask other people to watch from the ground and tell me my mistakes. My very first job was 'Chevrolet.' A long word, and in script, too. You could script easier with the old biplanes." He moved on. "Here's a Command Aire. This is a J-5 Standard—nine cylinders. Here's a 'Dewey for President' I did. This is a Curtiss Robin. This stubby biplane is a Laird. This one's a Stinson. I used to hop passengers with it." Near the door was a photograph of a banquet. "Quiet Birdmen, Aug. 20, 1934, Half Moon Hotel," said the caption.

Stinis turned around. "Skywriting is strictly a business now," he said. "The romance was with the old biplanes." He paused. Then he said, "Come on. I'll show you something." We went outdoors and entered the big hangar. Inside, it was dim and silent; soft light came from a window high in the rear wall. We walked past a couple of small planes, and Stinis pointed to a red plane that stood near the back. "That's a C-3-R Stearman, 1929," he said. "It belongs to Speed Hanzlik, the manager of Flushing Airport. Watch your step." Then he stopped. "Look," he said quietly. Directly in front of us was a gleaming biplane, freshly painted in red and white. It had an open cockpit, and all the parts were shiny. "It's a 1929 single-seater Travel Air," he said. "I've owned it since 1934. It's one of my first skywriters." The beautiful plane seemed to glow in the dimness. Stinis walked around it slowly. "See those streamlined wheel pants? They cover the old thirty-by-five wheels. It's got a rubber shock cord instead of oleo struts. See the dual exhaust there, under the cowl? Look at that engine! It's a Wright seven-cylinder, three-hundred-and-twenty-horsepower. It's got a top speed of a hundred and fifty-five. Very maneuverable. It does beautiful acrobatics. It flies upside down just as nice as right side up." Stinis stepped back, and stood looking at it. Then he said, "I was just flying it last week. I put my old helmet and goggles on. . . ."

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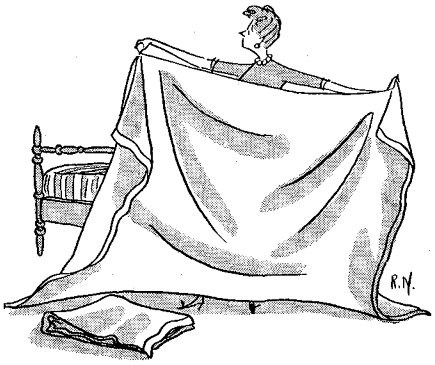
SIGN observed over a store on Main Street in Hackensack:

RELIGIOUS SHOP FOR ALL FAITHS
(LOCATED IN HOBBYLAND)

Festival

AS autumn in the country brings the county fair, with its oxen draws, square dances, and gooseberry preserves, autumn in New York now brings the urban film festival, with local celebrities straining together in symposiums, young folk giving one another an intense conversational whirl in the hallways, and the local equivalent of 4-H—the Underground—offering juries and fellow-members some samples of film that were canned and preserved at home in an earlier season. We passed through a drenching rain one evening last week to spend a few hours among the exhibits at the fourth New York Film Festival, at Lincoln Center. A few couples in informal dress, having arrived by taxi, raced through the downpour across the plaza and into Philharmonic Hall, where they browsed over a display of leaflets at a press table, and then stood in line for several minutes, dripping, at a ticket window. They did not speak. Having spent between two and four dollars for that evening's feature (films by well-known directors, like Resnais and Godard, which will almost certainly be shown at lower prices in commercial theatres, were almost immediately sold out, while tickets for films that might never be seen outside the Festival were still available), the couples raced across the plaza again, passing the fountain, which seemed fixed in the night at mid-high spray, and the new Metropolitan Opera House, through the second-floor windows of which a kitchen, with a row of copper pans, was visible. They entered a smaller building, the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, and found seats in a crowded auditorium, where a "Special Event"—a film called "Echoes of Silence," by Peter Goldman, to be followed by a general discussion—was taking place. The film featured a rather hirsute young man and a girl, both of them very moody, in New York. The action of the picture was occasionally frozen in stills, and the sound track consisted mainly of the sort of orchestral accompaniment, rendered flat and full of static by faulty equipment, that one hears with low-budget travelogues. A number of people left while the film was in progress, but their places were taken by new arrivals, and when the lights went on for the post-film discussion the auditorium was still crowded.



Andrew Sarris, a film critic for the *Village Voice* and a member of the Program Committee for the Festival, introduced Mr. Goldman, a young man who was sitting on the stage in the lotus position. Mr. Sarris said that the film had been made for fifteen hundred dollars; that Jonas Mekas (also a writer on films for the *Village Voice*) had praised it, "but nothing much happened;" and that he himself thought the insight into the characters was more important than polish or technique. "You were only what—between twenty-five and twenty-six—when you made this film?" he asked, turning to Mr. Goldman.

"Twenty-*three*," Mr. Goldman said reproachfully.

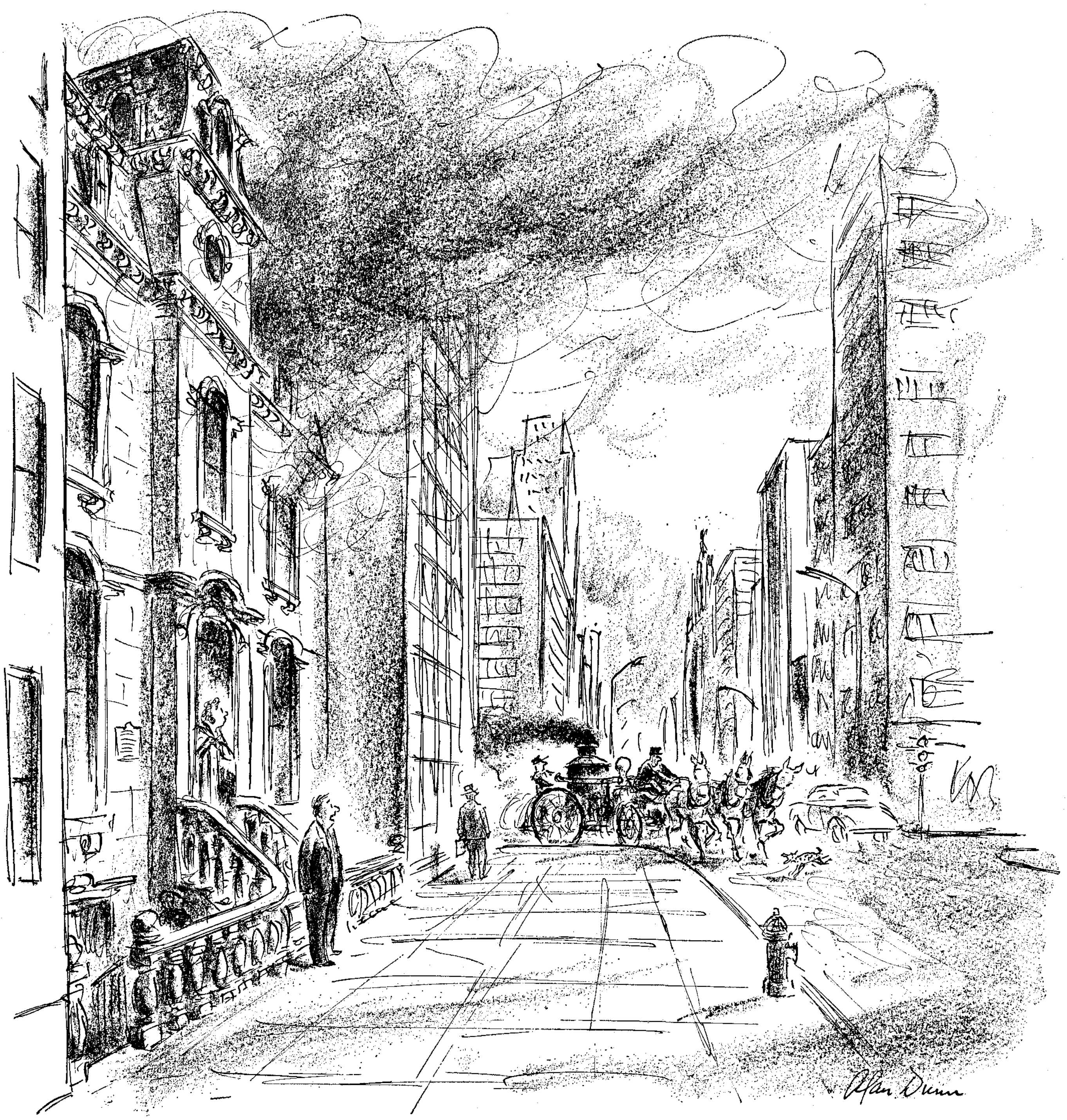
Several members of the audience questioned Mr. Sarris's appraisal of the importance of technique in making films. Some expressed doubts about a "shaking or a jittering camera," some remarked that certain shots might have been better lighted or better realized, and one member of the audience ventured to suggest that the stills were not, in certain instances, successful.

"Are you making objections to stills generally?" Mr. Sarris asked.

"No, I—"

"Because if you are," Mr. Sarris said sternly, "there are stills in 'Tom Jones,' you know."

Thereafter, the questioning was confined to practical matters, and since the discussion resembled an interview with a farmboy about how he had fed, watered, curried, and marketed his low-budget cow, we went out into the rainy night again, passed the pool, and the



"Leave it to the Landmarks Commission! They think of everything!"

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trees lighted garish green from below, and entered Philharmonic Hall, where the main events of the Festival took place.

The people inside were surprisingly dry, which may have meant that they had been inside the building attending events all day, or possibly for several days. Almost everyone was walking up and down the corridors greeting friends, pointing out critics, and discussing the program. On the second floor, there was an exhibition of German posters advertising such films as "Das Kabinett des Dr. Caligari," and in the basement there was a mixed-media display called "Selma Last Year." Just before nine-thirty, there was a rubbery sound of chimes, like the ones that summon passengers to meals on shipboard, and people began clustering around the singularly impractical, narrow opening that admits ticket holders to Festival performances at Philharmonic Hall. As they filed two by two into the glass-enclosed paddock that leads to the escalator, we left them. The audience snorted and nodded and growled, knowledgeably, and it occurred to us that making films may have become as much a part of the life of modern youth as was, in the old days, writing verse or taking piano lessons.

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CONVERSATION in a midtown Schrafft's between a well-turned-out matron and a pretty young waitress:

"Do you have any buttermilk?"

"No, Ma'am, I'm sorry."

"Have you yoghurt, perhaps?"

"No, Ma'am, I'm sorry."

"Oh, well, you might as well bring me a Daiquiri."

THE RAPE OF THE DRAPE

RIVEN by ambulance sirens, quaking to the apocalyptic thunder of its subway, Greenwich Avenue baked and bubbled in midsummer delirium as I slogged westward on it yesterday afternoon. Past rookeries of the deviant I went, scorning what treasures of papier-mâché, past yarn shops wan with bankruptcy and vintners that wooed the palate with cut-rate muscatel, and came at last to my destination—the Bon Ton Shoe Repair, Hat Blocking Our Specialty, Crucifixion Our Portion. An expression of the most acute anguish lit up Mr. Benuzzi's troglodyte face as I requested the straw I had left to be cleaned five months before. "I pay my landlord *blood* money for this space!" Benuzzi wailed. "What you think I'm running here—a vacation spot for old hats?" He brushed aside my defense that I had been cast away on Juan Fernández and, burrowing among his shelves, produced first a rough coconut beehive too freakish for even a vaudeville agent and then a varnished boater of the type worn by eighteenth-century press gangs. When my own panama came to light, it had inexplicably become a full size larger. It showed a tendency, I observed with dismay, to slip down over my ears.

"Somebody must of shrunk your head while you were in Africa," Benuzzi remarked. "The pygmies are always doing that, what I hear."

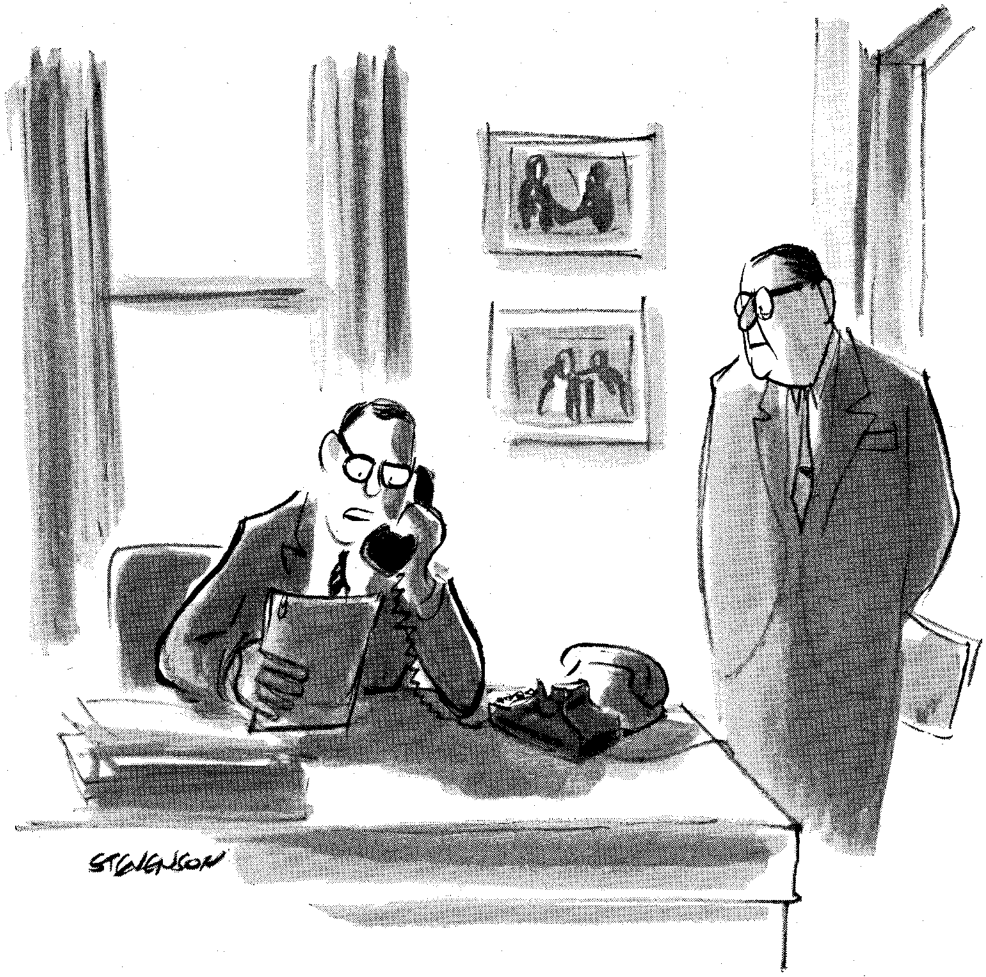
"Africa?" I said, startled. "How'd you know I was there?"

"From this," he said, extending a strip of faded newsprint. "It was folded around inside the sweatband." The man was right; it was an extract from the Mombasa *Times* of January, 1954, with which I had evidently taken up the slack in the crown before boarding a dhow to Zanzibar. I paid Benuzzi a fee sufficient to rent a floor at the Manhattan Storage & Warehouse, crushed the hat into some semblance of panache, and retired to a nearby snug to inspect the cutting more closely. Headlined "67 YEARS' WEAR FROM JACKET," it concerned a piece of apparel quite as extraordinary as my panama:

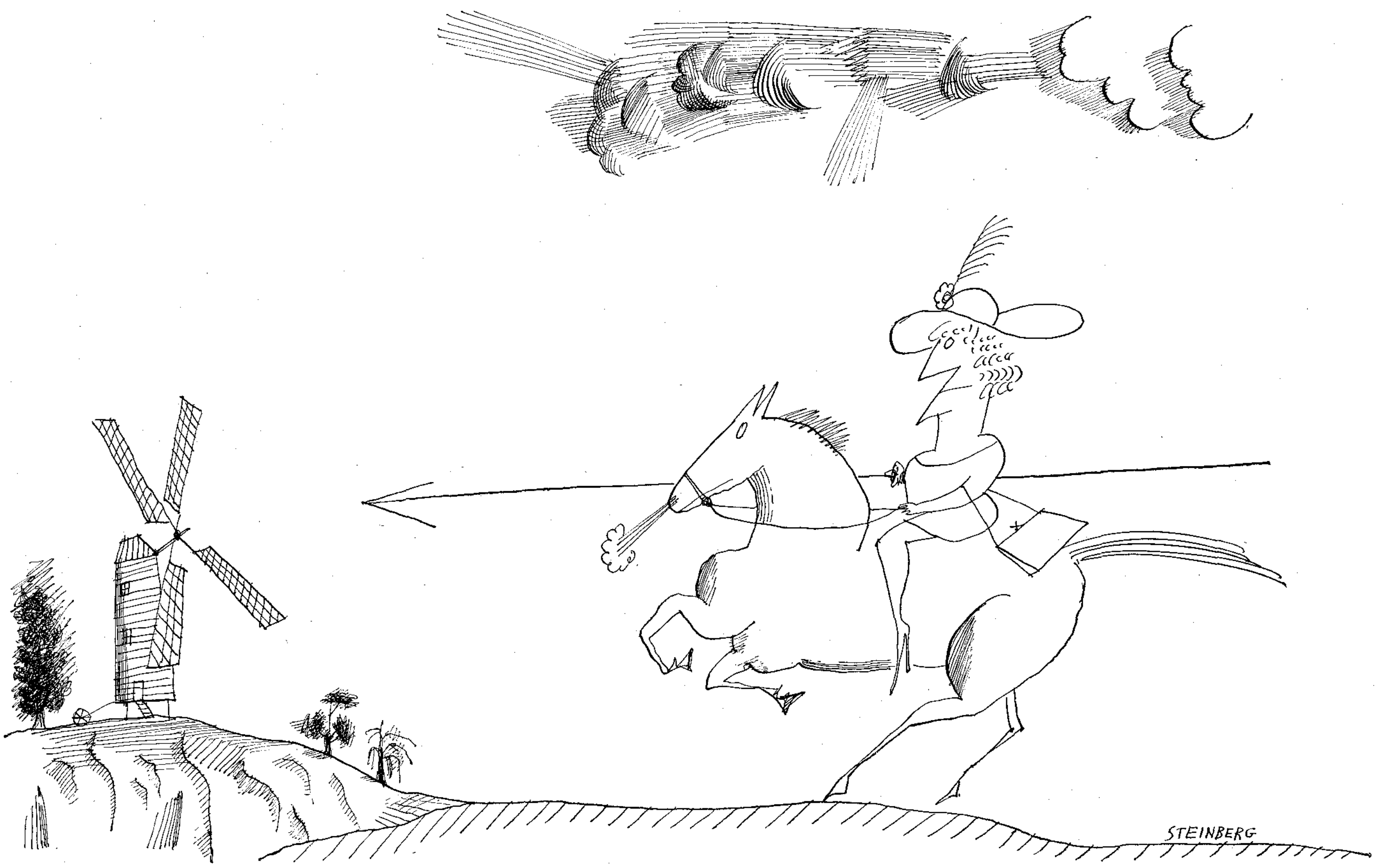
> From New Year 1887 to New Year 1954 [it read], a Norfolk jacket has been worn constantly and is still going strong. Its knickerbocker and waistcoat companions are also in good order, but are used only occasionally. The suit was new when 21-year-old Cyril Watson, on his appointment as land agent for the Fitzgeralds at Limerick, received it as a present from his parents, Canon and Mrs. Shepley Watson of Bootle Rectory, South Cumberland. His mother wove the material on her spinning wheel from the wool of Herdwicks, hardy mountain sheep that roam Lakeland's fells, and produced a fine heather mixture in herringbone pattern. Returning to his native Cumberland in 1894, when made land agent for Mr. Harris of Brackenburgh Tower, Penrith, young Watson went to a house at Greysouthen, near Cockermouth. Still using the Norfolk jacket almost daily, he rose to be a sporting and public figure, becoming chairman of Cockermouth magistrates and chairman of Cockermouth rural council. Now aged 88, Mr. Cyril Watson continues to live at Greysouthen, where he has been followed on the rural council by his son Mr. George Watson, who also succeeds his father as wearer of the Norfolk jacket—summer and winter.

What earthly significance, I wondered, studying it in perplexity, had this fragment had for me to warrant its preservation? It must have stirred some recollection, some now forgotten incident. And then, in a slow dissolve, it emerged. Of course—my own Norfolk, that grand old garment I had acquired way back in 1932, still impregnable to moth, mildew, and age, hanging in my closet at this moment awaiting our first autumn ramble together. What service it had given me over a lifetime—and also what gray hairs, I thought, remembering the predicament it got me into in southern California. I signalled the barman for a refill and began reconstructing the details.

At the time I bought the jacket, in a Madison Avenue clothier's that dealt in such survivals, my aged salesman had difficulty in containing his emotion. "The last of the Mohicans," he said, baptizing its sleeve with a tear. "This and Bernard Shaw's—they're the only ones left. Well, wear it in good health," he encouraged, with the direct implication that I was courting a visit from the Grim Reaper. I didn't care; I loved every feature of the coat—its four-button front, the great patch pockets commodious enough for a copy of "The Compleat Angler" (not to mention some bread and cheese), the box pleats in whose recesses I could stow anything from a snuffbox to a flask of poteen, and the bellows back that allowed full play to my powerful shoulders. As for the brown herringbone material, it had never been closer to Lakeland's fells than Nashua, New



"Here's the latest, Mr. President. The people like you better this afternoon than they did this morning but not as well as yesterday."



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Hampshire, but it gave me a *frisson* to stroke it. That rich, oily tweed evocative of peat fires, haggis, and gamekeepers dallying with titled ladies—you know what I mean, man?

It obviously produced the same effect on Waldo Hogan three years later in Hollywood when, emerging from lunch at Al Levy's Tavern, I ran into him. He stood there frozen in the middle of Vine Street, his pale Malemute eyes pinned on my jacket and his nostrils dilated. Like myself, he was a transplant—a journalist I'd known around Jack & Charlie's in New York, and a man possessed of a burning yearning to walk with the mighty. Hogan's knowledge of the *Social Register* was Koranic, he could tell at a glance whether Joe Blow had prepped at Choate or St. Paul's, he was able to recite Laddie Sanford's every polo score and the name of every skipper in the Bermuda Race since its inception, and he knew all the arcana of bobsledding, cotillions, and similar *goyim nachis*. Not only an expert on modes and manners was he but an oracle on men's fashions, and my jacket was a challenge to his authority. He wasted no time on salutations. "Where'd you get that Norfolk?" he asked fiercely, and, when I told him, snorted in disbelief. "Impossible. Brooks hasn't carried that model in years."

"It'll cost you five bucks to look at the label," I said, stung to equal childishness.

"You sewed it in yourself."

"Oh, come on," I said. "Enough of this hair pulling. What's Mrs. Harrison Williams up to these days?"

He responded in some detail, but it was plain his attention was still riveted on my jacket. "Look," he said finally. "There's a Guinea tailor down on Figueroa, a real whiz from the old country, I'd like to have copy that thing. How's to borrow it for a week or so?"

Your average person would have recoiled at such brass, but it so happened that the fellow's presumption amused me. I mean, it was like asking for the crown of Edward the Confessor to duplicate. So, good-natured fool that I was, I assented, and the next day his Filipino boy came around to pick it up from my Filipino boy. (Everybody had a Filipino boy in those days, along with a peripatetic masseuse and a Capehart that chewed up a dozen records in sequence and spat them through a little door.)

Well, not a word did I hear out of him till six weeks later, when I stopped in for a New Year's drink with some people in Beverly. Despite the poinsettias in bloom and a temperature like the interior of a steam laundry, the house bulged with British character actors in bulky tweeds and ascots, singing rounds and swilling Tom-and-Jerries. And there in the middle was Ward McAllister redivivus, Waldo Hogan himself, flaunting his version of my Norfolk. It was tailored in some sort of thick blanket material woven of caterpillars—light blue with a green plaid overlay—and, what with all the pleats and gussets, the effect was dizzying. He was busy snowing a Wampas baby star as I approached—one of those cracker-bottomed little predators with a tight platinum bob. "I usually get my lounge suits from Kilgour & French, in London," he was saying. "For breeches, of course, there's nobody like Tautz, in Stratton Street. Now, shooting clothes like these—" He broke off at my greeting and gave me a restrained nod. "Oh, hello there. Long time no see."

"Donkey's years," I said, falling in with the idiom. "Listen, sport, when are you returning that—ahem—pattern I loaned you?"

"What! Hasn't Lascivio brought it back?" he drawled. "I told the creature weeks ago. I'll see you get it first thing in the morning."

"Please do," I said. "I have to wear it to a balloon ascension in Boyle Heights Sunday. All the right people will be there, you know."

Needless to say, his houseboy didn't show, that day or any other, and I became increasingly restive. For all I knew, Hogan was subcontracting the Norfolk all over the place, renting it out to Pasadena's *jeunesse dorée* and spawning a host of tawdry imitations like his own. I called him at Fox, where he was writing a Western for Sol Wurtzel, but he was always in conference, at the barbershop, or en route to Musso-Frank's for lunch. After a week of his consistently ignoring my messages, I ultimately tracked him down, and even then he rebuked me for interrupting a call from T. Suffern Tailer. The note of evasiveness in his voice made it imperative to talk cold turkey.

"Quit stalling, Hogan," I said roughly. "Pony up that jacket toot sweet or, by the eternal, I'll have a bench warrant out for you in twenty-four hours." I wasn't sure what the phrase meant, but it had the snap and crackle of the dialogue Cagney was using at the moment, and, to my relief, it worked. He broke down and confessed that among some castoffs he had donated to his Filipino, the latter had unwittingly included my Norfolk. As if to compound the indignity, though, the boy had gone and sold it to a thrift shop in Glendale, the name of which he couldn't remember. I was speechless.

"I feel as bad as you do, believe me," Hogan babbled, "but there's still one ray of hope. Lascivio says he could spot the store if you drove him out there. I'll gladly pay for the gas."

The seismograph at Fordham must have recorded my response, but once I subsided I realized that time was of the essence. Springing into my Auburn, I collected the youth and drove down Los Feliz Boulevard, annihilating chickens left and right. Far from exhibiting any guilt for his blunder, Lascivio chattered away like a jackdaw; here was a street where a voluptuous waitress dwelt, there a complaisant nurse. Our quest eventually led us to a stall run by an evil-eyed crone out of Toulouse-Lautrec, all *maquillage* and amber beads. She had reason to recall the jacket, she said, chuckling, for only yesterday a scout from Western Costume had paid her a nice little profit for it. Their period clothes, and particularly a rarity like my Norfolk, fetched handsome rentals from the studios. She offered me their address if I wanted to press the search. I didn't need it. I knew it was a one-way street.

At ten the following morning, I sat in the office of a self-important young squirt on South Canon Drive recounting my plight. Mr. Grubchick, a recent graduate from law school, was the nephew of my agent, recommended by him as a judicial mind second only to Cardozo. He toyed portentously with the key of his legal fraternity as I concluded, his brow furrowed into wide-wale corduroy. "This is a most unusual case, in my experience," he pronounced. "Did you obtain an instrument from said Hogan enjoining him to restore said garment under pain of express penalties?"

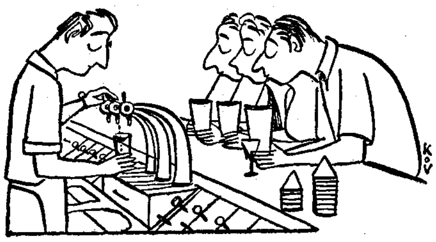
"For God's sake, Counsellor," I protested. "I'd known the man for years—"

"In barrooms," he said. "Well, my friend, we have two alternatives—either to demand reimbursement in cash or to take him into Small Claims Court, where, I must warn you, you run the risk of being judged a crackpot."

"I *am* a crackpot!" I burst out. "I don't want cash—I want my Norfolk back!"

"Fat chance," he said coldly. "The only time you'll ever see it again will be on the screen, with somebody like C. Aubrey Smith inside it."

I stared at him. "That's it—that's it!" I exclaimed, borne to my feet in a wave of jubilation. "Grubchick, you've hit on the solution. Your uncle was right!"



By the time his jaw had sagged back into place, I was across the city in my office at Paramount, performing deep surgery on the script I was involved with. Out of the scene at Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo went the gossipy spinster with a heart of gold, and in her stead appeared a renowned Egyptologist, a bespectacled English don clad in a quaint, outmoded style of jacket. It took a week's supplication to convince my producer that I could handle the part, to say nothing of a special dispensation from the Screen Actors Guild, but the wardrobe problem was nonexistent—incredibly, Western Costume just happened to have the very outfit. The five speeches required of me were shot eleven times, consuming a whole day and most of the director's restraint; he succumbed to such outbursts throughout that ice had to be applied to his head to avert a syncope. Contrariwise, I was as fresh as a daisy when we broke. I left the set whistling like a meadow lark, and forty minutes later, in full makeup, waved farewell to Los Angeles from the eastbound Chief. Next time you're near a file of the *Hollywood Reporter* for 1935, look up the review of "Beauty from Djibouti"—the subhead marked "Amateur's Nightmare." Well, sticks and stones may break my bones, but names, et cetera. I've still got my Norfolk.

—S. J. PERELMAN

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LA BAGARÈDE

I

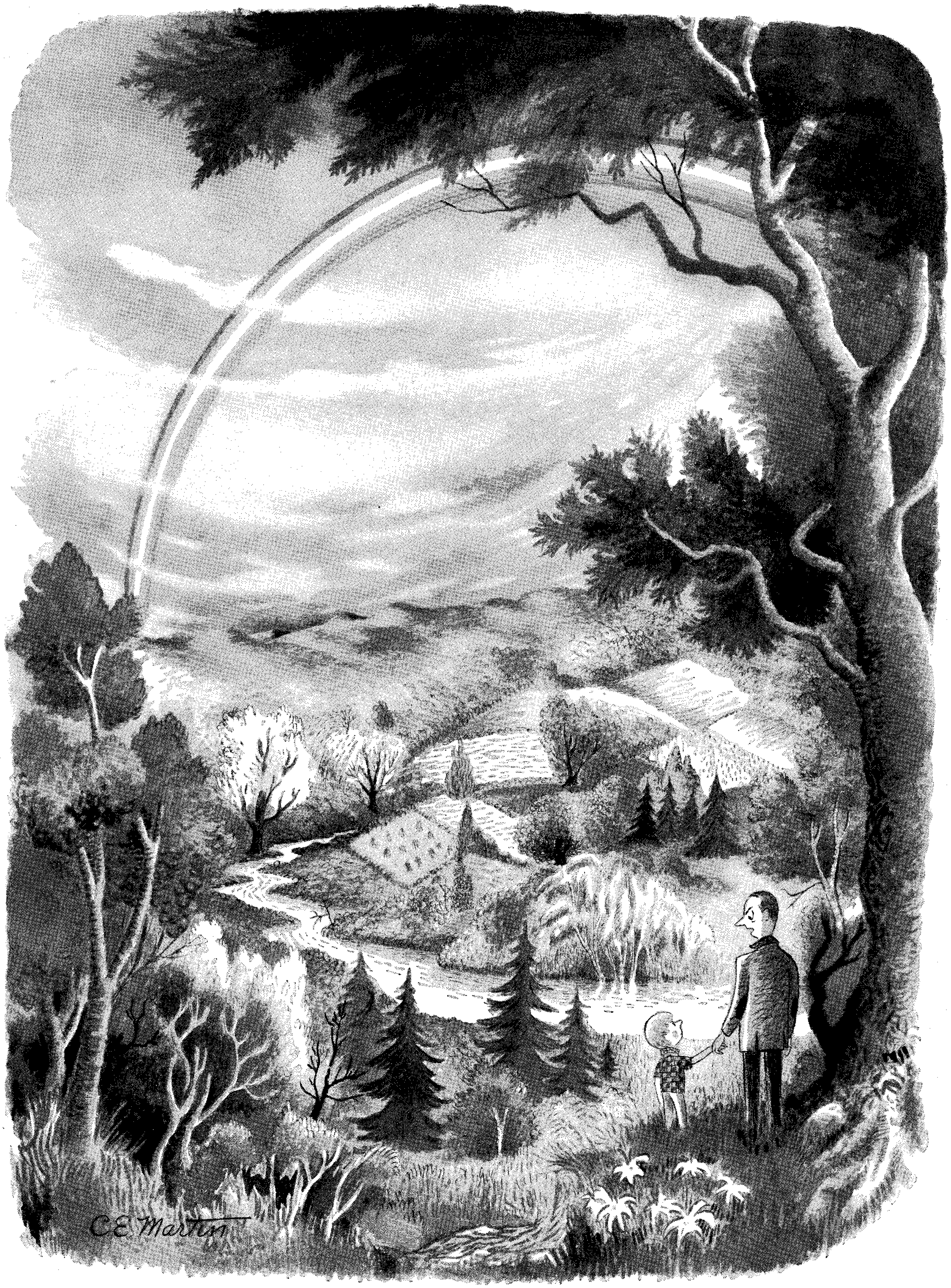
I take the dogs into
town and buy *chèvre* and a *bâtard*.
Back at La Bagarède I eat
this little meal in the dusk
and sit a long time, until

the Swan grows visible, trailing
her indicated wings down the horizon,
and Orion
begins to stalk the last nights of the summer.

II

The black
water I gulp from the spring-fed pool
hits my brain at its root. And
I can hear
the giant, dark blooms of sunflowers
crackling open. And in the sky
the seventh
of the Sisters—the one who hid
for shame
at having loved one who dies—is shining.

—GALWAY KINNELL



"*It's not advertising* *anything*, *damn it!*"

THE TWELFTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mrs. Bagot had a very short straight scissors for cutting all the flowers except the roses. She had a small knife for the roses. The scissors and the knife were kept together at the end of the narrow shelf over the kitchen sink, beside the door that led out into the garden. The door was thick and heavy, of painted green wood. It often got stuck in its frame, especially at the bottom, but today, in the warm August weather, it stood open, showing a small corner of cement yard enclosed by the sharp right angle of two gray walls.

Bennie, the rough-haired white terrier, lay outside the kitchen doorway with his back firmly pressed against the step. Bennie was getting old. His legs were stretched stiffly in front of him and his eyes were closed, but when Mrs. Bagot stepped over him, stepping from the red tiles of the kitchen floor to the gray cement, his stubby tail began to wag gently and his uppermost eye, at least, opened and followed her until she reached the grass, a few feet away. Then he scrambled up and ran after her. The grass was a neat oblong surrounded on three sides by flower beds. Mrs. Bagot moved very slowly along at the edge of the grass. She had only the scissors with her. She wanted a few flowers to brighten up Martin's room—a few pinks, a few daisies, a few marigolds to fight with the pinks, no roses, no wallflowers, perhaps a sprig of forget-me-not if it looked strong enough not to droop. She kept her neck bent, and looked at the flowers with severity and concern, frowning. She wore a navy-blue skirt and a white blouse and an apron of faded blue cotton. She was very thin to be the mother of three children, one of them dead. Every time she paused, or bent to cut a flower, Bennie sat down at her feet.

Where the cement joined the grass, the garden wall that separated Mrs. Bagot from her neighbor dipped suddenly to a height of only five feet, and along this low part Mrs. Bagot had put up a green wooden trellis. She had extended the trellis to about a foot above the wall, and there she trained ivy, and something she called "the vine," but for politeness' sake she left an open space where the red-haired lady next door, Mrs. Finn, could peer through and make remarks. Mrs. Finn had something to say about everything, and she never waited to hear whether you agreed with her or not. She was good-hearted, in her way, but she was too loud.

Beyond the wall Mrs. Bagot and Mrs. Finn shared, a row of identical walls stretched off into the distance. All the gardens were attached, like all the houses. A grove of trees, forty diminishing walls away, completed the view to the sky. It was a narrow side street, a dead end, in the suburbs of Dublin. There were shops around the corner, on the main road, but none on the street itself. Schoolteachers, shopkeepers, and minor civil servants lived on the street, and a policeman had recently moved into one of the houses with his family. Because it was a dead end the street was safe for the children to play in, although Mrs. Bagot was not yet willing to let her two daughters outside their front garden, they were so small. Lily was six and Margaret was four. They were in the front garden now, sitting on a rug she had laid down on the patch of grass there. She had looped a piece of chain around the spikes of the gate and the railing so that they could not unlatch the gate and walk out and away.

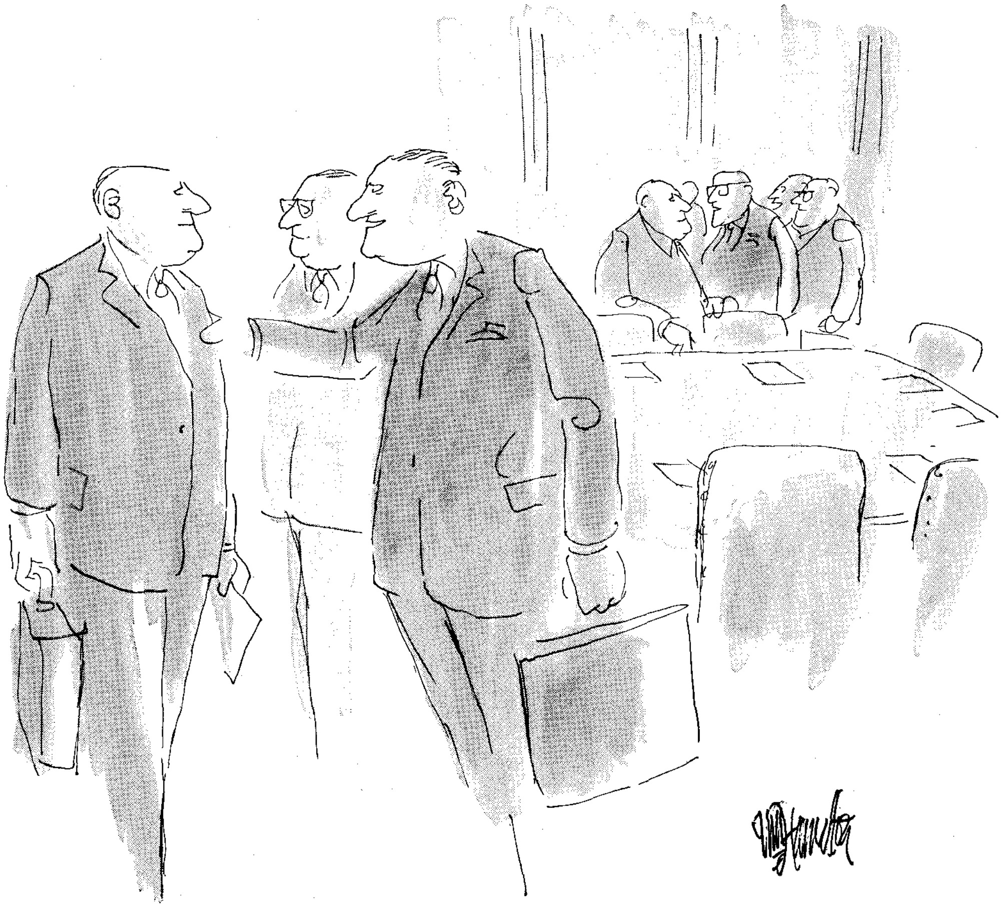
The end wall of Mrs. Bagot's garden was raised too far beyond its normal height by the back of the big garage that had been built along there to the length of five houses. Mrs. Bagot hated the garage when it was first put up, because it cut off her view of the open fields, but she had got used to the high end wall now and in any case the fields had been made into tennis courts. It was impossible not to admire the orderly appearance of the courts, and the neat way they were cut out, and the care that was given them, to keep them exactly right, but she missed the peace and simplicity of the fields. There was a sense now of being shut in. To her right and left there were the neighbors' houses, and their gardens. At her end wall there were the garage and the courts, and in front of the house there was the street, with the row of houses opposite. Sometimes in the evening they heard music—dance music from the tennis clubhouse, which everybody called the Pavilion. There was no music at this hour in the afternoon, but she could hear voices from the courts, and the sound of the game.

Mrs. Finn next door had one boy, Willie, ten years old. She was very particular about him. She had had concrete poured down all over her garden, making a hard gray surface where grass and flowers might have grown, so that Willie could play out there without getting mud on his shoes. Willie never went out there anyway. He preferred study to play. He stayed in his room and read his books and did his homework. He always got good marks in school. Mrs. Bagot had heard a good deal about Willie's eternal industry, and she could have believed it all except that she had often seen him standing at the window of his room staring across at the tennis courts and down into her garden. She thought that perhaps the reason he shut himself up in his room so much was to escape from his talkative, bossy mother. He had the big back bedroom for his own, and his mother said he had his books and his desk and his writing materials and his maps all so neatly arranged that his room looked like a little monk's cell.

There was no sign of Willie at his window today, and Mrs. Bagot thought his absence made the day more quiet. When he was there, she felt his eyes looking down on her, or imagined she did. He looked down at her as well as at everything else, and sometimes she waved up at him, although he never waved back. Once when she waved he put his head on one side, looking at her, and she was so surprised that she dropped her hand and then put it up again, to wave at him, but he turned and vanished behind the thin net curtain that veiled his window. A few feet to the right of Willie Finn's window was the window of the bedroom Lily and Margaret Bagot shared. Lily and Margaret slept together in a big brass bed. What sort of bed Willie Finn had Mrs. Bagot did not know, and she had no idea what his room really looked like. Mrs. Bagot had never been in the Finns' house, and Mrs. Finn had never been in hers. Mrs. Finn and Mrs. Bagot held their conversations across the garden wall and that was the extent of their friendship, except for a greeting when they met occasionally outside their houses or down on the main road that ran past the end of the street on its way in to the heart of Dublin.

They were four-room stone houses that jutted out at the back to give space for a kitchen, and above the kitchen a small extra room with a bathroom next to it. Mrs. Bagot's husband, Martin, slept alone in their small extra room, and she had been standing at the window there looking out at the garden when she had the idea of putting a few flowers in his room to brighten it up. Seen from his window, the garden was a deep oblong filled with shadows, light, flowers, grass, the ivy, the vine, and the laburnum tree that stood over to the right by the trellised wall. The sun made dark shadows but seemed to concentrate all its light in the half naked, yellow circle of grass where the big pot of geraniums had stood until recently, near the corner where she had made the rock garden. The grass at that corner was cut back into a crescent to conform with the shape of the rock garden and to give it more space. Mrs. Bagot had worked very hard to get the crescent right. The yellow circle where the pot of geraniums had stood was so close to the edge of the crescent that it seemed to be revolving on it—an exercise in geometry, or in balance.

A few feet below the window of Martin's room, Sebastian, the big orange cat, lay sleeping on the slanted, corrugated-tin roof of the shed where she kept her gardening things, empty flowerpots, and the shears and the rake and so on, and the dustbin. Sebastian lay on his side, sleeping peacefully. He looked very soft. His front right paw covered his eye and nose. His back paws were crossed and his tail lay neatly alongside them. The corrugated roof was uncomfortable to lie on, but Sebastian was so fat that he flowed into it and may even have imagined he was lying on a flat surface. Mrs. Bagot let the curtain fall into place and turned back into the room, which seemed dull and small after the brightness and life and space outside. The room was so dull it reminded her of Mrs. Finn's gray concrete yard, and it was at that moment she decided to run down and find a few flowers to put on Martin's desk.


"After the directors' meeting, several of us are getting together to take over a little company in New Jersey."

• •

WHEN Mrs. Bagot had collected the flowers she wanted, she took them into the kitchen and began to arrange them in a small green bowl. Then she changed her mind. She went up to the dining room, to the glass-fronted cabinet there, and got a cut-glass bowl, a treasure of hers. She took the bowl to the kitchen and started all over again, arranging the flowers quite differently. The glass bowl was particularly well suited to the flowers, and she carried it upstairs proudly and set it on the desk by Martin's window. He got home from work very late, long after they were all asleep, and he would be surprised when he put on the light and saw the flowers waiting for him there beside his books. She was used to his coming home late. He didn't want to disturb her or the children, and then he didn't want to be disturbed by them in the morning when they all got up. It had seemed natural enough at the start, when he first said he'd like to be able to lie down in the little room when he came in very late, and she remembered the pleasure it had given her to arrange the room for him and put some of his shirts and things in here to make it more convenient for him. Now he was beginning to collect his books in here. And yet she was certain that at the beginning he had not known any more than she had that he would prefer this room to the big front room where she slept, or that what he really wanted was to be alone. She was certain now that if she had raised some objection at the beginning he would have thought no more about the little room. Or if the little room had never existed, he would never have had the idea of shutting himself away from her. What an alarming truth it was that if they had had a smaller house they might have been happier. And yet, the house was quite small.

EARTH TREMOR IN LUGANO

Open the window on the high
Balcony whose frail white grate
Glows with geranium flames against a sky
Of blue as soft as soot, and overhangs
The grand piano of the lake,
Dropping its coals of petals that
The winds of summer shake
With sudden bangs.

A sound of water
Drops like stones
And with a clatter
Smashes the aspidistras in
The stunned courtyard.

A smattering of tiles
Drops past the window
Like red snow,
The bed seems
To thump down steps,
And the portrait of a nun,
Worked in shivery sequins,
Frantically shakes its head at us
From the flaking wall.

We sit up in bed, and this
Makes the balcony outside
The creepered window rend
Its wrought-iron scrollwork,
Which, with a smothered crash,
Drops into a tree in a shower of
Blossom and birds.

After the balcony,
Our brass bed flops
Into the accommodating tree.

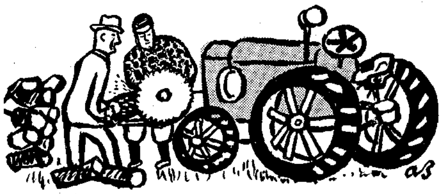
We lie there waiting for the firemen,
And staring up at the house that wears
Telephone wires like a shawl.

—James Kirkup

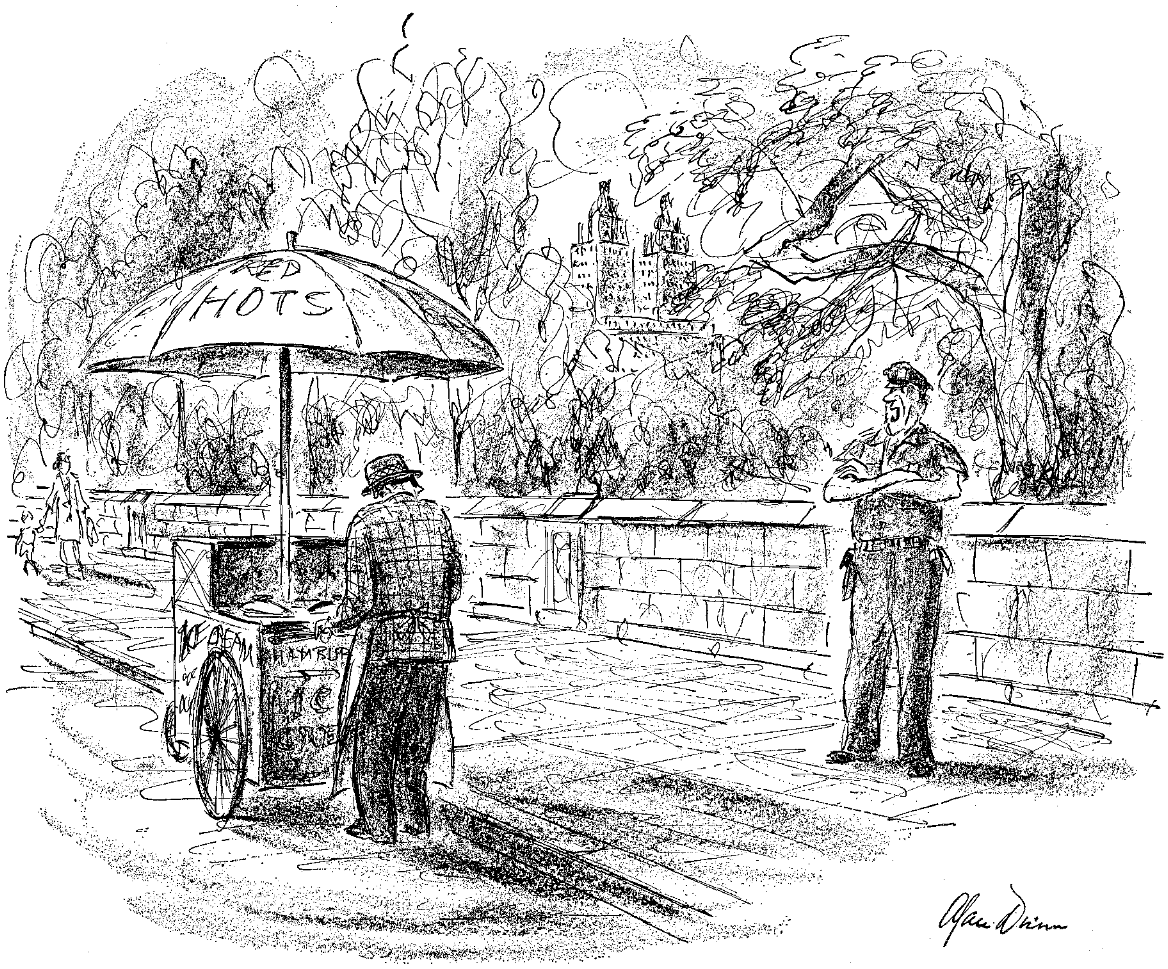
• •

When she went down to get the flowers, Mrs. Bagot had left the window open, and now she wanted to shut it. Sebastian was too lazy even to attempt the leap from the shed roof to this windowsill, but Minnie, the thin black cat, could do it easily, and Mrs. Bagot did not want to risk Martin's coming home tonight and finding Minnie on his bed. Mrs. Bagot did not know for sure whether it was the animals or Martin's hatred of the animals that caused a good many of the complications in the house. She gave in to him on most things, but she wouldn't give up the animals. The children would miss them terribly, and so would she. She would simply have to go on keeping the animals out of Martin's way, and keeping the children away from his door in the morning when he was sleeping. And in the end, all she was really doing was keeping herself out of his way. She couldn't bear to think about it, because what had started out as a simple arrangement for Martin's comfort had gone all out of hand, and now there seemed to be no way of putting an end to it. The situation in the house was unnatural, with no real consideration going for anybody. She found herself getting very nervous about the children when Martin was in the house, and when they were all together she couldn't stop herself from watching the children, as though Martin was there only to pass judgment on them. She was always keyed up, ready to defend them against him, and ready to take any blame on herself for what they did, and ready to snap at them if they showed signs of doing anything that might irritate him.

They were all much happier when he wasn't in the house, and that wasn't right. She wished she knew what to do. She kept remembering Martin the way he used to be, good-natured and always making jokes. Sometimes even now he was like that, but more often than not he seemed to be trying to control himself, as though seeing them all together and being shut up with them was more than he could bear. And on the weekend he went off for walks by himself, long walks that kept him out for hours. There was a lot of strain in the house. She felt constantly anxious, as though something terrible might happen, or as though she had done something terrible and might be found out. And all because of this little room. She was sure it was all because of this little room. It was bewildering to know that you started out helping somebody, agreeing with somebody about an ordinary private matter—a room to lie down in when he



came in late—and you ended up building a wall that went on forever and that would never come to an end, because you made it stronger every day, without wanting to and without being able to stop yourself. She was constantly trying to keep her thoughts from going in this direction, because she became lost in their confusion, so that instead of reaching the words she wanted, and instead of being able to find the words that would explain everything she felt to Martin, she felt herself becoming incoherent, and she felt herself beginning to smother with anger, and then all she wanted was to run away and not make any explanations to anybody, and not listen to anybody's explanations. No, Martin was too clever for her. He was always able to shut her up. And yet it wasn't his words she minded so much as his silence. There were times when she thought Martin's clever silence might drive her out of her mind.



"I recognize you, Mr. Huntington Hartford! Now move along!"

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There was no use trying to think things out. Her ability to think was destroyed by strong feelings that stopped her easily because they were so much stronger than she was. Mrs. Bagot's feelings towered like ancestors, like reminders of a past that she could not remember but that she must remember if she was to get control of herself. These huge feelings, which appeared shrouded, triumphant, and ugly, were what she must face up to before she could face up to Martin. There was no use trying to speak to him if she was going to start gibbering. She did not know where to start.

She leaned across the desk and closed the window down to within an inch of the bottom, and then she stretched up and opened it an inch down from the top. Even Minnie could never squeeze herself through such narrow spaces. As she stepped back from the desk she looked at the flowers, and she had a moment of despair for herself because she had gone to the trouble to cut them and arrange them and put them there. But they were beautiful, and they improved the room. She would leave them. She put out her hand to touch the biggest marigold, and she imagined she saw her wedding ring reflected in the sharp edges of the cut glass. It was a plain gold ring, the only one she wore. Today was her wedding anniversary, the twelfth. She had been waiting for this day for weeks.

She had not known until this morning how much she had been counting on this day to somehow break the stillness between herself and Martin, but to break it in a natural way as any anniversary, Christmas or Easter or any feast day, will break into life and bring everything to a stop for the time of its celebration. She had been sure in the morning when she took in the breakfast tray that Martin would say something, but he was sitting on the straight chair beside his desk, reading the paper with such concentration that for a minute she thought he hadn't heard her come into the room. When she put the tray on the desk, he said, "Thanks, honey," and she hesitated, still thinking he would surely say something to her, but he said nothing. He had forgotten. And she walked out of the room and closed the door quietly behind her, not knowing if she was angry with him or with herself. She was shaking with anger. She was so upset that she had to hold on to the banister, going down the stairs.

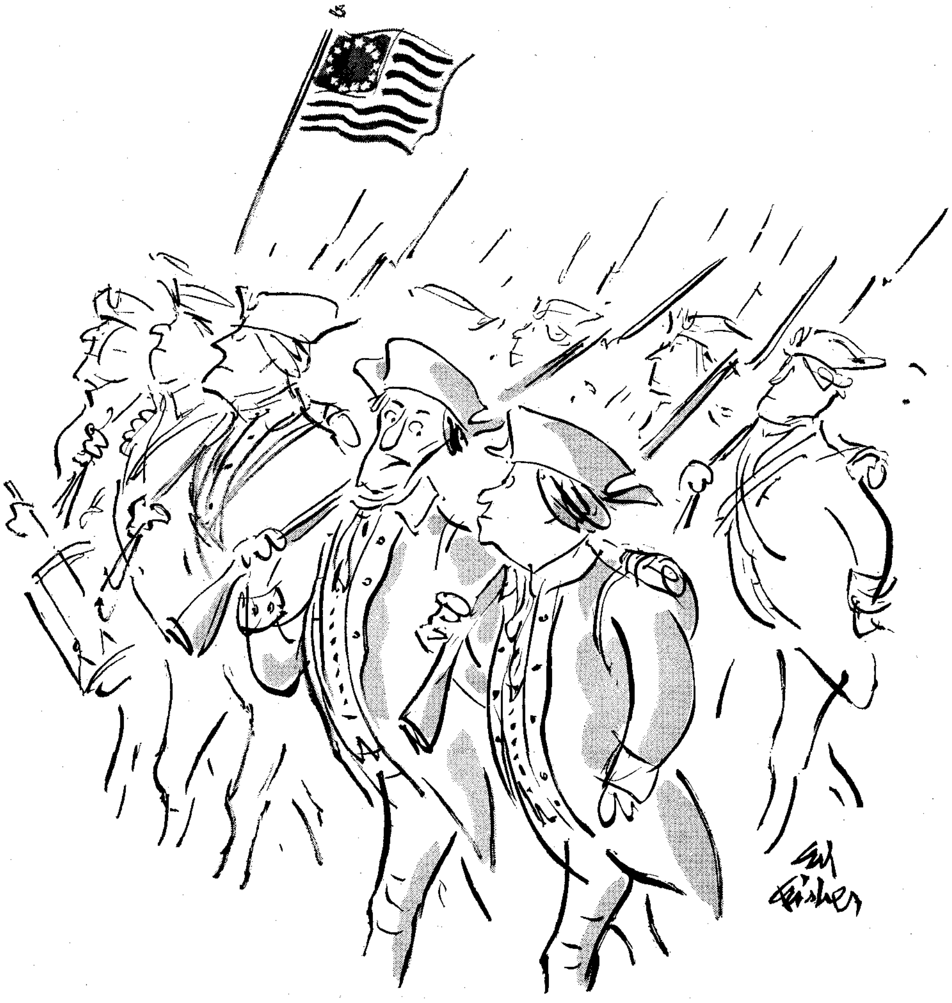
As she looked at the flowers, she thought, I should have spoken up. It's too late now, but I should have spoken up.

THERE was nothing more for her to do in the room, but still she lingered, and when she finally went out she went very quickly, and closed the door behind her with relief, not realizing that once again she had substituted a prayer for a decision, and that the prayer was not even for certainty but only for an extension of hope.

She was beginning to wonder about the children. They were very quiet out there. She should have taken a look out at them on her way upstairs with the flowers. She wanted to hurry to them, but Bennie was in her way. She had to push him with her foot, because he had gone to sleep on the landing and the landing was very little bigger than he was. When Bennie was up, she hurried down the stairs and into the front sitting room and looked out through the bow window.

The children were all right. She had forgotten about them for a time, and so endangered them, but they were all right. She continued to look at them without speaking to them. They didn't see her. They didn't seem to have moved from the rug since she left them. They were undressing a small rag doll. When the doll was naked they would dress it again. They sat facing the railings so that they could see whatever went on out there on the quiet, narrow road. Far away at the head of the road some children were playing. Mrs. Bagot could hear their voices from the distance. She was pleased at the way her children looked in their short pink dresses. She was leaning across the table of ferns that crowded the window. One of the taller ferns tickled her chin and she stepped back. The ferns were in good condition. The flowered carpet she stood on was well brushed. It looked very nice under her feet. Her shoes were new. She was breaking them in, wearing them around the house, but she shouldn't have worn them into the garden. Fortunately it was a dry day. The shoes were as clean and shining as when she put them on in the early morning. Bennie was there at her feet, of course, looking up at her. Bennie, too, looked very well today. His nose glistened, and his tiny brown eyes were full of life. His coat was snow white and woolly. She had given him a bath yesterday. He looked like a new dog. He opened his mouth, to catch more of her attention, and Mrs. Bagot remarked that he had the strong white teeth of a very young dog.

Bennie was intelligent. He knew why she was at the window, looking out. She was looking at the children. Bennie gave the children patient devotion at all times, but even when he was asleep he watched Mrs. Bagot for every scrap of affection she had to spare for him. The children would grow up, but Bennie would remain the same—the same size, with the same expression. Years from now, Bennie would appear in Mrs. Bagot's memory exactly as he was this minute. There would never be another dog like him, she thought. He was a very unusual mongrel. Tears came into her eyes as she looked down at him, but she smiled. Then she began to hurry. She hurried across the room and along the hall and she opened the front door in a hurry. She wanted to get to the children at once. She wanted to speak to Lily, to praise her for having been a good child, and she wanted to pick Margaret up. She wanted to snatch Margaret up off the rug. She couldn't wait to get her arms around Margaret, to pick her up and hurry with her into the house while she was still small and young enough to be carried close like a baby.

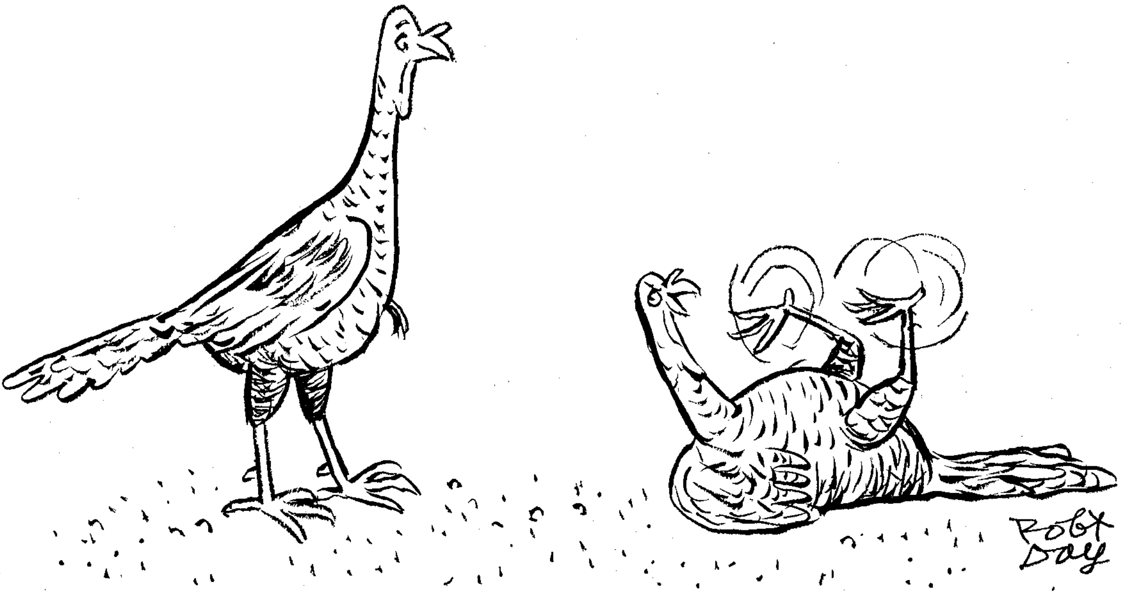


"As for me, I believe in no taxation, with or without representation."

MARTIN BAGOT knew perfectly well it was his wedding anniversary, and the thought of it embarrassed and irritated him. Things were going along well enough, and he wanted no sentimental reminders. He wanted no reminders of any kind. He wanted to be left alone. When Delia hesitated after putting down the breakfast tray, he thought he knew what she was going to say, and he felt panic-stricken. Then when she left the room without speaking he was glad—ashamed of himself but glad anyway.

Lately he had the feeling of putting things off. He only had that feeling when he was at home, or when he was on his way home, and he would have liked to put off coming home indefinitely. He would have liked to have a rest from himself. When he was in the house he was hateful to himself. The feeling of being hateful to himself grew worse every day. He knew it grew worse, because at times he was able to remember his feelings of six months ago, and the feelings that had seemed so painful then were nothing compared with what he felt today.

He wanted time to think. He wanted a chance to separate the hateful picture he had of himself from his real self, so that he could stand back and decide what to do. There was a phrase that kept coming into his mind that filled his eyes with tears of shame: "a wife and family around his neck." That was the phrase, and it kept torturing him. "He has a wife and family around his neck now." It was a common enough phrase, and he couldn't understand why it kept haunting *him*, because it didn't describe his case and didn't describe his attitude to Delia and the children. That was not how he felt about them. His life was not so small that it could be dismissed in a cheap phrase like that. His life had not come to that, because he was not the sort of man who could be reduced like that. He was not an ordinary man. He, Martin Bagot, might be described as having a wife and family "in the background" but never "around his neck." That's why he wanted time to think, so that he could free himself once and for all from the hateful self who behaved like a poor wretch with a wife and family around his neck. He detested the house when he felt like this, because he felt the house transformed him. When he was away from home he was all right, and able to convince himself that Delia was all right. After all, she had the house and the children, and what more did she want. She had a life of her own. That is what he told himself. But then the minute he got home he felt harassed and pursued, as though the house was full of people all waiting for him to say the one word that would make them all happy.



"I'm exercising, damn it! By November, I intend to be tough and leathery."

She seemed to have no resources of her own. When she looked at him the expression in her eyes put him on edge. He was always afraid she would say something that would bring the house down around his ears before he had time to decide what he was going to do. And now, on the morning of their anniversary, when she left the room after that significant hesitation, he had a sudden feeling of fondness for her, and of gratitude that she had said nothing to make him uncomfortable. Perhaps, after all, she understood. He didn't pause to wonder about what she understood, what it might be, or anything like that. With her silence still glowing about him he felt relieved and happy, and he felt justified, as though he had held a course with difficulty and at great cost to himself, and had gained a victory that was well deserved, although he had never dared hope for it. He felt better than he had felt for a long time, and he ate his breakfast with appetite.

HE was still lighthearted that night when he came home. He let himself into the dim hall and hurried up the stairs without touching the banister, which creaked loudly in the silence of the night as it had done on the first day he and Delia walked into the house, when it was empty and full of hollow sounds. He was tired, and anxious for sleep. He was so sleepy that his mind was already sinking comfortably into the quiet, dark hours that waited for him. His thoughts floated drowsily ahead of him, drawing him into the room where he would rest, but when he opened the door and switched on the light he became wide awake. He looked at Delia's flowers, and he felt betrayed and shocked, as though she had set a trap for him. Whether she spoke or not and whether she was in the room or not she still managed to reproach him. There was no escaping her. And there was no contending with her. There was no way to deal with her. He had come to believe that she really did not know why she did the things she did. He thought of her standing in the room, and putting the flowers on the desk, and looking around her and walking out again, closing the door behind her so that the animals could not get in and annoy him, and all the time imagining that she was being "good." She never understood why she did anything, and she never admitted even to herself why she did anything. She didn't know, that was the real trouble. Where the rest of the world was concerned all she seemed able to understand was the necessity for obedience. She always did what she was told, and then she waited to be told what to do. She had no will of her own. Even to think about her irritated him. She was a great burden. It wasn't that she was lazy. She was always on the go, always doing something around the house or in the garden, and if she sat down even for a minute she had her knitting or her sewing or her mending in her hands. But the house and the garden and even the children were only a camouflage, and when all camouflage was gone and they were alone together Martin could not endure the sight of her passive face and passive hands, and her passive body. All he wanted was to get away from her. When they were alone together she seemed lifeless, and if there was a name for the expression on her face it was shame. Her shame irritated him, because he felt it was artificial, and he thought she could have chosen another expression if she had wanted to—a more cheerful expression.

Now here were these flowers, put here to remind him, *too late*, of the wedding anniversary. And their beauty and innocence also called his angry attention to all the care she gave him. The room he was standing in spoke only of love. And it was her care for him that was driving him to despair—the ceaseless care that he understood, and could not return, and did not want, and could not avoid. He picked up the bowl of flowers so carelessly that some of the water splashed out, and he had to put his other hand to it to steady it. He would take the flowers downstairs and leave them somewhere, and in the morning he would not speak to her about them. And if she mentioned them he would simply say that he did not like flowers in the room. He had no choice. He had to get the flowers out of the room. They made him feel sick. As he turned from the desk the flowers all slipped sideways, and when he tried to right them the bowl fell from his hand to the floor and broke into large pieces, making very little noise on the rug. He bent and picked up two of the pieces and fitted them together, and then he bent again and collected all the pieces and the flowers and put the whole lot on top of the desk. Then he sat down on the chair and put his face in his hands. He wouldn't have had that happen for the world. He wouldn't for the world deprive her of anything, or hurt her. The poor thing, she had meant no harm. He could have left the flowers. It wouldn't have killed him, to have left them in the room for the one night.

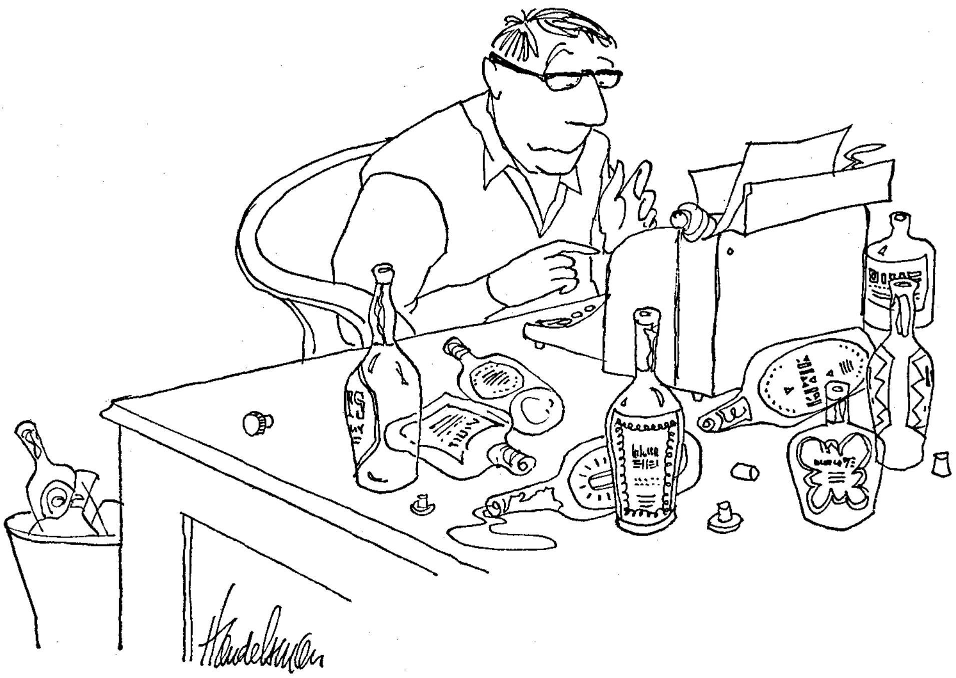
He knew that what he had intended to do was far worse than what he had actually done. He was frightened now at the thought of what he had meant to do. He was more than frightened. He was terrified. What he had intended—to all intents and purposes he had done it. The breaking of the bowl had awakened him from a prophetic nightmare, and he knew that for the rest of his life he would be stealing down the stairs in this sleeping house with the bowl of flowers in his hands. Oh, yes, he would do it. Over and over again he would do it. He knew that. The temptation would always be too strong, the temptation or the provocation or whatever it was. His disappointment in her would always master him. He stood up. He was going to have to go downstairs now anyway to get a glass or something to put the flowers in, because without water they would be dead before morning.

Out on the landing he looked up the short flight of stairs, five steps, that led to the two bedrooms. The doors were closed, and behind them Delia and the children lay sleeping, dreaming, far away in themselves, not thinking of him. Their sound sleep turned the house into a refuge, and Martin thought, If this night could only last a week, or two weeks, I might have time to get everything straightened out in my head, and then I would know what to do. . . . If they would only sleep happily like that for a long time, he might find himself able to think again. But the coming of day, a few hours off, rose up in his mind like a towering wave that was all the more awful because it would be succeeded after twenty-four hours by another wave, and then by another. There was no end to the days ahead, and the ones farthest off, years from now, were gathering power while he stood waiting on the landing. It was a merciless prospect. There was no way out of this house, which now seemed to contain all of his future as well as a good part of his past.

And Delia knew nothing of this. She could never understand his suffering, even if he tried to speak to her about it. He was a lonely man. He had always been a lonely figure, more or less, but he was lonelier now than he had ever been. He was proud of his loneliness, and he understood it. He knew it was what set him apart. He was a solitary man, not an ordinary family man, not at all a domesticated sort of person. He believed his loneliness came from a deep source in his nature, and that it made him more sensitive than other men, and at the same time stronger—a visionary of a kind. He was hard to live with, perhaps, but Delia's trouble was not that he was hard to live with but that she did not appreciate him. Delia had no understanding whatever of him, and never would have. He had given up hoping for understanding from her. On she went, on and on, "improving" the house and working in the garden and saving for a new piece of linoleum or a new set of curtains, wasting her time for the most part, and yet at this moment, standing on the landing, Martin felt more like himself than he had for a long time, and he felt not only patience for Delia but pity, because she was so blind and so weak, living along like a little mole, with no idea of what life might be like beyond these four flimsy, commonplace walls.

He started down the stairs. Tomorrow morning was not going to be so difficult after all. When she came in with the tray he would show her the broken pieces and tell her he had only taken the flowers up to admire them when they fell from his hand. He would show her how he had saved the flowers for her in a glass of water, and he would promise to buy her a new cut-glass bowl. He would bring the new bowl home with him tomorrow night, and if it didn't cost too much he might even get her a smaller bowl of the same pattern as well. She liked things that matched. She wouldn't question him about what had really happened. She would be very pleased to hear he was going to go to the trouble of getting her a new bowl. She would tell him not to bother, but he would insist. She wouldn't mention the anniversary. There would be no awkwardness. Martin knew Delia was no more anxious for a scene than he was, and in any case they both had the children to consider.

—Maeve Brennan



BEST buy

Apart from the prestige ~~xpxxk~~ ~~dixkxx~~ Of the higher priced whisky's, whiskeys, whiskys, we here at ~~xxkfxd~~ consumer testing think you can ~~dkx~~ spend less dough, i mean sincerely you can believe it when you buy it by the case be.ieve me Im sincere...

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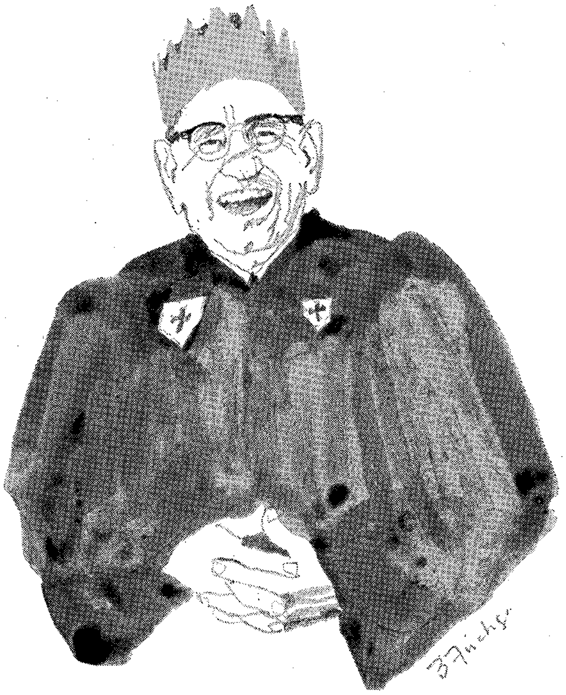
onionskin pink *n*: a light brown that is stronger and slightly redder and darker than alesan, stronger and slightly yellower and darker than blush, lighter, stronger, and slightly redder than French beige; and redder, stronger, and slightly lighter than cork.—*Webster's Third New International Dictionary.*

Bear *that* in mind!

PROFILES

ON THE TIDE OF THE TIMES



Bishop Homer A. Tomlinson

SEVERAL months ago, I was startled by a banner headline in my favorite New York newspaper, the *Church of God*, which read:

WALK ABOUT JERUSALEM,
TELL HER TOWERS
MARK YE WELL
HER BULWARKS, HER PALACES

Even before I read the story below it, I felt sure I knew what the head must mean—that Bishop Homer A. Tomlinson, of 93-05 224th Street, Queens Village, New York City, was soon to take his final and most important step toward becoming King of the World, or, as he sometimes puts it, King of All the Nations of Men. The story bore this out. From it and from other stories in subsequent editions of the paper, which is published by the Bishop, I learned that on October 7, 1966, at 3 P.M., Tomlinson will appear at the Imperial Hotel in Jerusalem (Jordanian sector), where he will reëstablish the throne of David and proclaim himself King of the World. If everything goes as planned, the coronation will be followed, at an unspecified time, by several amazing developments. The United Nations will move its headquarters to Jerusalem. Warriors will beat their swords into plowshares, their spears into pruning hooks. Deserts will blossom as the rose. And all nations will recognize the Tomlinson government, expressing their approval and loyalty by giving it, each October, ten per cent of their annual national incomes. In nations that fail to tithe, it will stop raining.

Tomlinson, a cheerful, modest man of seventy-three, is a Tennessean who has lived in New York since 1916. He is the head of one of the several branches of the Church of God, a Pentecostal sect whose members were once called Holy Rollers. He claims a following of about seventy-five thousand persons—or saints, as he refers to all the members of his flock—and six hundred ministers. Though he has churches in all fifty states, he says, his greatest strength is in Oklahoma, Missouri, Tennessee, and North Carolina. In his church, Tomlinson's formal title is Bishop and General Overseer, but friends often address him as Brother Homer. He has never insisted that anyone call him Your Majesty, despite his claim to the world throne. As all the Bishop's followers, and even his distant admirers, know, the coronation in Jerusalem will not be his first. It is the last step in a three-part plan for taking over the world. The first step was the Bishop's coronation on September 4, 1954, in Greeneville, Tennessee. That was primarily a spiritual move, though it also had a public-relations purpose—telling the world that he was coming, and that it should get ready. The second step has been his personal subduing of the world, piece by piece, nation by nation. Since his first coronation, the Bishop has travelled endlessly, here and abroad, revealing himself to his subjects, crowning himself in scores of nations, and—as a sort of bonus and a promise of things to come—preventing wars, ending droughts, and ushering in times of prosperity and scientific advance. He estimates that he has travelled more than a million miles by air and that he has visited, and claimed for his own, a hundred and one nations, many of them several times. There is no way to confirm these figures, but they are not doubted in the public-relations offices of the major airlines, where the Bishop's crown and robe are a familiar sight. At the height of the Bishop's travels, during the fifties, it was possible to follow his progress from continent to continent almost daily in the *Times:* Tomlinson crowning himself King of Belgium; Tomlinson crowning himself Czar of Russia, in Red Square; Tomlinson crowning himself King of Ethiopia and saying that Haile Selassie could keep his job. Now that this groundwork has been laid, the Bishop is going to Jerusalem to consolidate his position; he is done with gestures and symbolic acts. The year, after all, is 1966, to which he has been pointing for decades, in his writings, as a time of fulfillment. He said recently of the October accession, "It's not just going to be a situation in which we're up there to look pretty or comfortable. This is for real."

The Bishop's grand design has had a sort of subordinate theme—one that preceded the design and is not a necessary part of it but has fitted in nicely. This is his effort, as the candidate of the Theocratic Party, which he founded, to become President of the United States. His first campaign was in 1952. Though his coronation in 1954 made the Presidency redundant, in a sense, he ran again in 1960 and in 1964—partly because his candidacy was consistent with his nation-by-nation takeover, and partly, I think, to keep his name in the papers. One of my favorite newspaper stories of the 1960 campaign had as its setting Princeton University, where the Bishop nearly set off a riot by predicting that he would be elected "by a miracle." As he toured the campus, according to newspaper reports the next day, fifteen hundred wildly enthusiastic students rushed about in his wake, chanting, "We want a miracle! We want a miracle!" Since he will no longer have time for merely national politics, the Bishop has designated a successor in the Presidential effort—Bishop Bill Rogers, Missouri Overseer for the Homer Tomlinson Branch of the Church of God. Bishop Rogers came up through the Mountain States League and the Kitty League, in which he was a professional baseball umpire for three years before turning to the ministry, in 1950. He has already started his 1968 campaign.

After reading the coronation news in the *Church of God*, I called the Bishop at his Queens Village home, which is

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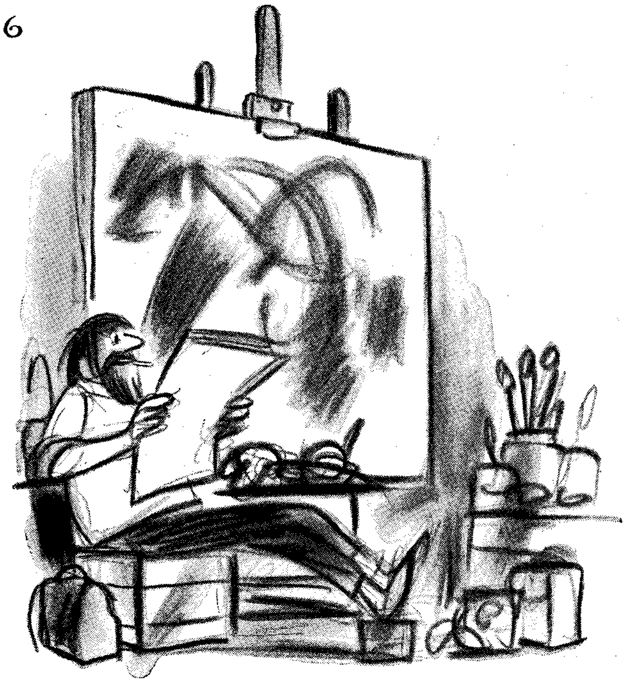

also the World Headquarters of his church, to see if there was any chance that he would grant me an audience and give me the full story on the world's future as he saw it. The Bishop said that he would be travelling for the next several weeks, attending state church conventions, but that he could see me after he got back to New York. While he was out of town, I decided to prepare for my meeting with him by talking to some of his disciples. I selected Bishop Rogers; Bishop Ted Carr, of Sapulpa, Oklahoma, a pastor; and Bishop Draper Newton, of Palmyra, New York, the New York Overseer.

"Looks to me like definitely Brother Tomlinson is the man the Church brought forth to rule with a rod of iron," Bishop Rogers said, in a telephone conversation from his home, in Fulton, Missouri. He explained that the world is destined to live under a theocratic form of government and to have a head of state who has flown through the sky preaching the gospel. He cited Revelation 14:6: "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." "Seems to me Brother Tomlinson fills that role better than anyone I can think of in the world—going through the sky preaching," Bishop Rogers said. "He's the only man I know of who has preached in every capital on earth. Now, not everyone among us understands Brother Tomlinson's plans. We've got quite a few that don't understand. But they still feel he's God's anointed."

I asked Bishop Rogers what seemed to him to be Bishop Tomlinson's outstanding characteristic.

"It's the spirit of the man," Bishop Rogers replied, without hesitation. "He's one of the humblest of men. Yet he's one of the best educated; he

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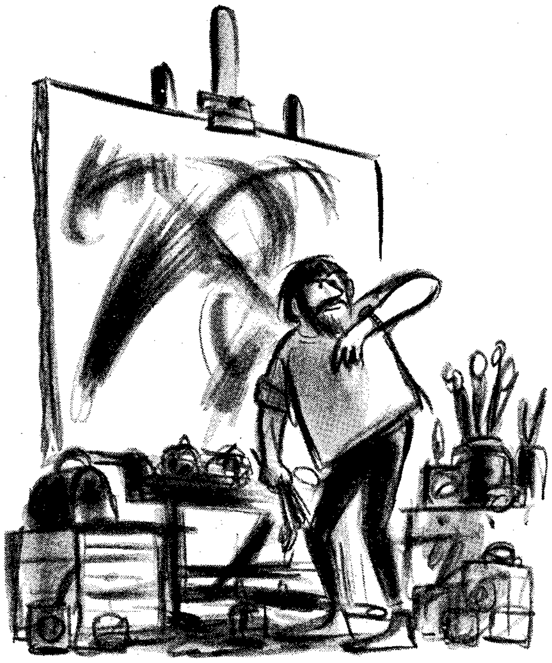

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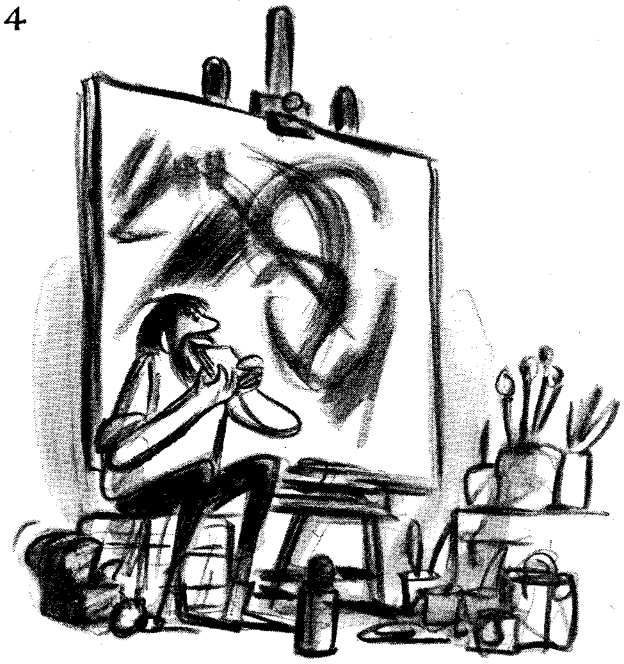

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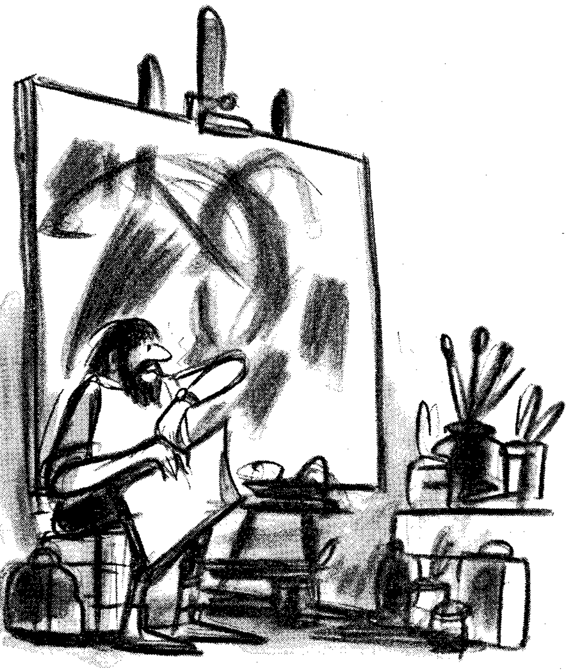

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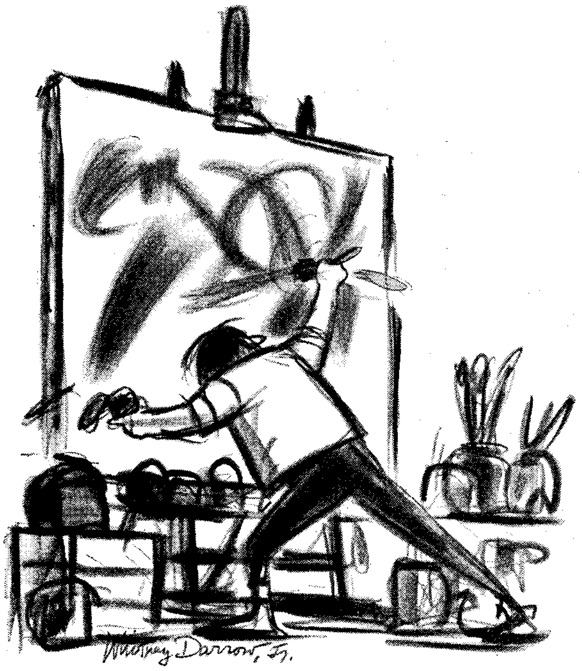

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

preaches in twenty-two languages—I guess you knew that. He manifests the spirit of Christ. He listens to the counsel of the lowliest. I think he's the greatest figure in religion today."

My next call was to Bishop Carr. Most of what he had to say about Bishop Tomlinson coincided pretty closely with Bishop Rogers' remarks. "I compare him with the Apostle Paul, of the early Church," Bishop Carr said. Regarding Bishop Tomlinson's outstanding characteristic, Bishop Carr told me, "I think that would be his ability to speak twenty-nine or thirty languages. This has enabled him to preach the Gospel all over the world."

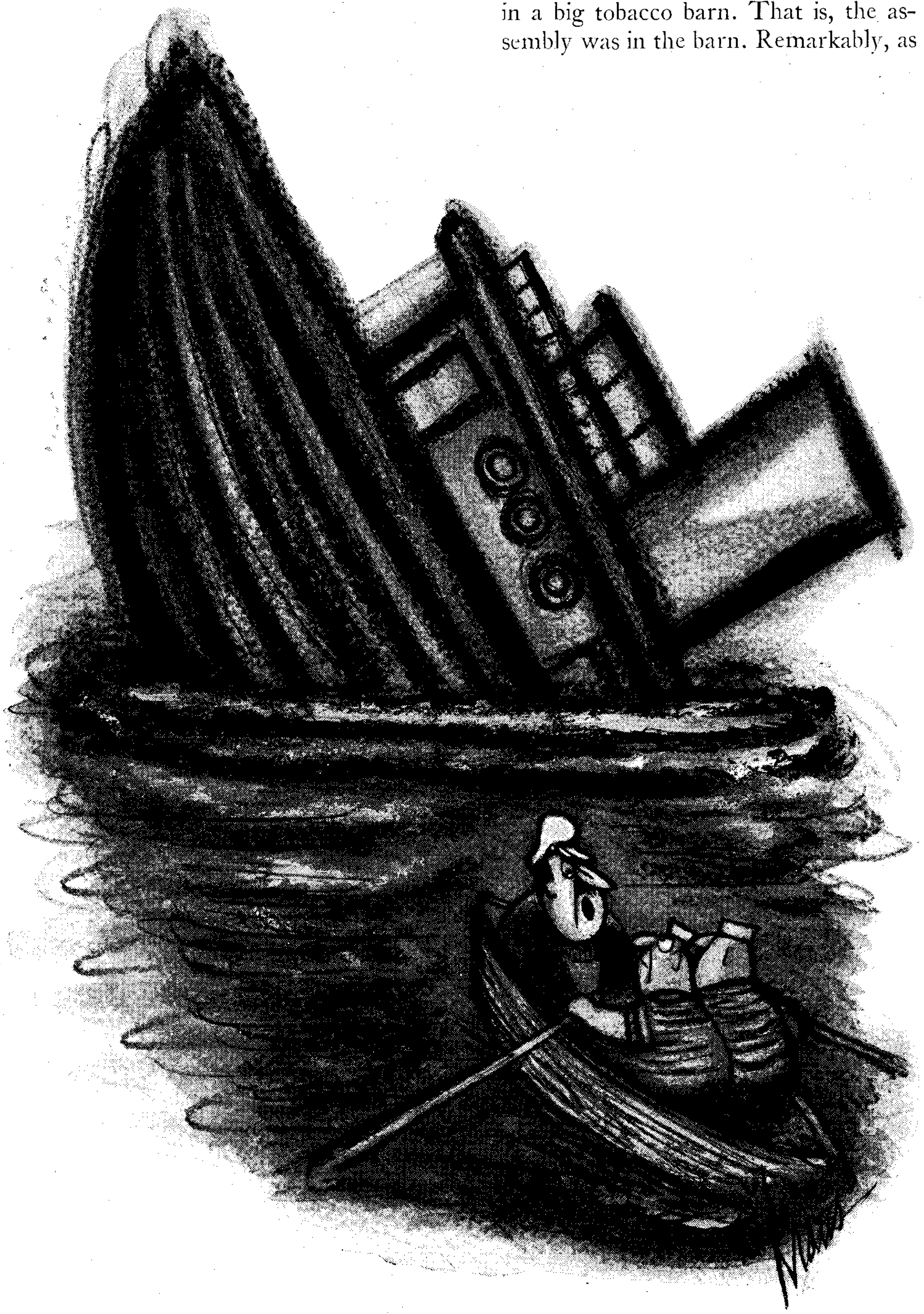
There was more of the same from Bishop Newton, who compared Bishop Tomlinson to King David. "In every age there has been one particular person that is God's choice," Bishop Newton said. "For our day, Homer has the key."

A FEW weeks later, I made another phone call to Queens Village, to see if the audience was still on, and to find out how to get to the royal quarters. I was told to take an Independent E or F train to 179th Street and Hillside Avenue; I would be met there and escorted the rest of the way. When I came out of the subway on the appointed day, I was expecting to be greeted by a bodyguard or a State Overseer, or someone of the sort, but presently I saw in the distance a blue 1958 Chevrolet with a familiar-looking figure at the wheel. The round, pink face, the warm smile, and the large nose were clearly those of Bishop Tomlinson himself. Even without his crown, I recognized him from his newspaper photographs.

The Bishop's home and World Headquarters is a two-story, one-family frame house in a middle-class neighborhood, much like hundreds of others in Queens. It is comfortably but modestly furnished, with no airs or conceits—

the one possible exception being a throw rug into which the words "Homer A. Tomlinson" are woven. Before we got settled in the living room, I asked the Bishop if he would show me the coronation gear that he carries with him on his travels, all of which I had seen many times in news photographs—his beautiful robe, his crown, his portable throne, his inflatable plastic globe, and his flag. He said that his robe was at the cleaner's and that he didn't know where his globe had got to but that he had the other items out on the front porch. It was a little chilly out there, but the royal equipment was safe, because the porch was enclosed. The throne turned out to be a folding aluminum lawn chair that he had bought for six dollars. The crown, slightly faded-looking now, was something he had had made by a sheet-metal worker in Richmond Hill and gilded by a sign painter. His flag, or banner, was a fifteen-inch square that bore three emblems—as he explained them, a sceptre of righteousness, a star of hope, and a crown of victory. After I had admired the historic objects for several minutes, we went back into the living room, and I asked the Bishop how he had happened to become King of the World.

"Well, it seemed terribly presumptuous, I know, but on September 4, 1954, at Greeneville, Tennessee, I felt that I became King of All the Nations of Men," he said. "I arranged for my coronation to be held there during a six-day general assembly of our church, in a big tobacco barn. That is, the assembly was in the barn. Remarkably, as it turned out, the coronation ceremony itself was held across from the barn, in front of the Andrew Johnson National Monument. I thought that was a good backdrop, to show that if he could come from a tailor shop to become President, maybe I could come from the Church to become King. Well, to my amazement, it struck the whole world right in the face, you might say, that I would crown myself King of All the Nations. I got tremendous attention from the press. In the years following that, I crowned myself in every state and at sixty-seven colleges, and I visited a hundred and one nations and crowned myself King in each one, including Russia, in Red Square, in Moscow, on July 12, 1958. Crowds greeted me everywhere."



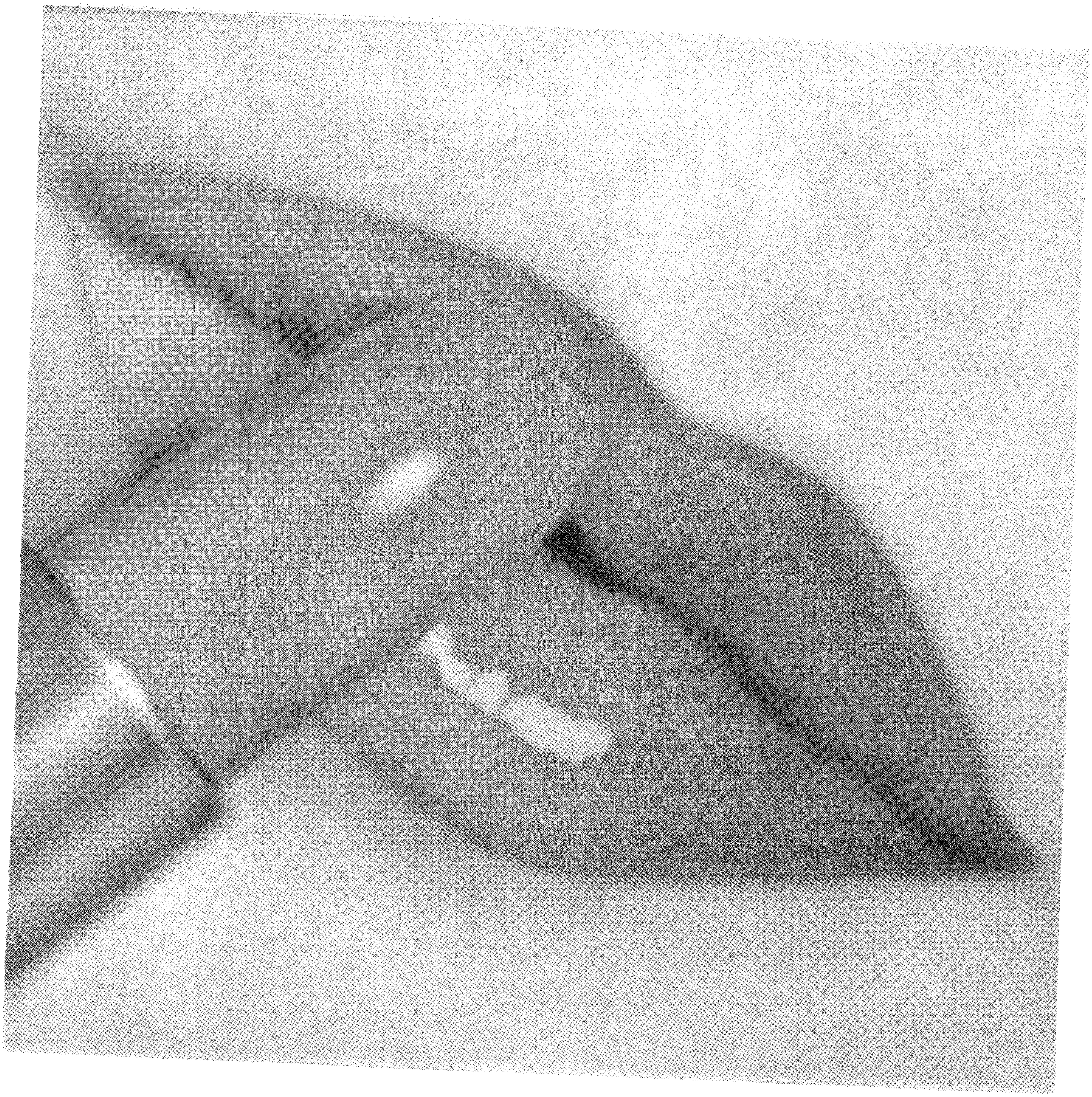
"Tugboats you don't go down with."

The Bishop often uses dates that way in conversation, with the result that he sounds like someone reading from notes. I asked him whether the Moscow date was approximate or exact, and he said it was exact. He apparently just has a good memory for dates; the ones that I was able to check later in newspaper files were all correct.

"The thing that makes it significant is this," the Bishop went on. "In my travels to the various nations, I promised them good—prosperity such as they had never known before, better health, and, especially, that there wouldn't be a Third World War. Now, all that actually came true. This wasn't wishful thinking. I gave scriptural background for it. In those years, in the fifties, every voice in the world was fearful of a Third World War."

I asked the Bishop if he would mind giving me a few more details about his first coronation before we went on to his subsequent accomplishments.

He said he'd be happy to. "As I told you, it was 1954, during our annual church convention," he went on. "We had about three thousand in attendance. I had determined what I must do some time before the convention, but I couldn't let anyone know I was going to do a thing like that, because it was too startling, I thought. One day shortly before the convention, I was driving along with my wife, and she began to laugh and laugh. Finally, I got her to tell me what she was laughing about. She and our granddaughter had found the prepared publicity about the coronation in the basement of our house here, and they thought it was funny." The Bishop paused to chuckle—something he does frequently—as he remembered all the merriment. He is extraordinarily good-natured for a



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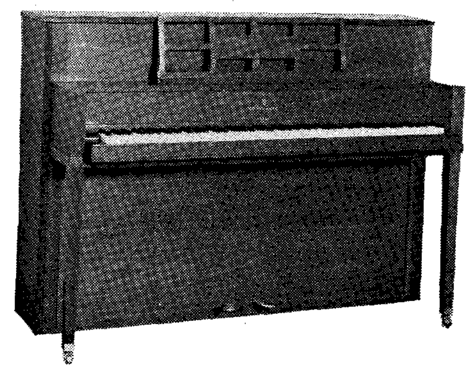

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bishop *or* a king. "Of course, I went ahead and announced that I was King, but my wife didn't believe it," he continued. He nodded toward the dining room, where, evidently, his wife was doing housework at that moment. From the dining room came the quiet remark "Maybe she still doesn't," followed by laughter. It was indeed Mrs. Tomlinson, and she appeared a moment later—a stately, gray-haired lady, who will make a nice-looking queen, if she ever decides to go along with her husband's plans.

"You see?" the Bishop said, smiling. "She hasn't accepted it yet, as far as I know. In the different countries I visit, they'll say, 'Is your wife a queen?' and I'll say, 'Well, she says she isn't, but I say she is.' But, anyway, at the convention I announced that there would be a special service. Only a few knew what it was to be about. I spoke for thirty minutes, quoting from the Scriptures and gradually leading up to my conviction that the world was to be ruled by a King before the return of Jesus. I quoted Isaiah 32:1—'Behold, a King shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment'—and said I was going to try to be that King. Then I asked them all to follow me outside. Across the way there, I had a long green carpet leading up to the doorway of the President Johnson memorial. In the doorway I had a platform with a throne on it. Actually, it was a chair I had borrowed from the Masonic lodge. At the platform, Bishop J. L. Rogers, the Overseer of Missouri at that time, was waiting for me with a robe, one I had rented from a costume shop here, and his daughter, Nell (she was fifteen years old, I believe)—Nell was waiting to crown me. I walked down that carpet, and I've never had a more sacred feeling in all my life. I've preached before the largest crowds in history. I've prayed for the sick and seen three thousand healed, but I've never felt more sacredness. Before the throne, I knelt and prayed, with tears of utmost humility. As I rose, Bishop Rogers put the robe on me, and then, when I took my seat upon the throne, Nell put the crown on my head."

The Bishop asked if I would like to see a photograph of the event, and when I said I certainly would, he sprang from his chair and bounded up a flight of stairs at an alarming clip in search of a scrapbook. A short, stocky man, the Bishop moves with an agility and speed that are surprising in someone of his build and age. In a couple of minutes, he hurtled back down the

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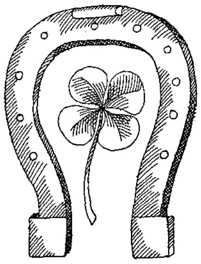

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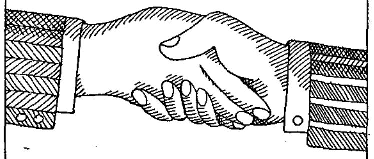

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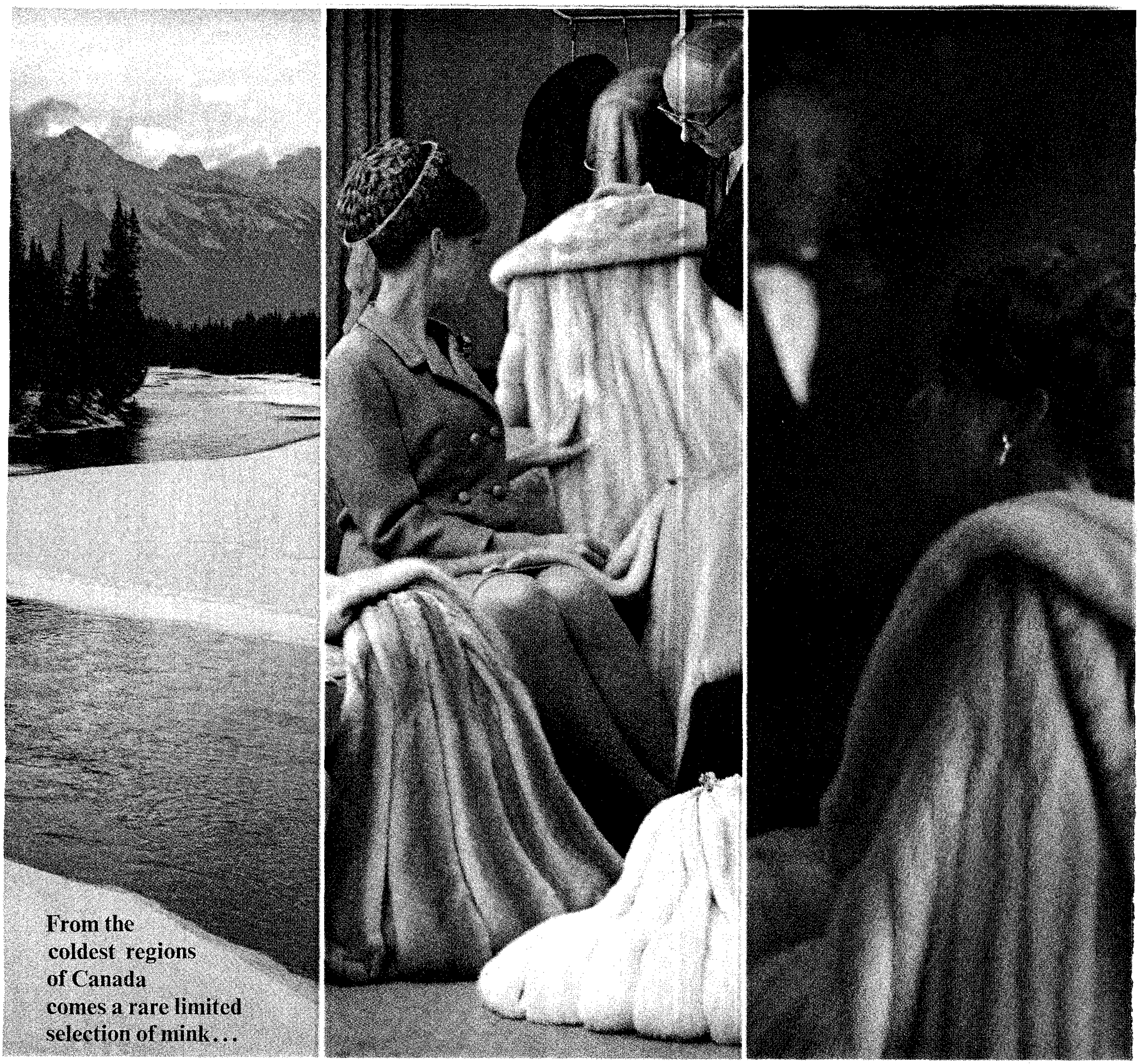
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stairs and handed me a large photograph. It showed the Bishop on his throne, looking solemn but extremely pleased. In the foreground were a few members of the stunned throng, and on either side of the Bishop were several men in their shirtsleeves, all staring uncertainly at the camera and holding signs that read:

The Church of God
World Headquarters
Queens Village, N.Y.
Homer A. Tomlinson
Bishop—General Overseer

After I had studied the photograph, I asked the Bishop if he could recall when he had first got the notion that he was destined to be King of the World, and what had suggested it to him.

He said that the idea had just popped into his head one day when he was a barefoot boy of fifteen, standing on a hill, digging his big toe into the good cool earth and staring into space. "Suddenly, I realized that someday I would be King of the whole earth," he said. "It just dawned upon me forthright, in a sudden flash. I saw the whole world, with me as its ruler in righteousness. I counted it a divine inspiration." Two things perhaps had prepared him for such a thought. Just a few weeks earlier, at a tent meeting conducted by his father, he had had his first experience of glossolalia, or "speaking in tongues"—an ecstatic, trancelike state during which the subject speaks out in foreign or unknown languages, and sometimes rolls about on the floor. (Emphasis upon glossolalia is a distinguishing mark of Pentecostals, who believe that the experience is inspired by the Holy Ghost. In the twenties and thirties, glossolalia was treated with a good deal of rude humor, one example of which was the nickname "Holy Rollers" for those who practiced it. But lately it has been taken more seriously by members of other denominations, and occurrences of it are reported even among Presbyterians and Episcopalians.) Young Tomlinson was dazzled by his receipt of the gift of tongues. "A great joy filled my soul, a tingle of delight," the Bishop told me. "This put an inspiration, a power, in my being, that made me ever so zealous in the work of the Lord. I stood in amazement at this great gift." Besides this new receptiveness to direct communion with the Holy Spirit, the boy held the belief, instilled by his parents, that the Church of God was destined to capture the world. His father was head of that Church, and he was his father's oldest son, so it wasn't difficult for him to conclude that big things awaited

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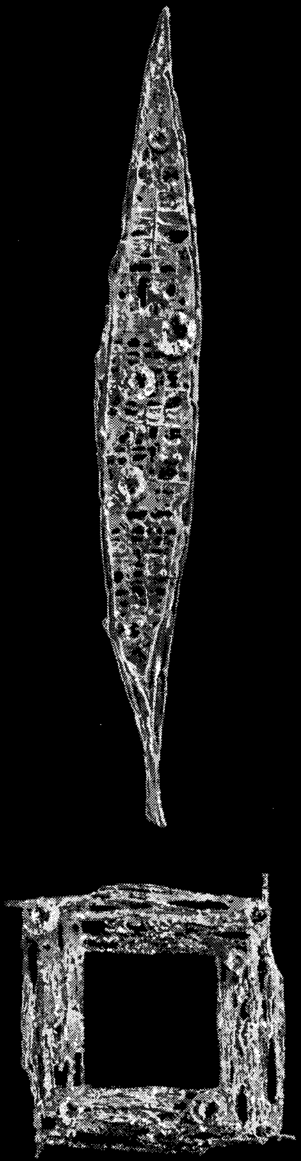

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him. "I had been taught that righteousness would reign on earth one day, and that the Church of God would rule, and, with my youthful enthusiasm and faith, I dared to think that I might be at the head of it."

The Bishop did not give the idea of being King much thought in his youth, however, and it was many years before he developed the theoretical and scriptural underpinning for it that he now has. The most important event in that development, he said, was his discovery, in 1937, of an edition of the Bible containing commentaries by Adam Clarke, which he happened to run across in the Queens Borough Public Library. In those commentaries, the Bishop said, Clarke wrote of a prophetic timetable that had been worked out by Sir Isaac Newton from Biblical prophecies. The timetable called for, among other things, a World War in 1914, the return of the Jews to Palestine in 1947, and the arrival of the Kingdom of God on earth in 1966. It was on the basis of this timetable, he said, that he eventually selected the year 1966 for his takeover of the world. (I later looked up the Clarke commentaries, which fill six volumes, and was unable to find Newton's timetable in it. The Bishop also looked and was also unsuccessful. He said he knew it was in there somewhere, though. Clarke did mention Newton many times, and he did calculate, very hesitantly and tentatively, from a prophecy of Daniel, that 1966 was the year in which righteousness would prevail over the whole earth.) The Bishop's conviction that the Throne of David is to be restored is based not only upon the Clarke commentaries, of course, but upon several Biblical passages that, he

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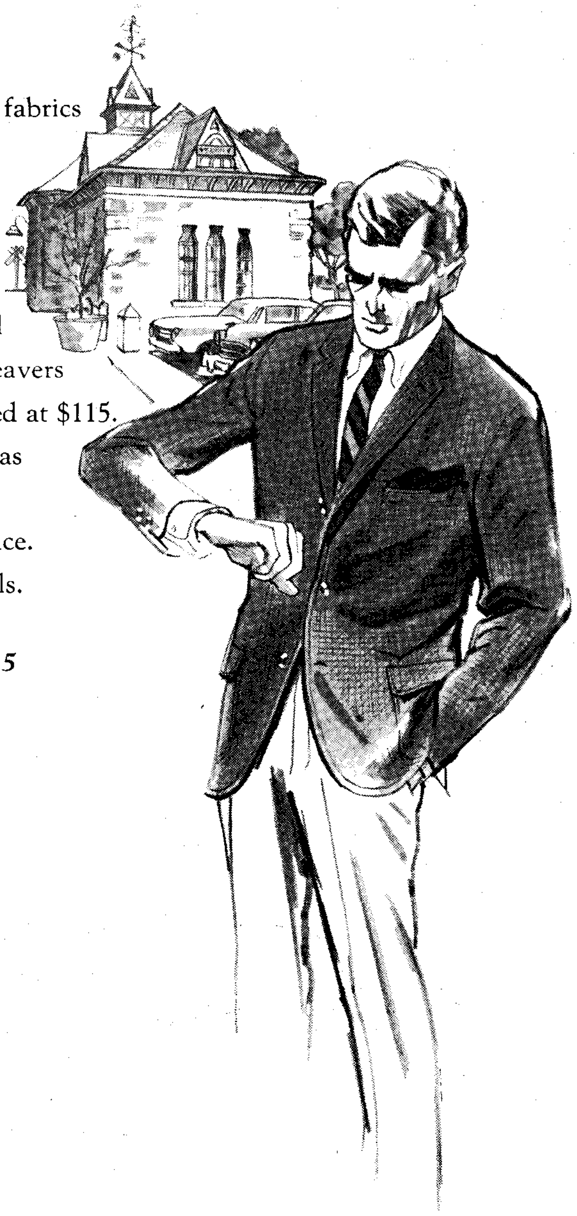

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said, seem to him to form a sort of pattern. These include Isaiah 32:1, already quoted; Isaiah 2:2-3 ("And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it . . . for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem"); all of Isaiah 60, which tells of the blessings that are to come to the Church; and many other passages, in both the Old Testament and the New. In the spring of 1954—why it was that year he doesn't know—the Bishop was moved to feel that it was time to take up the burden of the Crown. Accordingly, he staged his first coronation that September.

The other Pentecostal groups and the competing branches of the Church of God are scornful of the Bishop's accession plan, and some members of his own denomination are respectfully puzzled about it all. "The Fundamentalists see the New Jerusalem dropping down from God in Heaven in one piece, fifteen hundred miles high and fifteen hundred miles wide," the Bishop said, chuckling. "Now, *you* drop a city like that down on this earth and you've got you quite a concussion. I say that it doesn't have to come down in one cement block." He laughed delightedly, turning a bright red, and then went on, "I say that the *idea* will drop down from Heaven—that it *has*. The others"—Pentecostals outside his denomination, he meant—"blast off at me, too. They don't necessarily go for the cement line; they say that the New Jerusalem will come true, all right, but after our death."

Running a little dry at this point, the Bishop paused in his discourse to double-time it to the kitchen and fetch us each an ice-cold strawberry Kool Aid. While he was gone, I noticed on an end table a book entitled "Amazing Fulfillments of Prophecy," by Homer A. Tomlinson. It had been printed in 1934 by the White Wing Publishing House, a Pentecostal publisher. I looked through it, and found that it dealt with moral decay, Communism and Fascism, and war, which the author said was near at hand. My eye was caught by a page at the beginning of the book—an advertisement for another book. It said:

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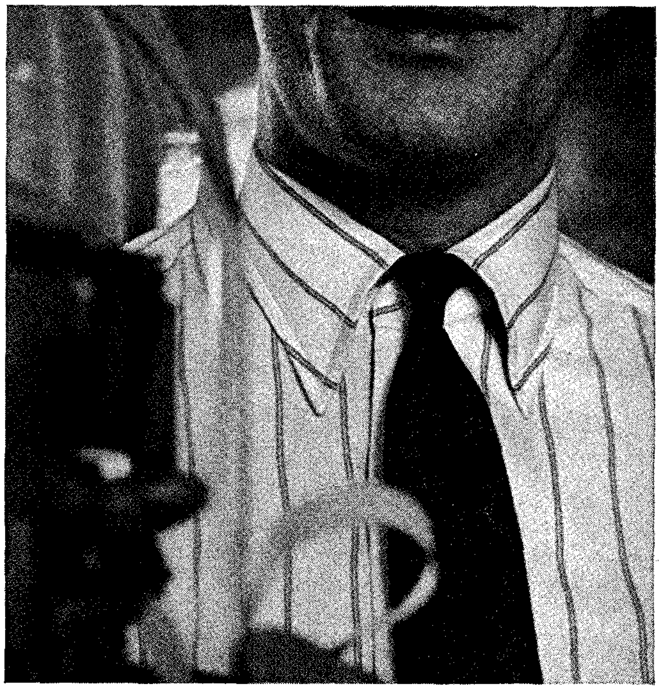

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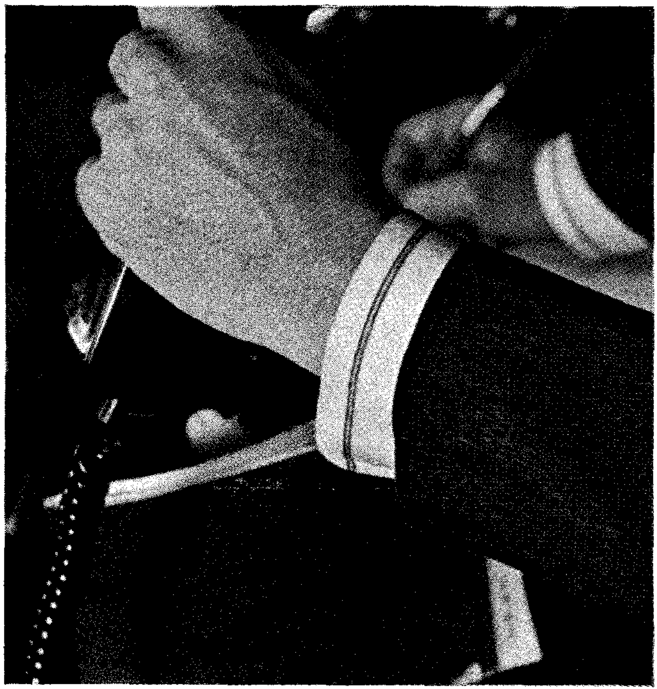

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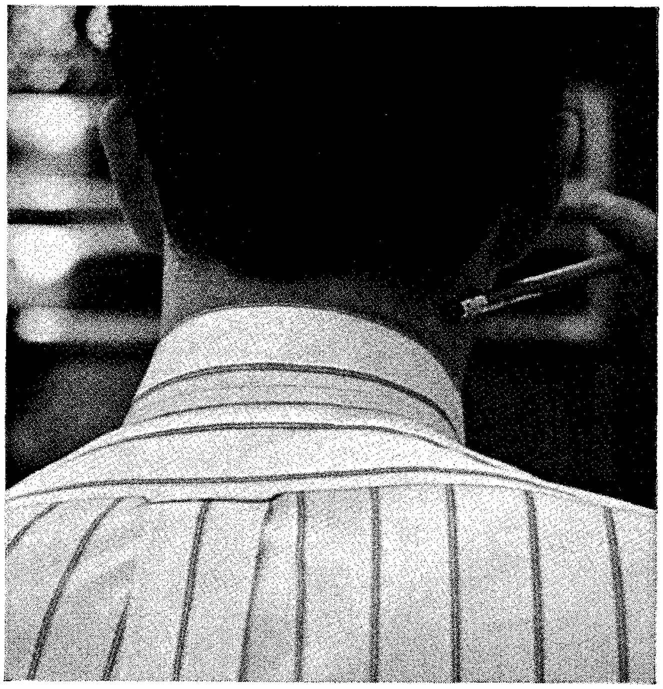

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When the Bishop returned with our refreshments, I expressed surprise at learning that he was a novelist. I asked if the book could be bought anywhere, and told him I'd be willing to go to considerable trouble to get my hands on a copy. He said that he didn't have one, and that the book was out of print. "I've written so many books I can't keep up with them," he said. "I don't know how many there have been. Religious books, mostly—not novels. And about sixty songs, I guess—the words and music both. 'Egypt's Sand,' that was one of them. 'Farewell to the Mountain.' 'The Mountain Road to Heaven.' And at least twenty plays." He called to his wife, who had returned to the dining room, "Mrs. Tomlinson? Can you remember the names of any of those plays? What was the one that had so much about the mountain road to Heaven in it?" She didn't remember. "Well, just call it 'The Mountain Road to Heaven,' " he said.

The Bishop sipped at his cold drink meditatively, and then went on, "Oh, but I didn't finish telling you about our 1954 convention. There was more besides the coronation. Even before I set out on my travels to all the nations, I had a kingdom of my own—or our church had. It's a little one, three hundred and thirty square miles, between Jordan and Syria. Or I'll place it like this—it's east of the Sea of Galilee, between Amman and Damascus. The land of the Druze. Do you know this tribe? A mixture of Arab, Persian, Kurdish, Syrian, and Lebanese. The Druze deeded their land to our church in 1923—to our Bishop out there, Bishop M. Lawrence Ryan. They did that because Ryan brought their area to cul-

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tivation. They'd had trouble with this, because every place they'd go to dig for water, it would turn out to be a holy place. But Ryan was able to take their own Scriptures and show them where it should be done, where it was all right to dig, and they were so grateful they gave us their country. Well, we named that country Ecclesia at the 1954 convention. So that was my first kingdom. I became King Homer the First of Ecclesia."

I asked what had become of Ecclesia since. The Bishop said that at the 1956 Church convention the membership voted to set up a theocratic government there and to send over several hundred settlers. The project was dropped, even before the settlers had departed, when the man the Bishop had sent over as Prime Minister took sick and had to come home. By then, the Bishop was so busy with the rest of the world that he didn't have time for Ecclesia. The current plan is for the country to become part of the New Jerusalem, sometime after October. "I've never tried to collect any taxes there," the Bishop said. "I imagine that Syria or Jordan might claim that territory today." I later wrote to the governments of those two nations inquiring about Ecclesia and the Druze. Jordan replied that it didn't know anything about the matter, and I never heard from Syria.

THE Bishop has travelled extensively all his adult life, but it was after the 1954 Church convention that he really got moving. He began systematically visiting the nations then, partly in order to spread blessings but principally in order to fulfill ancient prophecies and to claim territory. One of the prophecies he especially wanted to fulfill was the one in Revelation that Bishop Rogers had cited, about the angel flying through the air and preaching the Gospel. As for the tedious job of claiming the nations one by one, though he had claimed all of them by crowning himself in Tennessee, the Bishop took this on because of Joshua 1:3, which says, "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses." The passage was addressed to Joshua, but the Bishop has still felt that it would be prudent to place the sole of his foot in as many nations as possible.

The Bishop's method of claiming a nation is simple. When he arrives in its capital city, he notifies the press, goes to a park or some other appropriate place, explains his intentions to bystanders,

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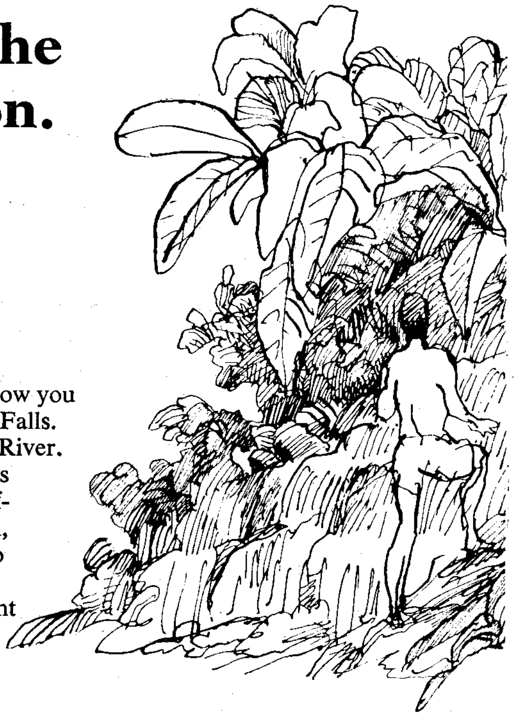

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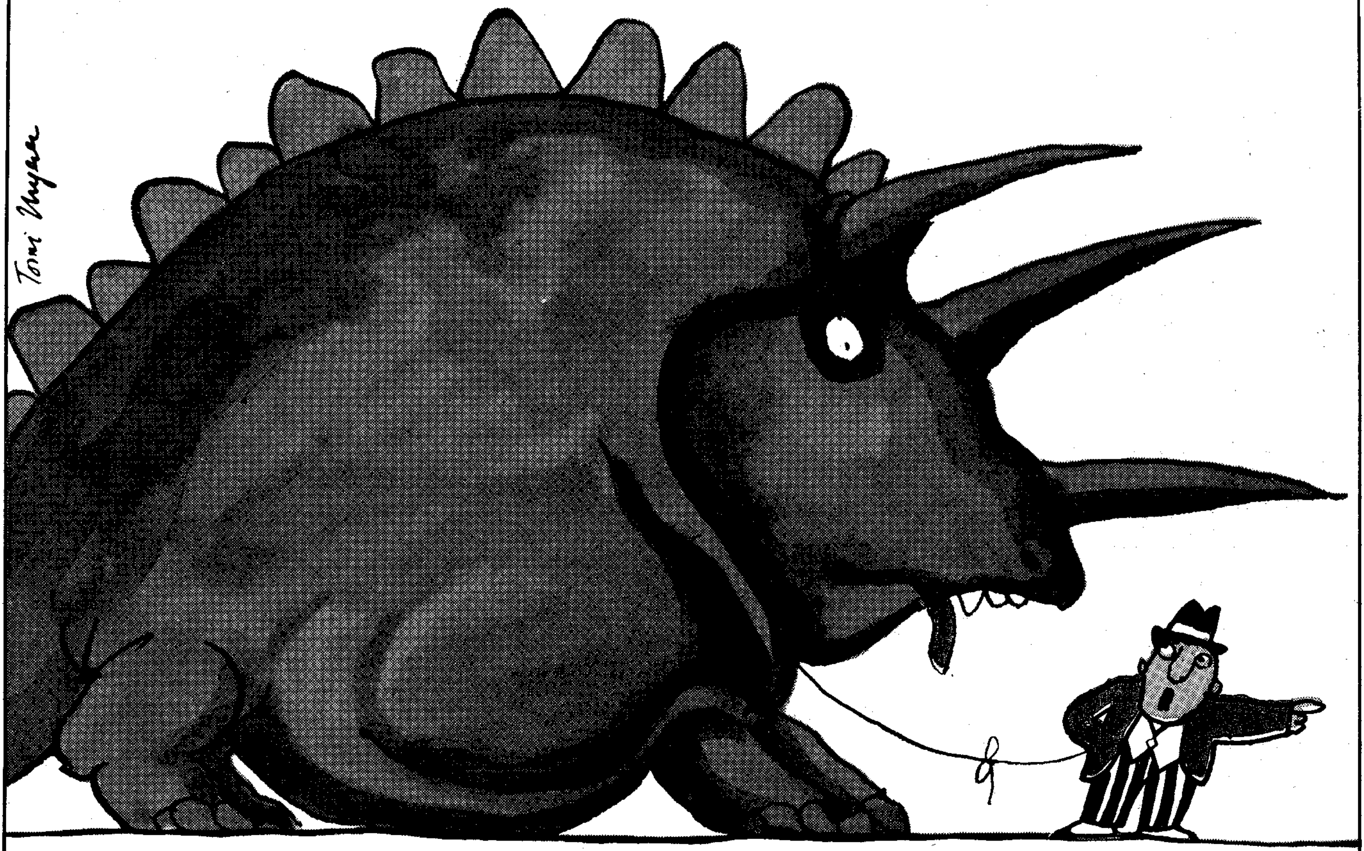

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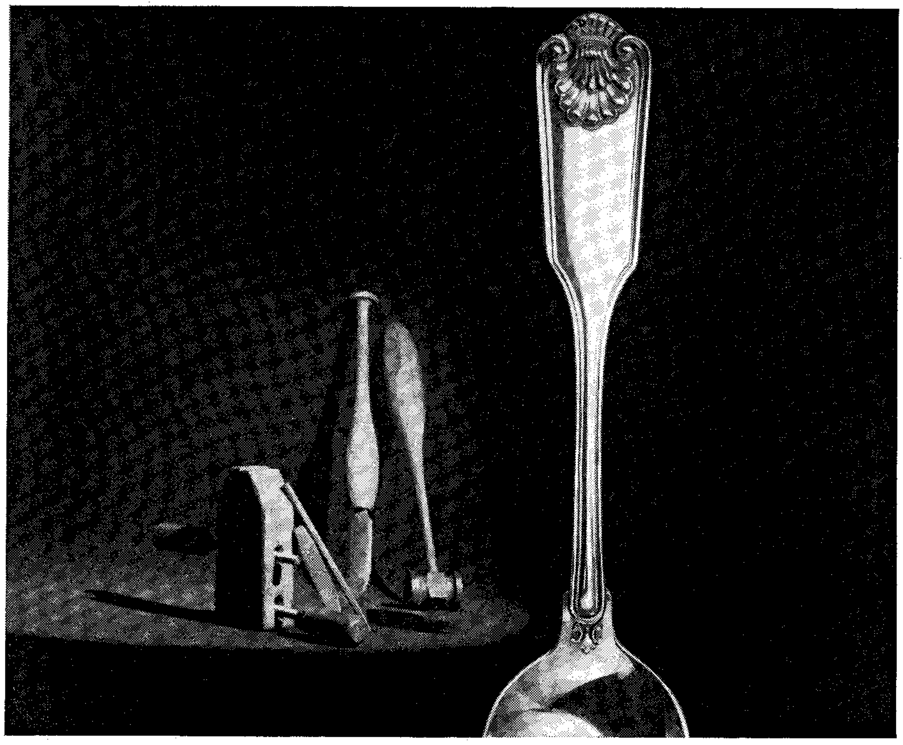
crowns himself, and takes his seat on the throne. He may say a few words to the natives in their own tongue, though he is increasingly hesitant about this, because he knows a little of so many languages that he sometimes gets them scrambled. "In Jersey City, one night, I was preaching away to a group of Russians and not getting much response," he told me. "I thought I was preaching in Russian until someone came up and told me it was Estonian, and then I knew what was wrong." If the nation is one in which he is known or has affiliated churches, there is likely to be a crowd of some size and a certain amount of ceremony, he said. In less friendly nations, the coronation is plain and quick. On a good day, he may grab five or six of these places between breakfast and dinner, airline schedules permitting. A description of the Bishop's technique in such areas was published in 1960 by the late English novelist Evelyn Waugh, who had run into the Bishop in Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika (now Tanzania), on February 26, 1959. It appeared in the *Spectator* and later in Waugh's book "Tourist in Africa." Waugh wrote, in part:

> There presently emerged from the hotel an elderly white man dressed in a blue kimono. He was unattended and somewhat encumbered by paraphernalia. He gave no indication of expecting any kind of ovation. As purposeful and recollected as a priest going to his altar to say Mass, the Bishop shuffled across under the blazing sun, opened a folding chair, and sat down in the garden. The police, the two journalists, Mr. Thompson, and I collected round him. A representative of the local broadcasting organization appeared with a tape recorder. The Bishop ignored him and like a priest, or rather, perhaps, like a conjuror, began arranging his properties. He had a Bible, a crown which seemed to be light and inexpensive, a flag, not—shade of Rosenthal! [Eric Rosenthal, author of "Stars and Stripes in Africa"]—the Stars and Stripes but something simple but unidentifiable of his own design of blue and white stars, and a bladder. The stuff of his little chair was slightly regal, a pattern of red and gold with ornamental tassels. He dropped the flag over his head as though preparing for a nap. Then he blew noisily into the bladder, which proved to be an inflatable, plastic terrestrial globe. He blew hard and strong, but there was a puncture somewhere. It took the form of a wizened apple but not of a full sphere. After a few more puffs, he despaired and laid it on the ground at his feet. Then he removed the flag from his head and began to address us in calm nasal tones.
>
> He was, he said, the acknowledged leader of the largest religious body in the world, about 100,000,000 strong to date. . . . He was the sovereign of fifty-two realms and proposed to complete his vocation by crowning himself in every State in the world including Russia. Under his



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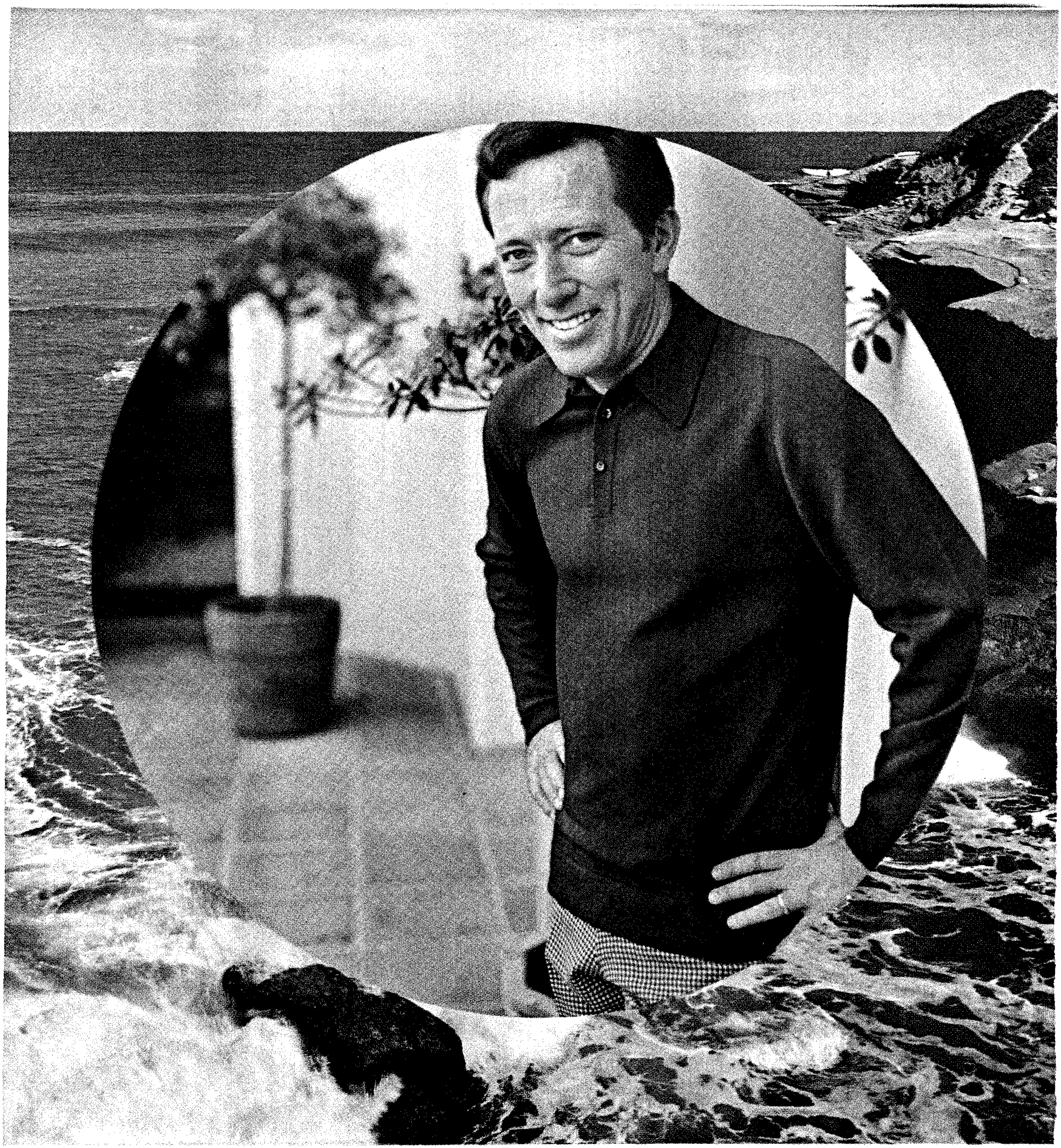

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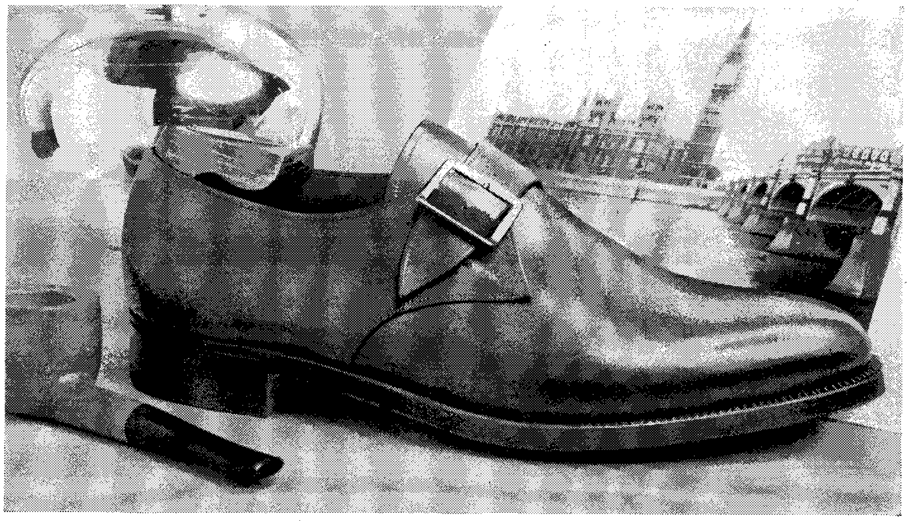
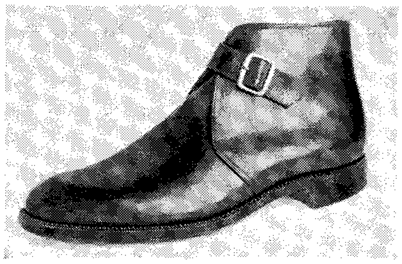
THE PURITAN SPORTSWEAR CORP., A DIVISION OF THE WARNER BROTHERS COMPANY simple autarchy peace would be assured to all his subjects. He then prayed for the prosperity of Tanganyika, placed the crown on his head, collected his impedimenta, and retired to the New Africa Hotel.

Such undramatic receptions don't bother the Bishop, since it's foot contact that matters, but he naturally prefers to remember triumphs. A visit that he places in this category is one he made to Iran, Iraq, Jordan, and the United Arab Republic in 1955. He considers it, in fact, one of the high points of his travels. "This was my famous walk," he told me. "I felt in 1955 that the time had come for the desert to blossom as the rose, as prophesied in the first verse of Isaiah 35—'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.' I decided to make a thousand-mile walk from Iran to Bethlehem between Thanksgiving and Christmas, with the promise to the people that this prophecy would be fulfilled. I set out on this walk with nothing but my usual equipment, wearing my robe and crown and carrying my Bible and globe and throne. Oh, and I had an umbrella, a woman's bright-colored umbrella, for the rains, you see. That became the symbol of my trip. How that happened was that my wife thought I was too old for the walk, and she didn't think it would rain." He laughed. "Women are weaker in the faith, you know—the weaker vessel. But when we got in the car and headed for the airport, she said, 'For goodness' sake, Homer, if you really think it's going to rain, take this umbrella with you,' and she brought up this umbrella from the floor of the car. So I took it. I started my walk just inside Iran, about fifty miles northeast of Khanaqin, Iraq, because that's where the Wise Men started. My plan was to go south to Ur of the Chaldees and pick up Abraham's path there, and then go on west to Amman and Bethlehem. That's about the way I went. Just as I crossed the Iraqi border, three hundred pilgrims returning from Mecca came by in some buses. They thought I was a holy man—I was dressed as a King, you know—so they stopped their buses and got out and bowed down to me. Everyone was nice. People kept offering me rides. The Army inquired about my safety, and gave me travel advice. But the important thing is that on the second day of my walk it rained. How it rained! A deluge! A Muslim college sent people out in the desert to see about me, and they found me out there clinging to my umbrella and about to blow away. It rained so much that I

"I hear these shoes of Abercrombie's come wrapped in their own polishing cloth. What a place."





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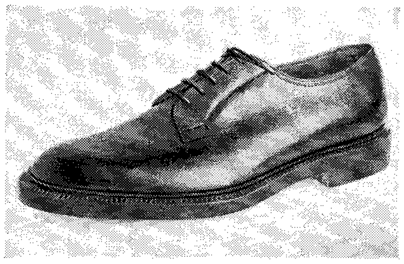

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Never hesitate to share that kind of enthusiasm, Mr. Harris. Seems like ducks in water logic, though. Put together what just happens to be the finest shoe about. Have English craftsmen make it on one fine last, so it's perfectly sized for exact fit. Fuss it over so there is no breaking-in crunch. Use the youngest calfskin. Style it with that British you-know. All that work, and you just have to cushion it in a special polishing cloth of its own. Have to. Let's see now—plain toe monk strap as shown above, black or brown—$25. Monk strap chukka boots—wing-tip brogues—many more. What a place.

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like to have drowned out there. Here I was nervous and excited to get in out of the rain, and that's what I had come there for!" The irony bent the Bishop double with laughter. When he recovered, he said, "It rained many other times during the trip—the rain just sort of followed me—and I had many experiences getting out of the rain out there where it hadn't rained for a thousand five hundred years." With all the rain, and with the extremes of daytime heat and nighttime cold, the Bishop was forced to resort to some bus and rail travel, and he ended up walking only about half the way. It took him thirty days to get to Bethlehem, he said. "That trip comes under the heading of miracles," the Bishop added, striking his forehead in wonder. "It was startling beyond all startling."

That same afternoon, the Bishop told me of many other wonders that I had to admit were startling beyond all startling. In Ghana, he ended a yearlong drought. In the Congo, he halted an uprising and massacre. Revolutions in Guatemala, Costa Rica, and Haiti stopped abruptly with his arrival on the scene. He headed off a war between the Arabs and the Israelis. He flew over Korea in December, 1952, to lay the groundwork for the end of the war. (The armistice was signed the following July.) He refused to take credit for winning the First World War, in which he was a combatant, but he couldn't resist noting, "They didn't win it until I got there." The list of exploits could be extended almost indefinitely.

I asked why, with such a record, he didn't do something about Vietnam.

"We're watching that," the Bishop replied. "I have not made plans to go myself, but Bishop Rogers is going to do that very thing. He's going to Vietnam. Just when, I cannot say. He's like me; it's like— Well, when you do something, when the artist or the painter, say, is going to paint his picture, he's got to get it according to the vision he's got, you see. You can't just walk in and have him grind it out. So that's about the way I went to all these countries to prevent revolutions or end them. As for going over there now, I count it kind of like I did in Korea, that when I went I didn't claim to have done anything, but because I believed the time had come, I thought it was on the side of the fact that Eisenhower later announced he would go and end the war."

"Then you don't think the time has come to end the war?"

"I think it's soon. And I think it's

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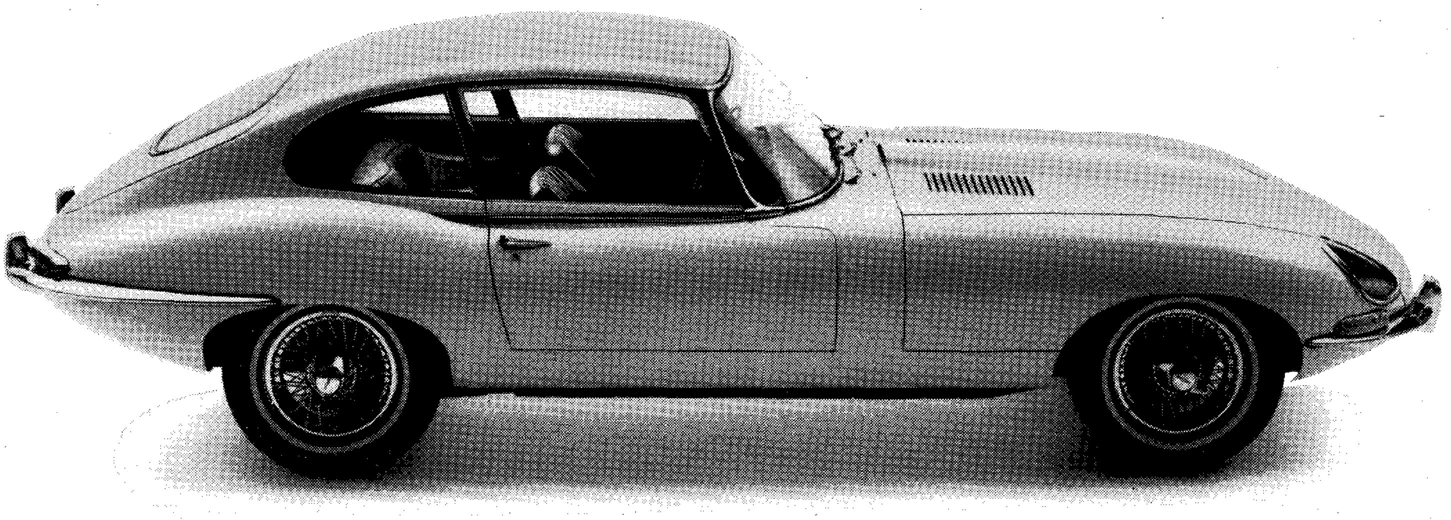

Two-seater convertible and 2-seater coupe. And now the brand-new 2+2 with automatic transmission.

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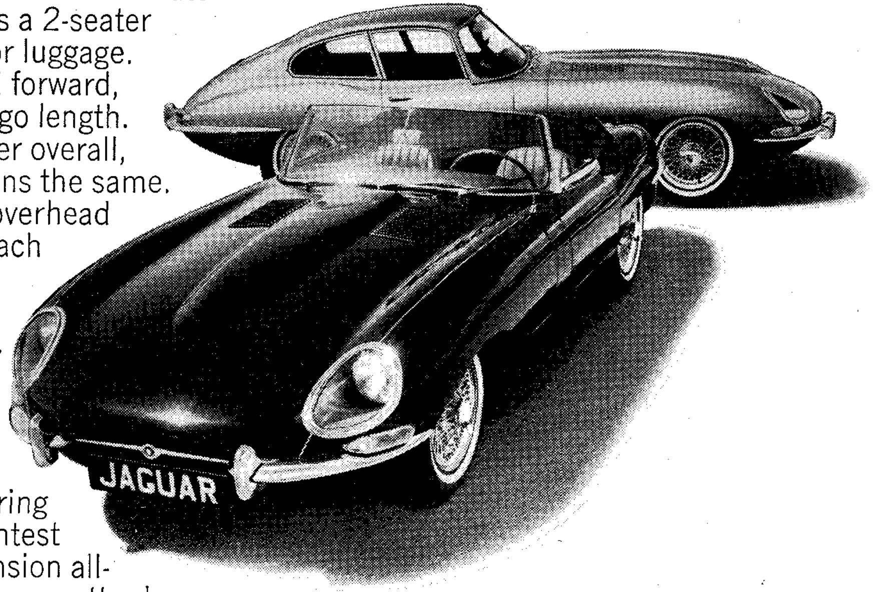

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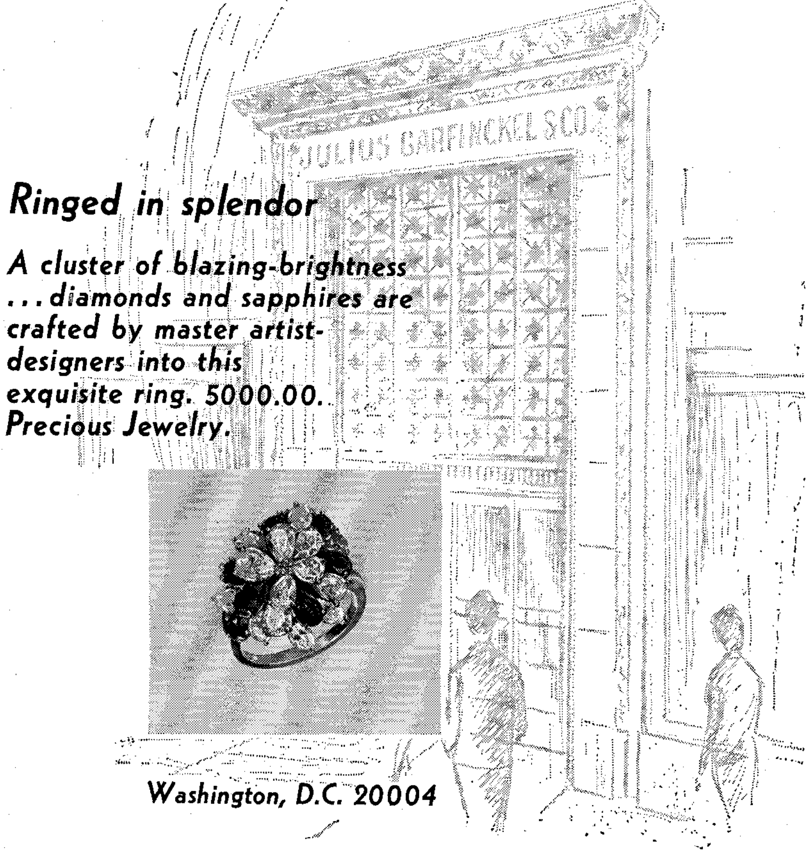

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indicated. Not necessarily that I go there or that Bishop Rogers go there but that the end is near."

(The next day, I called Bishop Rogers about the matter. "Vietnam?" he said. "It looks like if they don't stop it I'll have to go. Our missionary fund has been short or I would've gone, probably, last Christmas. If I go, it's going to stop. I feel that, by the spirit of God. We've pretty well established the fact that President Johnson can't handle it." I asked how he would go about ending the conflict. "Well, I don't know exactly," he replied. "I'd go to the capital, I guess. Brother Tomlinson usually just walks right out in the main street and the thing stops. This is a bad illustration, but it's kind of like a boil. It's got to come to a head just right. If you mash it too quick, you'll have a second core. But I'll tell you this—this here five- and ten-year stuff they're talking about, it won't last that long.")

NOT all the Bishop's feats have been as spectacular, sudden, and clear-cut as his anti-war activities. Some, while just as important, have been slower and more diffuse. For instance, he cannot point to any particular day on which he defeated tuberculosis or assured the success of the United Nations, though he believes he played a crucial role in both undertakings. Regarding tuberculosis, the Bishop told me, "Under the leadership of the Church, the doctors finally got wise—or the people did, led by the doctors—that, with better care of the temple of God, we could defeat t.b. The reason the expectation of life doubled in the United States between 1903 and 1953 was that the Church of God was preaching holiness and healing. We were preaching cleanliness. It cleaned up the country." There are numerous developments with which he has had equally subtle relationships, some dependent upon his spiritual support, others upon his presence or proximity. With the United Nations, it has been a matter of spiritual support. In the case of something like population growth, proximity is the key. "Queens had only four hundred thousand people when I moved out here," the Bishop pointed out. "Now it has about two million. They all followed me out here." A few of the Bishop's accomplishments have been almost inadvertent, such as his establishment of the welfare state. "President Roosevelt's welfare programs started at the church I used to have in Jamaica," the Bishop

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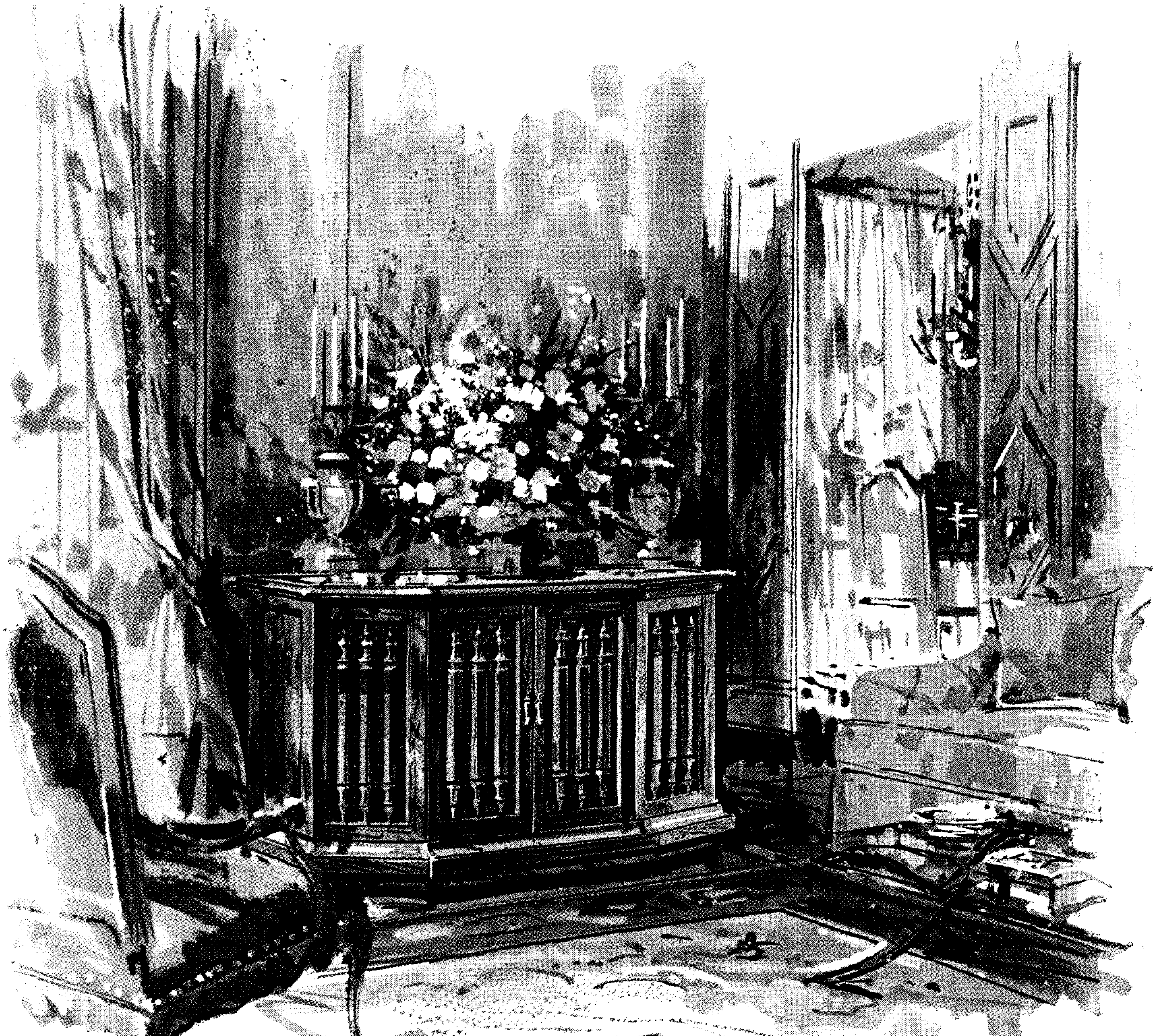

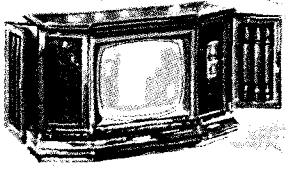

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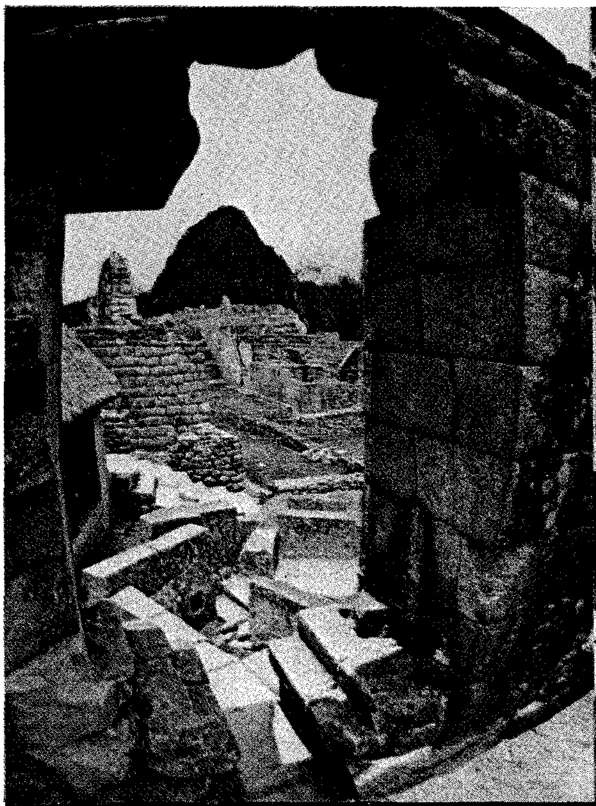

Machu Picchu, the sacred Inca city in Peru.

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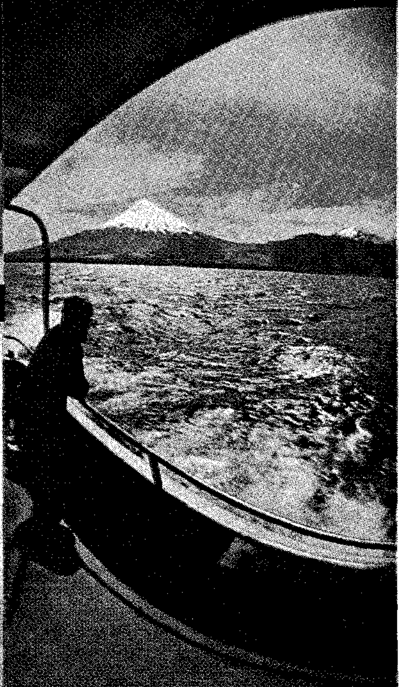
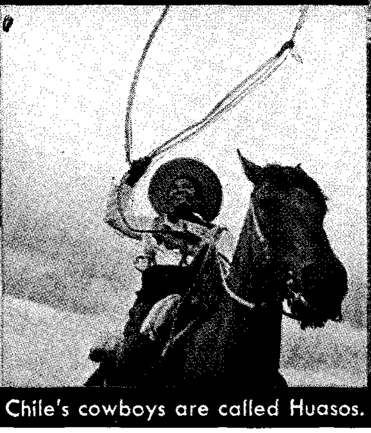


Volcanic Osorno looms over Chile's Lake Llanquihue

A Pisco Sour—one's fun. Two—whew!



Chile's cowboys are called Huasos.

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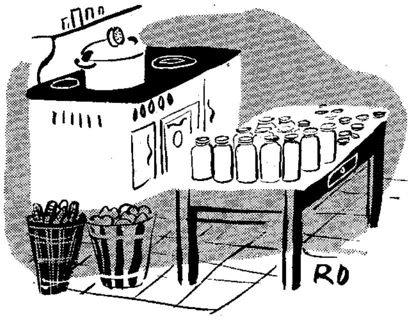
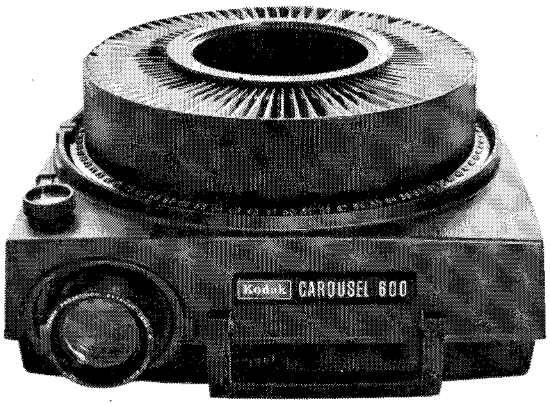
revealed at one point in my visit. "It was in 1929, when Roosevelt was Governor. Our church was about to put up a two-hundred-thousand-dollar building. We advertised for carpenters and bricklayers and other workers, and got four thousand applicants. They were all lined up there—men out of work. That's how we discovered there was a Depression. The government hadn't even noticed. So we immediately opened an employment service, and started helping people; we were carrying a hundred and fifty families. The city's welfare program started right there—they took up our program."

Prayer, too, has been an important weapon for the Bishop, of course. In 1946, he recalled, he visited France and prayed for the hungry people of Europe, then returned home to find that the Famine Relief Committee had been set up to help them.

The Bishop isn't bashful about his achievements, but he likes to have them kept in perspective. "I have a pet phrase," he told me. "I always say, 'Well, I just happened to be there.' Where the action was, you might say. It isn't that I'm exercising some necromancy or doing an act of some kind but that I'm in the tide of the times, that I'm in the tide, that I'm *on* the tide. That whatever activity I enter into, the other events will mingle to bring it forth. That I'm representative of the times. Now, this is extremely important from a Biblical standpoint, because in the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles it says that the time of Jesus' coming, that is in the *Father's* power, but *ye* shall receive power after the Holy Ghost is come upon you, to know the times and the seasons, and I sense those things. I sense the times and the seasons, and happen to be in on that. I don't want you to think that—Well, as I said earlier this afternoon, I never did say I won the war, I just said they didn't win it until I got there—*I just happened to be there*." The Bishop tilted back about thirty degrees in his chair, and wheezed and shook with mirth. Before he had got his breath, the





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telephone rang, and he bolted into the dining room to answer it. I heard him say, "Well, praise the Lord! How are you, Sister Smith?" The Bishop and other Pentecostals use the phrase "Praise the Lord!" as a greeting or, sometimes, as a substitute for such exclamations as "You don't mean it!" and "Isn't that wonderful!"

While the Bishop was on the phone, I went out to the front porch to examine a stack of bound volumes of his newspaper, the *Church of God*, which I had noticed on my way in. I selected some volumes from recent years and took them back into the living room and began some pleasurable thumbing. The most refreshing thing about this paper, aside from the writing style, is its editorial slant. There is nothing in it but good news. It reflects the Bishop's own jolliness and optimism. This banner headline from an issue in the 1961 volume is typical of how the news looks in the *Church of God* on almost any day:

WHOLE WORLD ON BRINK OF PEACE
WORLD TO BE PLUNGED INTO PEACE

Beneath that, over the lead story, was the two-column subhead: "HALLELUJAH!"

The lead story in the October 1, 1963, issue concerned one of the Bishop's trips. The headline—as usual, a banner, stretching the full five columns of the paper's width—read:

ALL NATIONS NOW ENTER THEIR
GOLDEN AGE; BISHOP TOMLINSON
TO VISIT, REASSURE RULERS; 12-DAY
WORLD FLIGHT AS PROPHET,
OCT. 7-19.

I turned to the issue for November 15, 1963, to see the report of what the Bishop had found on his trip. The head on the lead story was:

LUCIFER IS FALLEN,
STAFF OF WICKED BROKEN
WHOLE EARTH AT REST,
BREAK INTO SINGING!

Under that was this subhead:

THE WORLD NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD

The story, by the Bishop, began:

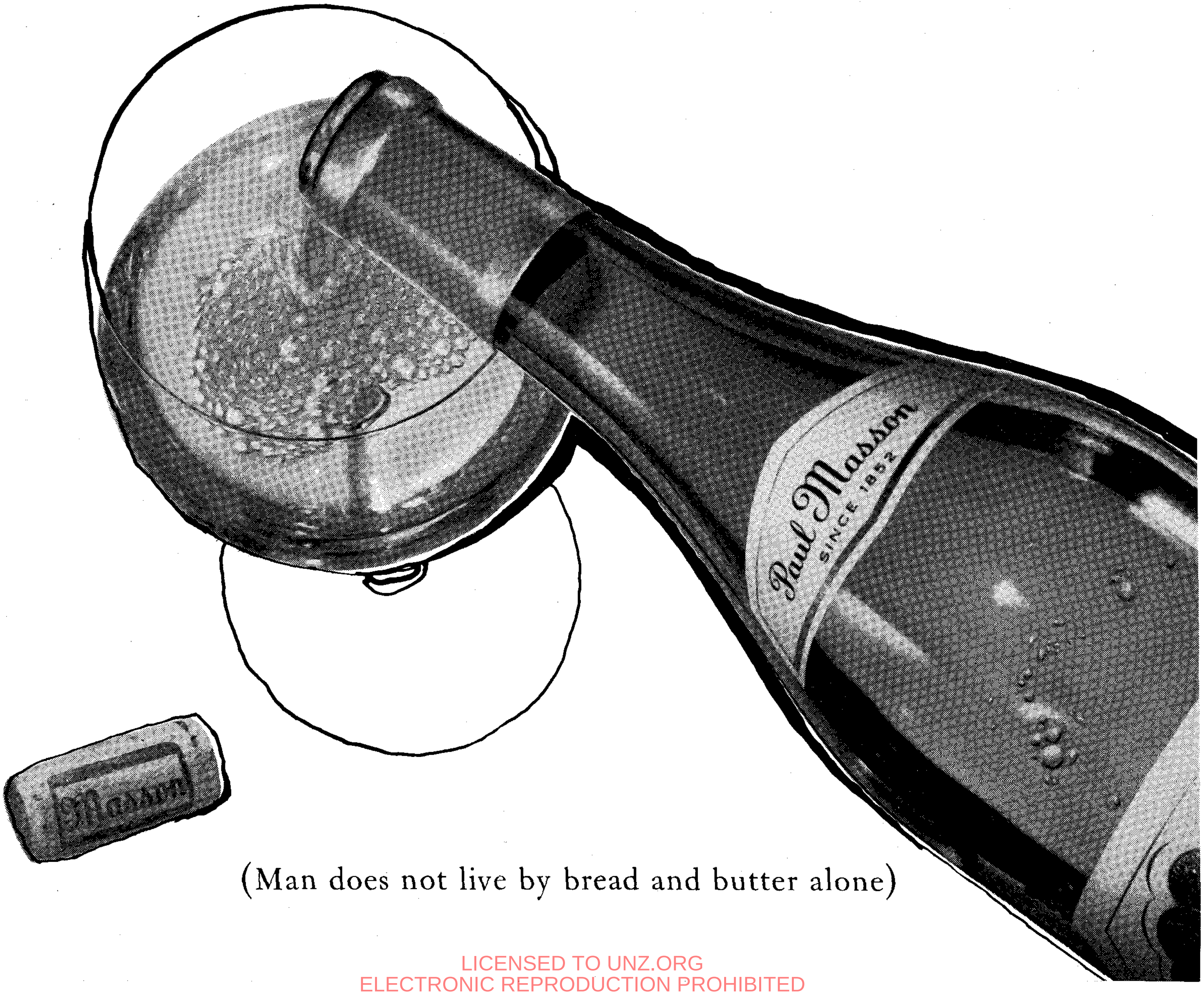
> I saw the people of every nation working feverishly, building, making, doing, with projects set as vast for peaceful dwelling places as were the days of preparation for war. . . .

This is a side of the news that you can't get anywhere else. It would probably be a boring one to consider every day, but the paper comes out only twice a month, and it is a small publication—a four-page tabloid. (Subscriptions are a dollar-fifty a year.) The Bishop is its publisher, editor,

What to do until the waiter comes back.

We refer to that pleasant time when you would just as soon sit a bit before you order. There are a number of things you can do besides eating the bread and wondering what it is that the lady in the green dress is having that looks so good: 1) Drink the bottle of wine you ordered when the waiter came by. Why wait to enjoy life? Have a glass now. 2) "Yes," you might say, "but I haven't decided what I'm going to eat yet!" 3) Who says you can't do it the other way around? 4) The more we think about it (ordering the food to suit the wine) the better idea it seems. Perhaps we should copyright it.

Copyright 1966, Paul Masson Vineyards, Dept. 2, Saratoga, California. (We have 16 table wines—9 whites, 5 reds, 2 pinks—which you can order food to go with. Write, and we'll send you a complete list.)



(Man does not live by bread and butter alone) foreign correspondent, and sole staff writer, and is also one of its favorite topics. It is an unusual issue that does not carry the Bishop's photograph on the front page. However, that is only natural, considering the scope of the paper's interests and the wide range and varied nature of the Bishop's activities. The third and fourth pages of the paper generally feature contributions from pastors, who often tell about a revival or a good healing service, and from lay readers, who may raise theological questions or give testimony of their faith. For instance, a woman wrote in recently about bobbed hair, of which the Bishop's denomination does not approve. The letter was headed "BOBBED HAIR," and it said:

> I had long hair, real thick. It caused me to have bad headaches all the time, so I cut it off.... I asked Pastor Hartzell about this, and she said this was wrong, and read the Scripture about it. I guess I used an excuse to have my hair bobbed, that long hair is dirty, hard to manage, and that God wouldn't have me keep it and suffer all the time. Saturday night I felt like I had a bald head. I felt the difference in my soul too. I sure did learn on my own. Hope you understand this letter, the meaning I am trying to get across.

In the 1964 volume, I ran across the Bishop's announcement of his Presidential candidacy for that year. The headline on it was:

> 1964: GODLY MEN TO TAKE LEAD ALL
> NATIONS—HEAD ALL STATES,
> COUNTY, CITY GOVERNMENT

The story said that the Bishop had announced his candidacy from the front porch of his home in Queens. Several paragraphs down in the story, there was a fine example of the Bishop's sunny outlook at work, of his feeling that he is "on the tide of the times" and everything is falling into place. It was this paragraph:

> Bishop Tomlinson announced that he counted it no less than divine providence that the New York World's Fair is expecting 44-million visitors from all fifty states during 1964, April 22nd to October 31st, and all these right at his doorstep, less than ten minutes from his home, and without a red light. President McKinley, in 1898, and President Harding in 1920, both Republicans, set up campaign headquarters on their front porches, won handily. Instead of campaigning in all states, and even in all nations, as in my former campaigns for the U.S. Presidency, in 1952 and 1960, I can conduct my campaigns from the front door of my house, where I have lived since 1920.

As it turned out, though, the 1964 campaign was not confined to the Bishop's doorstep. The Bishop and his run-

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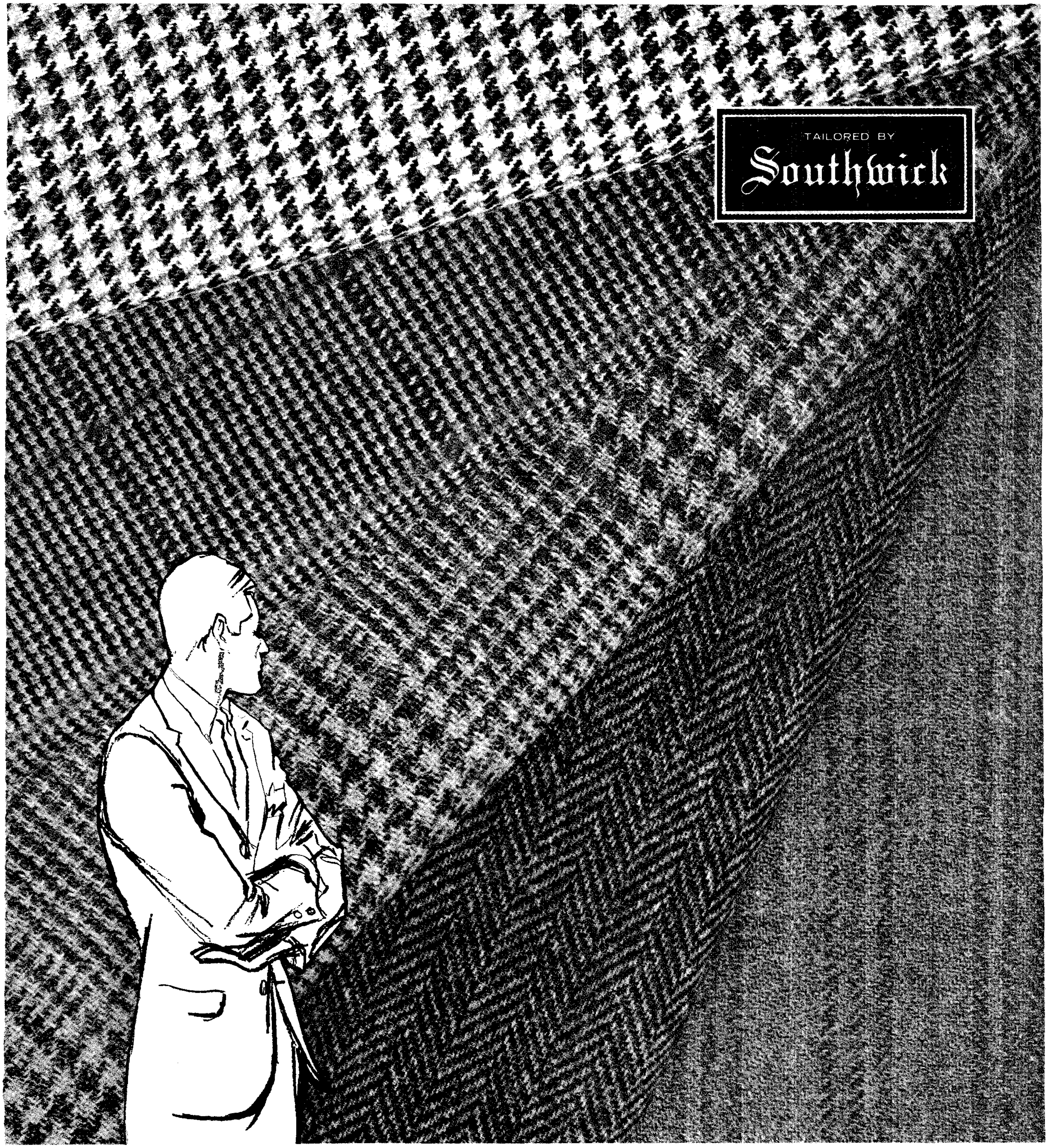

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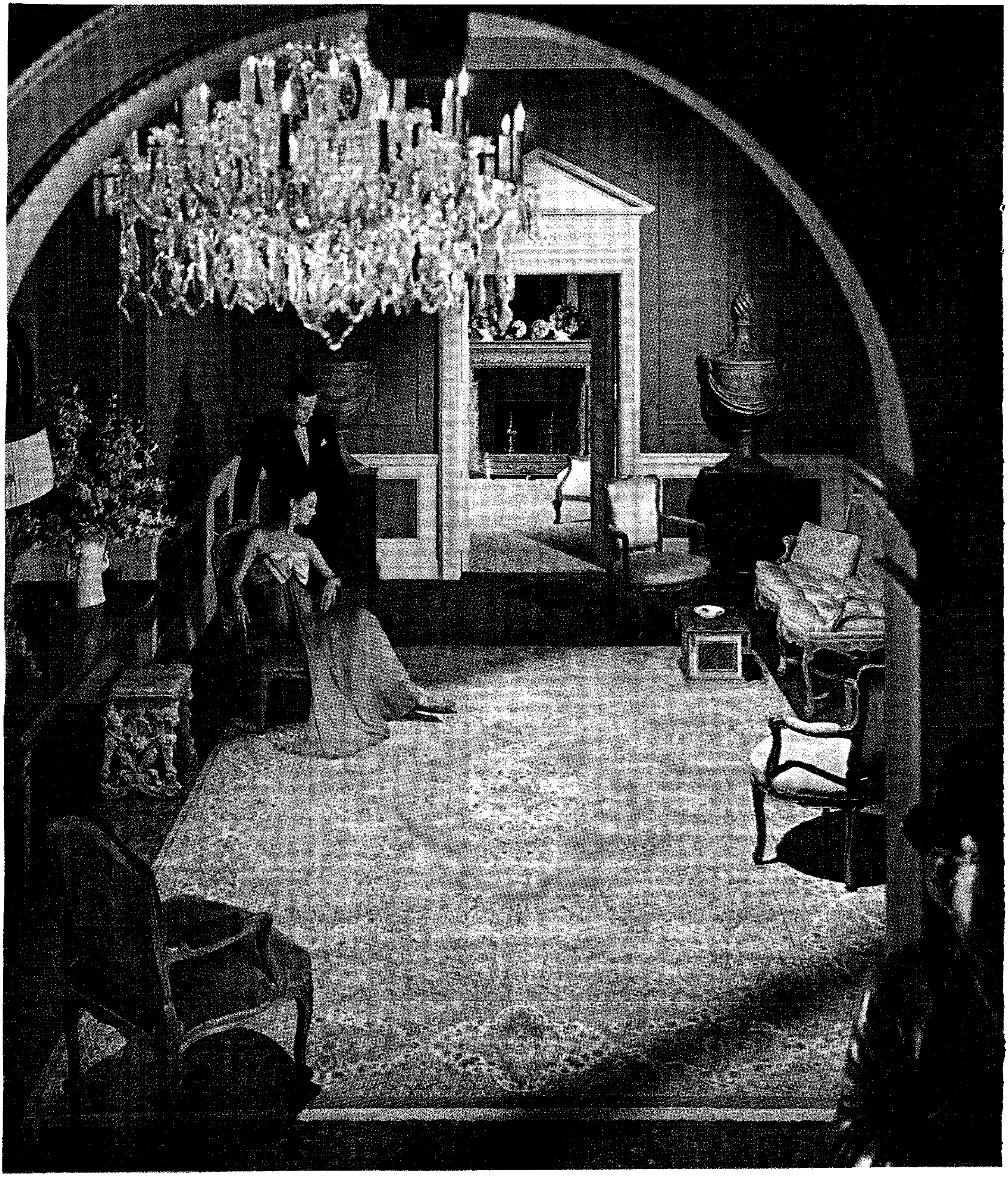

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ning mate, Bishop Bill Rogers, visited every state in the Union, between them, travelling by bus. In 1952, when the Bishop ran on the Ten Commandments, he had covered the whole nation by automobile, accompanied on most of the trip by Mrs. Tomlinson. In 1960, for some reason, he had concentrated on the college campuses, where he always got a good reception and extensive press coverage. He estimates that he had four hundred college groups backing him that year. Now that his own Presidential campaigning is behind him, he is managing the 1968 campaign of Bishop Rogers, who is already off and running. Bishop Rogers' campaign strategy, I learned in the *Church of God*, is to visit all the county courthouses in the fifty states—he gives their number as 3,130—performing at each one what he describes as a "Joshua-Jericho Falling-Wall Exploit." As the name indicates, the Exploit is based on Joshua's tactics in the Battle of Jericho. Bishop Rogers circles each courthouse seven times, marching on the first six circuits, then, on the seventh, running and shouting. He performed in New York City last February, at the Criminal Courts Building, at 100 Centre Street, and the Associated Press reported that on his seventh time around the building he broke into a run and hollered, "America, look to the Lord and live! This is your last chance to accept Jesus! Vote for me!" The Exploits are intended to symbolize the destruction of "walls of corruption and unrighteousness" in government. And, "startlingly enough," the *Church of God* reported last April, "the walls of the Bowling Green, Ky., Court House actually cracked and part fell the next day after his march around it Sept. 30, 1965." Bishop Rogers' platform calls for the establishment of a theocratic government, the appointment of a Cabinet whose members would be drawn from the nation's various races and religions, and, of course, recognition of King Homer's world government.

As I looked through the newspaper files, the recurrent appearance of biographical sketches of Bishop Tomlinson reminded me that I hadn't inquired about his youth and the early part of his career, so we briefly discussed them when he had completed his telephone call and returned to the living room.

BORN in Westfield, Indiana, in 1892, the Bishop grew up in the Tennessee hills, in the little town of Cleveland. His father, A. J. Tomlin-

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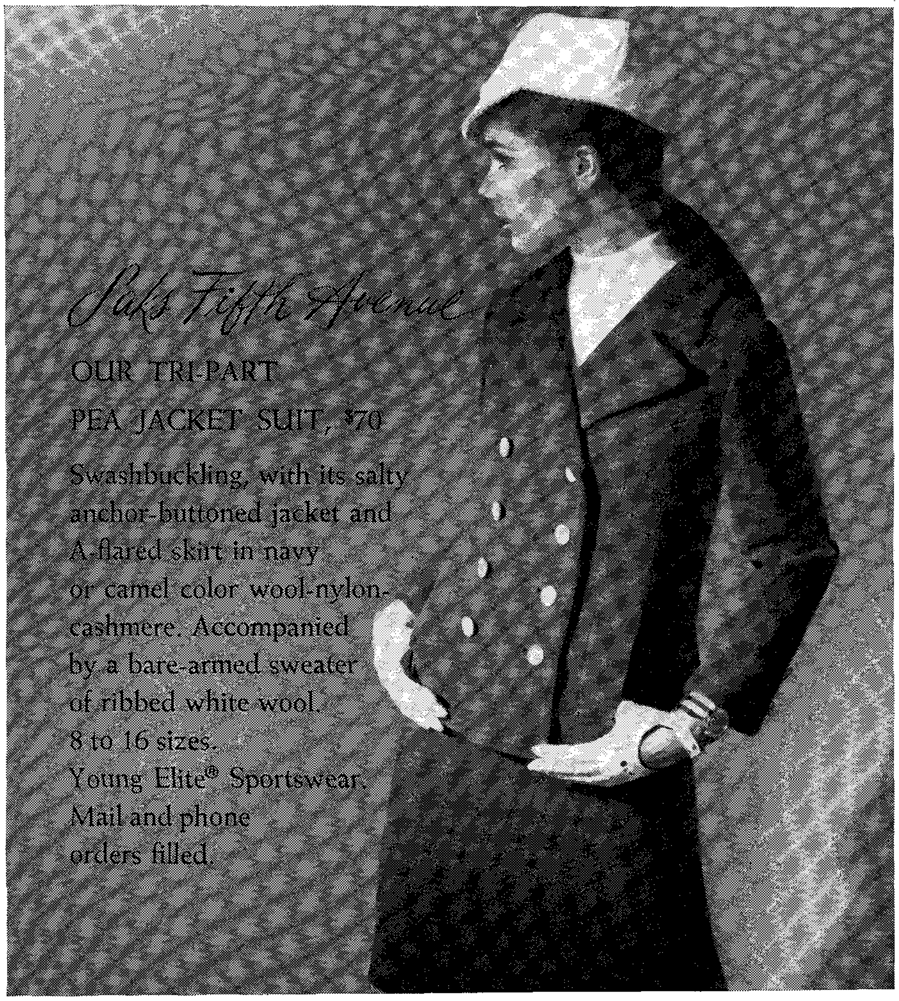

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son, was the first moderator of the Church of God, which was the first formally organized denomination in the Pentecostal movement that began in this country in the last years of the nineteenth century. (The movement produced a dozen or so other sizable denominations, such as the Assemblies of God, and scores of small ones.) Young Homer and the Church grew up together. The way he remembers it, he was helping out in the Church offices before he began wearing shoes regularly. Despite his early zeal, however, he did not plan to become a preacher. He wanted to enter a less hazardous line of work. In those days, being a member of a Pentecostal church, let alone a preacher in one, was a risky business. Pentecostals were mistrusted, being suspected of fanaticism. Their neighbors often thought that Pentecostals were not so much inspired by the Holy Ghost as possessed by devils. Pentecostal churches were burned down, and Pentecostal preachers were reviled and beaten. "I had seen my mother and father undergo so many hardships and so much misery that I just didn't feel I wanted to be a preacher," the Bishop told me. His varied activities in the Church had convinced him that he had the right talents for some sort of promotional work; thus, in 1913, after two years at the University of Tennessee and a year of teaching school, he went off to Indianapolis to go into advertising. He did well enough so that by 1916 he felt ready to move to New York.

Tomlinson opened a small advertising agency here, and kept it going until 1923, he said, when a bitter controversy caused a split in the Church, with A. J. Tomlinson and his followers being cast out of the denomination by the elders. (Meanwhile, in 1919, young Tomlinson had met Marie Wunch at a tent service held in Westchester Square, in the Bronx, by the renowned lady revivalist of the day, Aimee Semple McPherson, and had married Miss Wunch two months later. They have two sons and six grandchildren. The sons are A. Jess Tomlinson, forty-two, and Homer E. Tomlinson, forty, both of whom are executives with the Long Island Rail Road.) Young Tomlinson decided that he must enter the ministry and help his father rebuild, and his father gladly agreed. A. J. Tomlinson established a new headquarters in Cleveland, Tennessee, and Homer remained in New York, becoming pastor of his own church at 90-10 168th Street, in Jamaica, Queens, and helping to

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organize others. During the next two decades, Homer Tomlinson became fairly well known here, thanks to his enthusiastic ministry and his promotion of events like Easter sunrise services in Central Park. At the death of A. J. Tomlinson, in 1943, a struggle for the succession developed between Homer and his younger brother, Milton. Milton won, though Homer declared that this outcome was contrary to their father's wishes. The dispute resulted in another split; Homer returned to New York from his father's funeral in Cleveland to set up his own denomination, which he called the Church of God, with Homer A. Tomlinson as General Overseer. The three branches that resulted from the various splits are still in existence, as are numerous smaller offshoots. The original Church and Bishop Tomlinson's branch now both call themselves the Church of God, while the second branch has taken as its name the Church of God of Prophecy. Leaders of the original Church are inclined to think that Bishop Tomlinson's branch exists mostly in the Bishop's head, and the Bishop himself admits that it is perhaps more a loose, spiritual alliance than a formal denomination. He appoints state overseers and signs the ordination papers of new ministers, he says, but the congregations are autonomous to a large degree. The Bishop conducts his denomination's business in his dining room in Queens, and depends upon love offerings from the saints for the financial backing of his newspaper and his travels. It doesn't seem to be an exceptionally profitable undertaking, especially with his travel bills. The first two branches have far more real organization and more material evidence of their existence, for in Cleveland, Tennessee, they own headquarters buildings, printing presses, orphanages, and related enterprises. Despite the modest nature of his operation, the Bishop often claims a following of millions, because he counts as his own all the Pentecostals throughout the world. He thinks they are his, whether they know it or not.

"We haven't concentrated on the physical side of it—putting up buildings—in these later years, because we felt there was other work to be done," the Bishop told me. He referred, of course, to his takeover of the world. With the accession so near, the Bishop spends most of his time these days in working out the details of the trip to Jerusalem, though he still finds room in his schedule for an occasional appearance as guest preacher at one of

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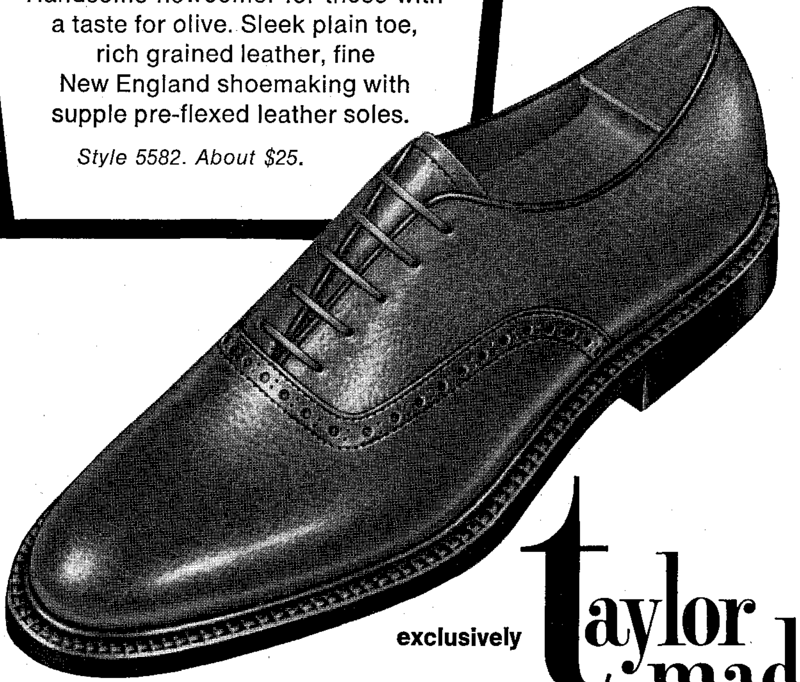

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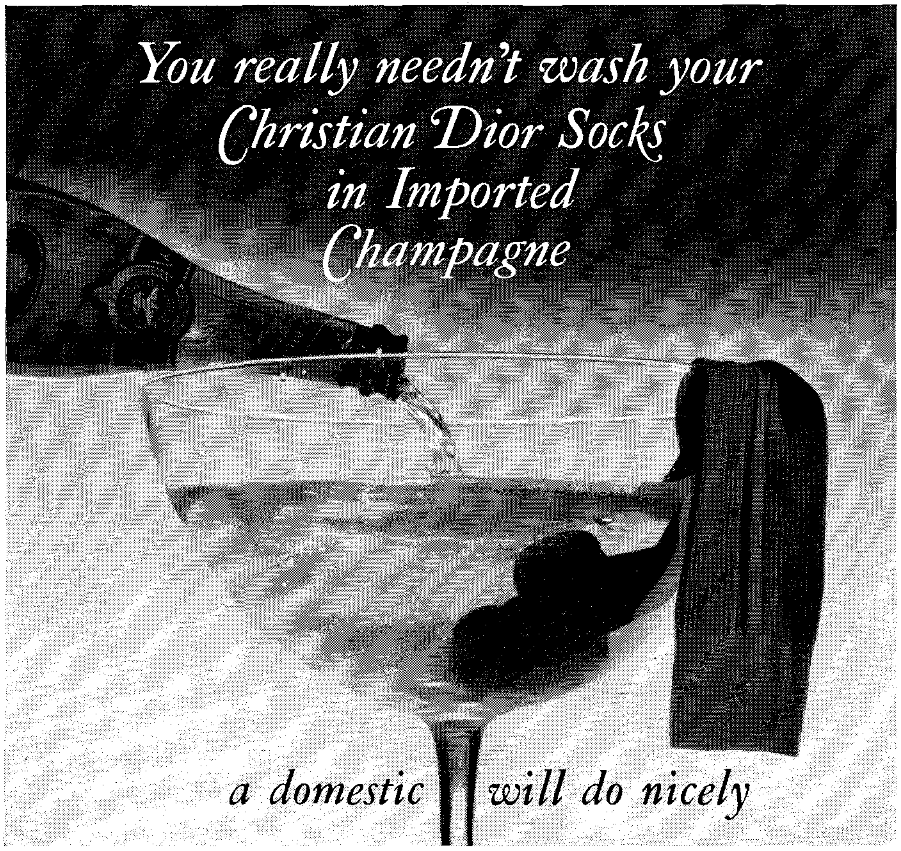

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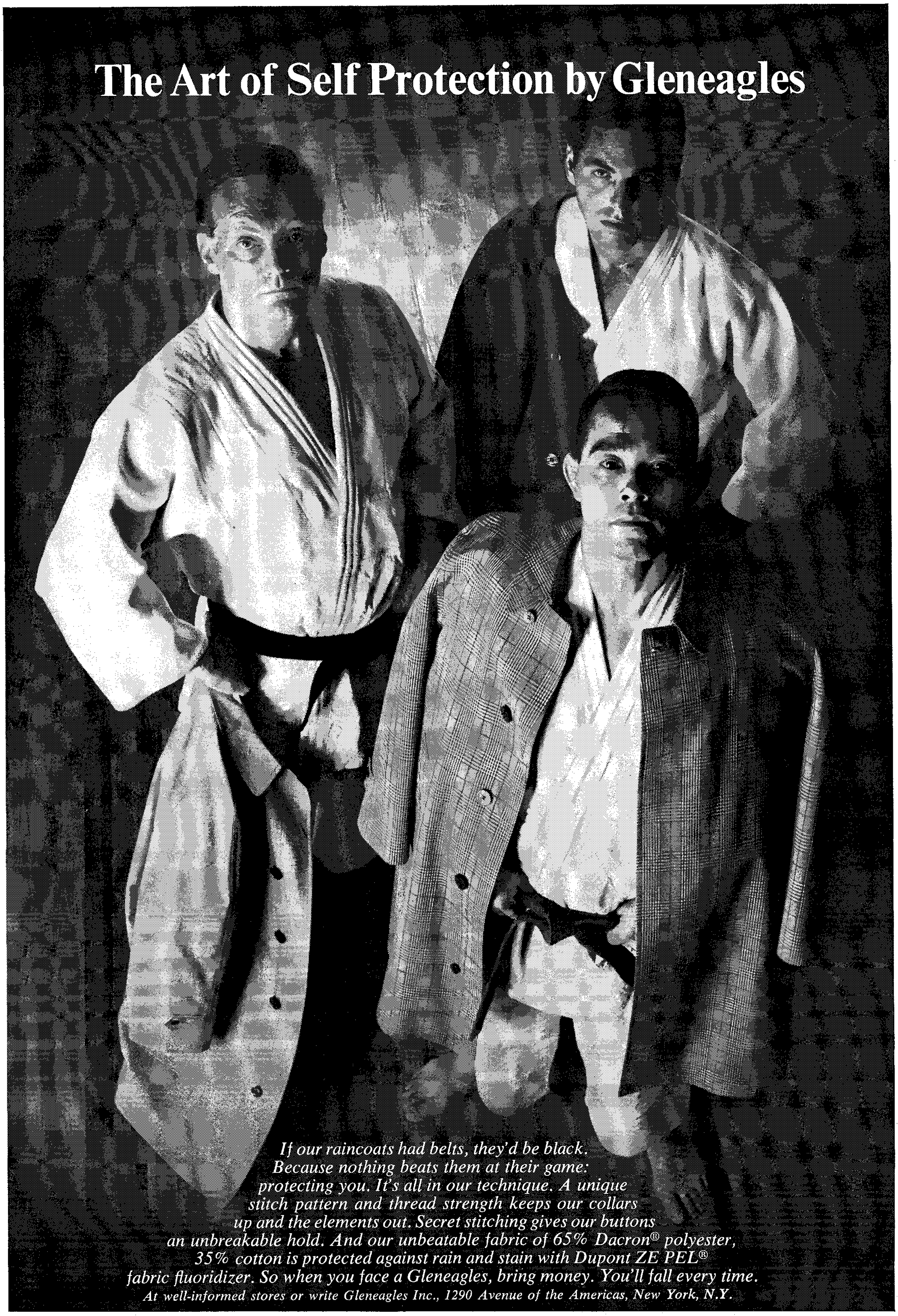

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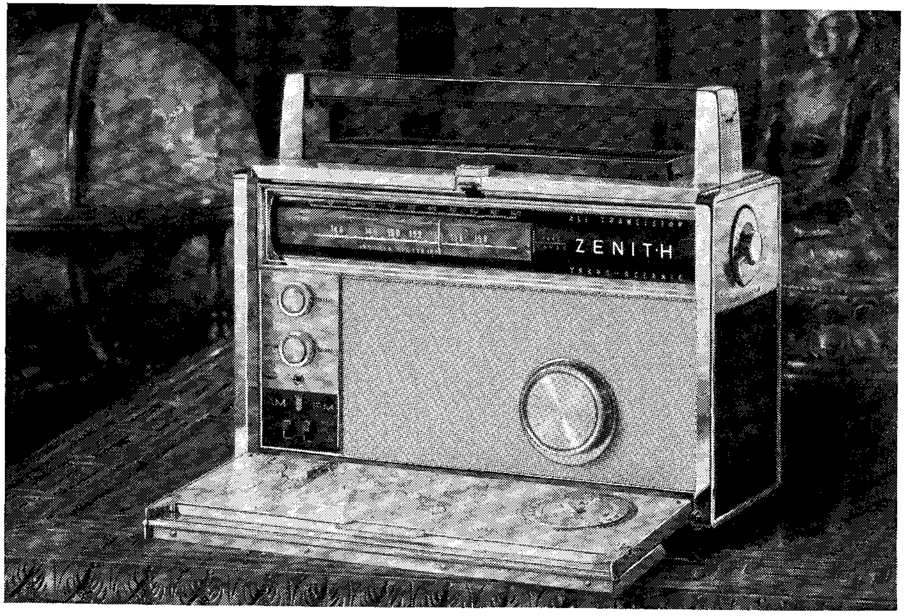

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his churches. He expects to be accompanied by scores of his followers from the United States, and to be met in Jerusalem by a few from England, Australia, India, and other nations. Travel and hotel arrangements for the royal entourage will be handled by American Express, at the round-trip price of seven hundred dollars per person. (The Bishop could have got his own trip free, for lining up the customers, but he has asked that this bonus be prorated among his followers, American Express informed me.) The Bishop and his group will leave here by air on October 1st. They will stop off for two days of sightseeing in Egypt, then fly on to Jerusalem. The big day is October 7th. "On the seventh, at 3 P.M.—the traditional hour of Jesus' death—I and my company will walk along the Via Dolorosa, or Way of the Cross, to the site of the coronation, in the Imperial Hotel," the Bishop said. "Just how it will go when we get there, I'm not sure yet. Probably it will closely follow the form I used in 1954. I'll read some pertinent verses of Scripture—the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh verses of Ezekiel 21: 'Thus saith the Lord God; Remove the diadem, and take off the crown: this shall not be the same: exalt him that is low, and abase him that is high. I will overturn, overturn, overturn, it: and it shall be no more, until he come whose right it is; and I will give it him.' Then we'll have the coronation, and then it'll be just whatever seems to be the most important thing. For instance, I might announce that I'm sending Bill Rogers to Vietnam." On October 6th, the day before the coronation, the Church will begin holding its first annual international assembly. At last year's general assembly, in Cape Girardeau, Missouri, the Church voted to establish a new World Headquarters in Jerusalem, since the Bishop was going to be over there anyway, running the world. So, from October on, the Bishop will commute between Jerusalem and Queens. Each year, he'll spend a few months in Jerusalem, attending to world affairs and to the international business of the Church, and then a few months in Queens, where the Church's National Headquarters is to remain.

As has been noted, the reign of King Homer will produce a number of innovations in life on earth. After the United Nations moves to Jerusalem, all its ambassadors will be replaced by preachers. Jerusalem will become the financial and cultural center of the world. Nations that fail to support the world government or that resort to war will

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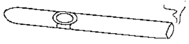
He starts right in with "bonjour" and, through a process as natural as an infant learning to speak, you'll soon know the difference between une pipe and un cigare . In fact, within five minutes you'll be saying a sentence as complicated as "Je préfère la pipe au cigare."

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suffer droughts and plagues (Zachariah 14:17-19). Taxes will be abolished in favor of tithes to church and state. The Ten Commandments will be enacted into law. Roman law, English common law, and other prevailing national codes will be supplanted by the Bishop's "48 Laws." These vary from conservative ("Men will be heard in October gatherings, women will keep silent"), through progressive ("Equality for all races, nations" and "Forgive criminals 490 times, when repentant"), to utopian ("Love one another"). In general, it should be an era of great freedom and enlightenment, with little touches here and there of nostalgia and quaint repression (liquor and tobacco will be forbidden). The Bishop wants us to have a good time, but he intends for us to behave ourselves.

About sundown, when the Bishop had revealed all the marvels that he thought I could handle in one sitting, he paused, slapped one of his knees, and said, with a big smile, "Well, sir, that's the story, up to now. For a hillbilly crowd like we are to come up here and bust open the Great White Way, I think that's really something, don't you?"

I said I surely did. Then I said goodbye to Mrs. Tomlinson, and the Bishop and I got into his car and headed for the subway station. During the ride, he was uncharacteristically quiet. Just before we pulled up to the curb at 179th and Hillside, he said, in a low voice, "You know, they've denounced me in pulpits across the country. They've denounced me from coast to coast. They've accused me of being a publicity hound. But I've never done any of this from a sense of pride. You have to be meek. You have to be humble. Because people can really laugh at you." The Bishop sat in silence for a few seconds, and then, as I opened the door and got out, he abruptly became his old merry self. He leaned over to the window on my side of the car and said, "But I don't care. It's the work that matters. After all, what's Homer?" He burst into laughter, and he was still smiling as he drove away.

—William Whitworth

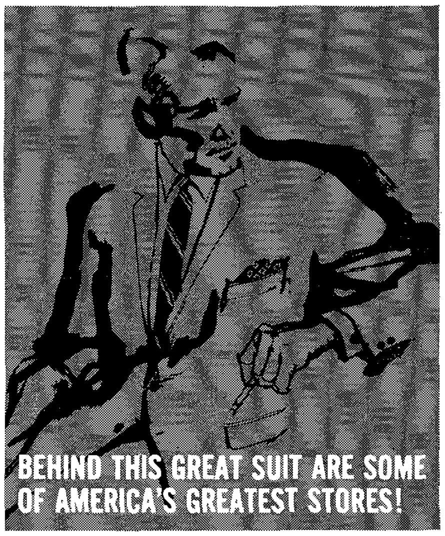
●

Philadelphia (AP) — Philadelphia school district authorities are holding up the pay checks of about 900 employes because of a computer error.

The authorities say an accounting computer was placing the decimal point one place too far to the right. When officials discovered the machine writing checks for $150 they quickly turned it off.

—*Rochester (N.Y.) Times-Union.*

Maybe it got thinking.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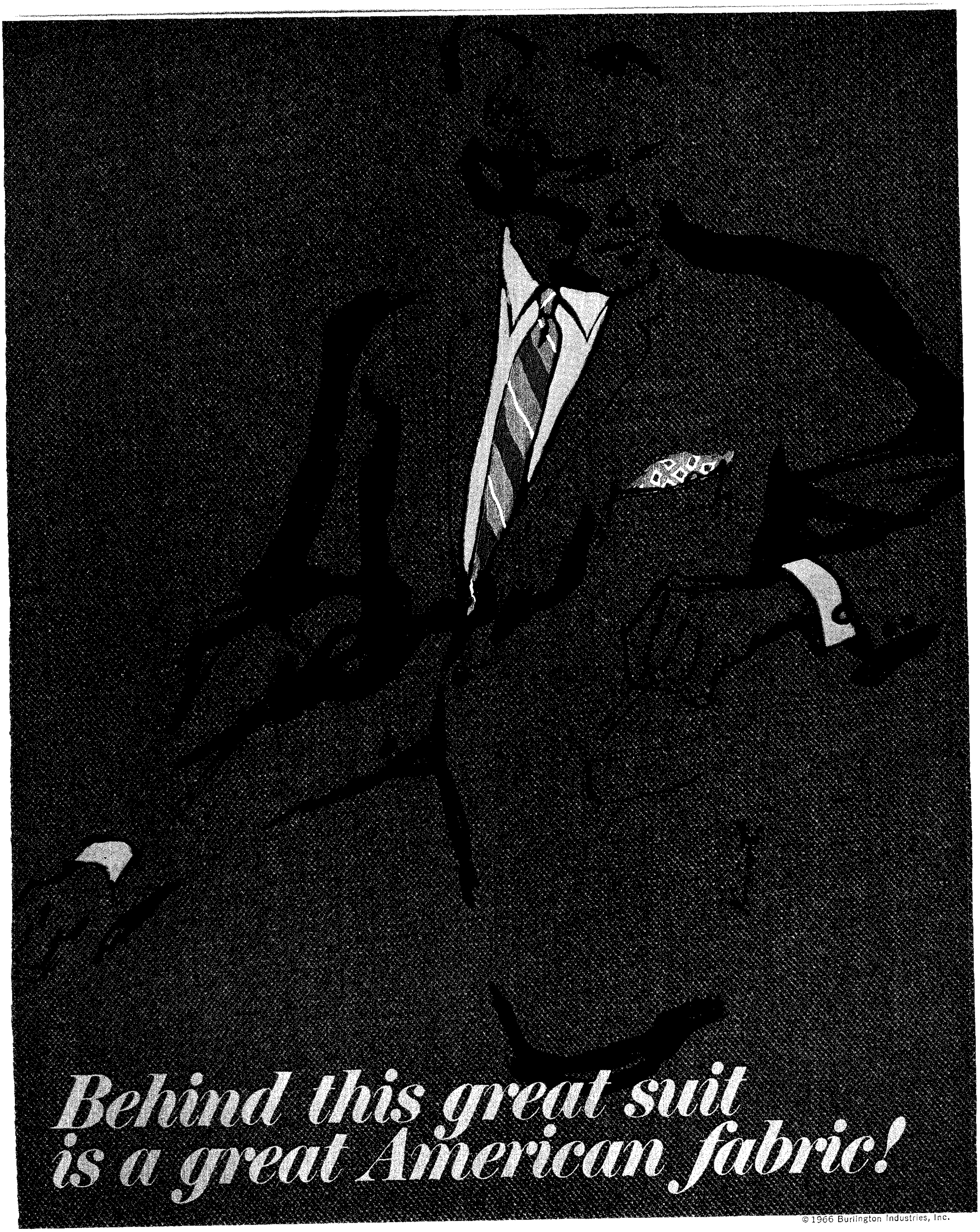
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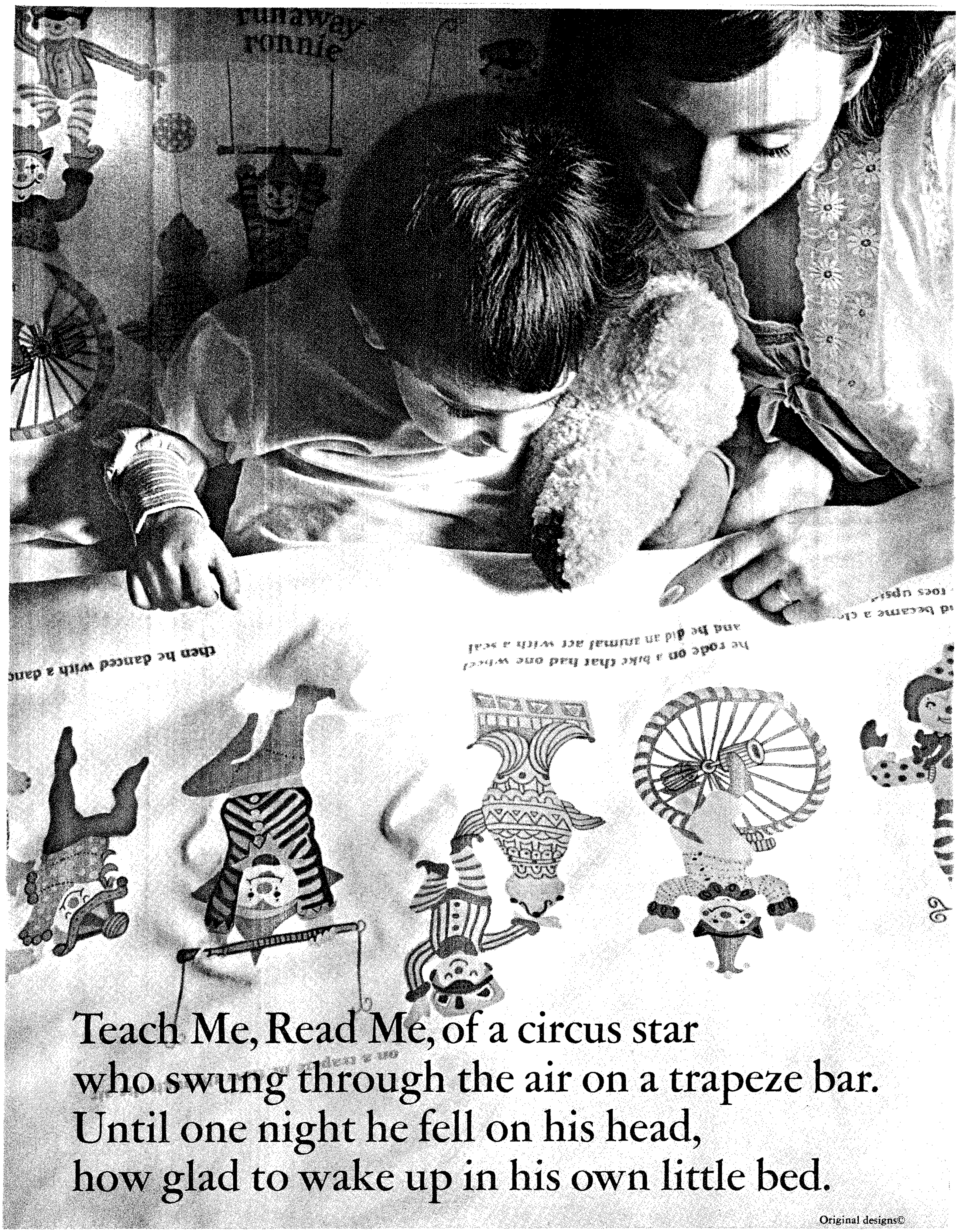
Runaway ronnie
Teach Me, Read Me, of a circus star
who swung through the air on a trapeze bar.
Until one night he fell on his head,
how glad to wake up in his own little bed.
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Wrong Turns

POOR Marlon Brando! Here he is trapped inside still another dog of a movie. (The last one was “The Chase.”) To make matters worse, this is a dog of a movie about a horse—the movie is called “The Appaloosa,” and we soon take it in that “appaloosa” is a breed of Western pony and not a depressed area, although, given the impoverished script by James Bridges and Roland Kibbee and Mr. Brando’s cherry-nougat delivery, the error would be a very natural one to fall into. The story, which one imagines as having been laboriously lettered in chalk on a big blackboard out at Universal City, has to do with a sullen misfit of a cowboy who, along about 1870, returns to his drowsing home town on the Mexican border. In a characteristically torpid opening scene—I assure you that the very buildings of the town appear to be under heavy sedation—the cowboy confesses to the local priest that he has done a certain amount of “sinnin’ ” with women and “killin’ ” of men, and now wishes to settle down to a peaceful little old existence, sans sin and homicide. Needless to say, within seconds a wanly pretty Mexican dish has informed her fierce Mexican lover that our hero violated her on an earlier occasion, the lover has placed blue steel at our hero’s head, and our hero is threatened not only with the loss of his life but with the loss of his pony, which only a decent respect for the opinion of mankind prevents me from describing as the – – – – – oosa of his eye.

NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS

The movie couldn’t have succeeded under the best of circumstances, being composed from start to finish of bits and pieces of standard Western-movie hokum, but its failure was guaranteed by Mr. Brando’s weird interpretation of the hero and by Sidney J. Furie’s equally weird direction. Not for the first time, Mr. Brando gives us a heavy-lidded, adenoidally openmouthed caricature of the inarticulate, stalwart loner, and in my impatience with this hominoid I am tempted to take back the “poor” I put before its creator’s name. Mr. Brando is, after all, an important actor, as well as a highly intelligent one; I assume he can pick and decline roles with considerable freedom and, once having picked a role, can act it in pretty much any way he pleases. If he is trapped, it is not by others but by himself. As for Mr. Furie, he has scanted his story, such as it is, in favor of camera pranks and a sentimental preoccupation with open-air settings. Innumerable closeups of birthmarks, decayed teeth, bloodshot eyes, and the like are not *quite* open-air but are irritating in their arty irrelevance, and the timing that distinguished his direction of “The Ipcress File” has here gone radically out of phase. In the climactic scene of “The Appaloosa,” the hero contrives to shoot the villain stone dead from a distance of several hundred yards without ever seeing him (the glint of sunlight on a rifle barrel suffices as a target), and it is typical of the movie as a whole that Mr. Furie spends much less effort on trying to give this astounding feat a momentary plausibility than he does on showing off the delightful snow-clad spruce forest in which it takes place. “Beauty is so difficult,” Beardsley said to Yeats on a famous occasion; beauty is also, when fawned over and cuddled, a crashing bore.

“LOST COMMAND” is one of those odd movies that get made in spite of possessing a conspicuous and obviously insurmountable flaw. Back in the nineteen-fifties, a band of tough French paratroopers, commanded by a brutal, peasant-born, ambitious lieutenant colonel, is shown killing off as many Indo-Chinese as possible. Having been withdrawn from Indo-China, the French soldiers are next shown in Algeria, killing off as many Muslim guerrillas as possible. Now, as between natives attempting to defend their homelands and the murderous Colonel Raspéguy and his cohorts, how can our sympathies not lie with the natives? Yet the plot of the movie makes the Colonel its chief figure, and everyone else we encounter is his more or less helpless victim; perforce, we despise him and pity the rest. These are uncomfortable emotions to feel, especially in the absence of any other emotions, and I should think that somebody in the head office of the company making the picture (Columbia) would have foreseen

CHRISTMAS CARDS

The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards—paintings by Giotto, Fra Angelico, El Greco, Breugel, and Goya, goldsmiths’ work in enamel, crystal, and jewels, Renaissance angels, medieval sculpture and stained glass in precious colors, tapestries in wool and silk, Victorian Christmas illustrations, American primitives, drawings and prints by Leonardo da Vinci, Dürer, and Rembrandt, and a festive variety of designs from Japan, Tibet, Persia, Greece, and Sweden. ☆ All of the cards are printed under the direct supervision of The Metropolitan Museum of Art in limited editions and cost from 5 to 95 cents each. They can be bought only by mail or at the Museum itself. Mail the coupon below, together with 25 cents, for the forty-page catalogue which also illustrates Museum jewelry, the new Museum engagement calendar, and other unusual Christmas presents.

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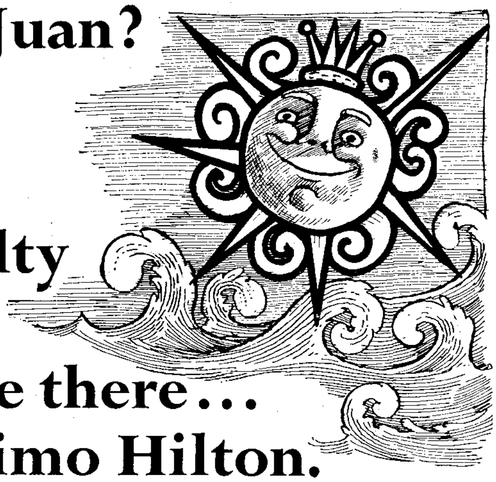

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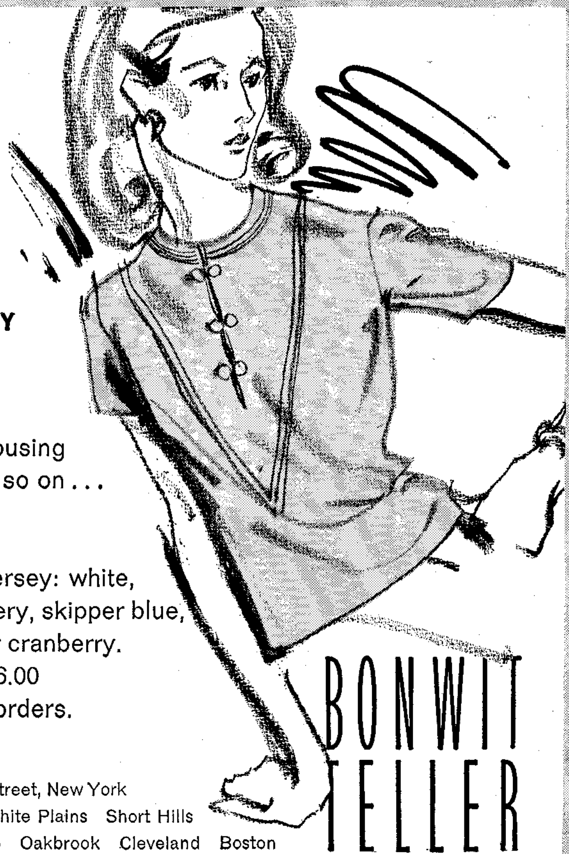

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BONWIT TELLER

the difficulty and have ordered the script rewritten or locked away in a file marked "Forget."

The self-serving Colonel is played in bone-crunching style by Anthony Quinn. Among the other men present are Alain Delon, George Segal, and Maurice Ronet, and among the ladies are Michèle Morgan and Claudia Cardinale. The direction is by Mark Robson, who evidently had a fine time shooting the combat scenes. The din is terrific.

JEAN-LUC GODARD is the most reliably uneven movie-maker alive, as well as perhaps the most prolific. Mark Twain said of New England weather that if you don't like it, wait a minute; in somewhat the same fashion, if you don't like a particular Godard movie, wait until the next one arrives in a month or so, and the chances are that you will like it very much. Since I deplore his newly arrived picture, "Masculine Feminine," I expect to be delighted by his "Pierrot le Fou," which is already waiting in the wings. "Masculine Feminine" is more talk than plot, and so tiresomely seesawlike is its minuscule action that when, from time to time, Mr. Godard tosses in a sudden, refreshing murder or suicide, we welcome it with silent cheers. I have to admit that the picture has slipped through my mind as through a sieve, but I *think* the main parts were played by Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya.

—BRENDAN GILL

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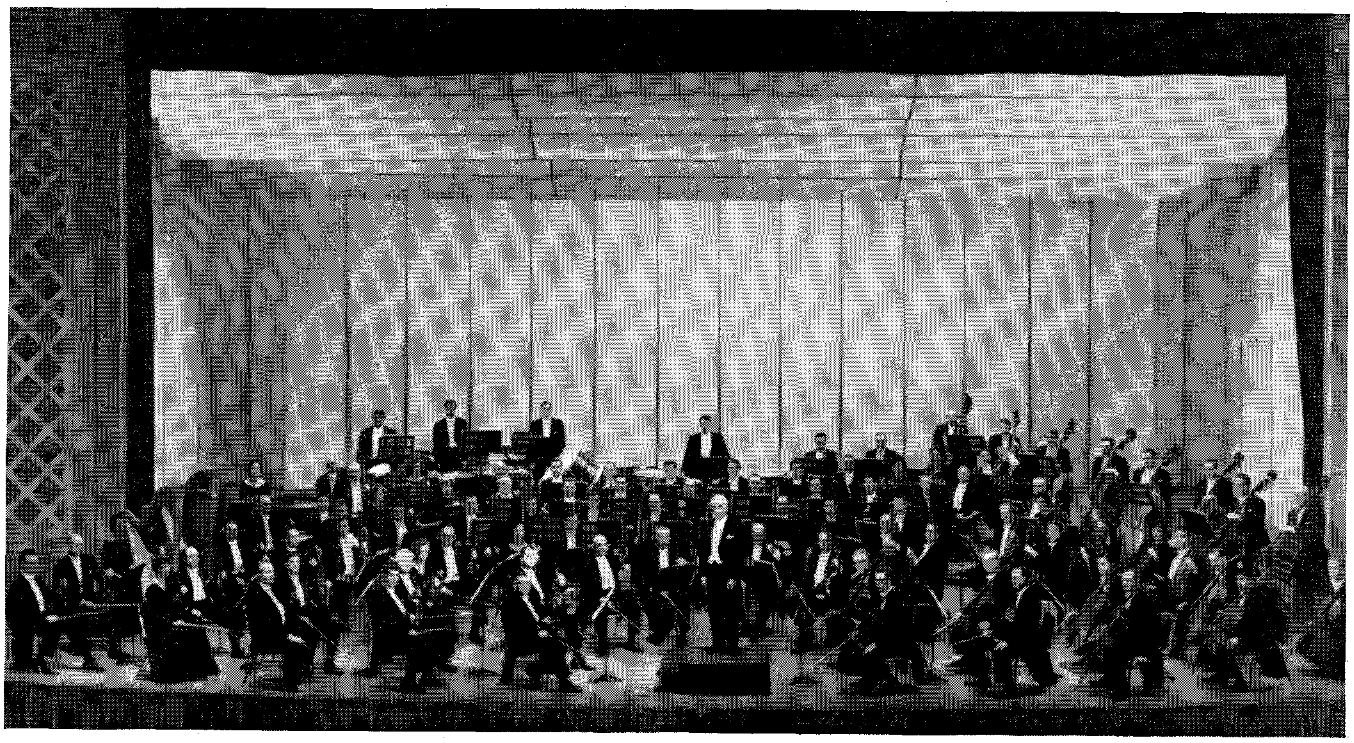
We'd love to, but we have everything tied up in Comsat.

•

Daytime and cocktail suits and dresses usually hovered at the top of the kneecap, bringing some relief to ladies who have been shortening their wardrobes.

But over them Dior mannequins wore military coats with epaulettes that flapped around mid-calf.
—*Miami Herald.*

What's going to bring relief for *that?*



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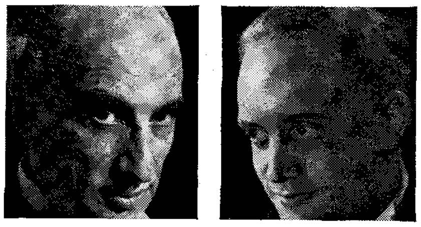

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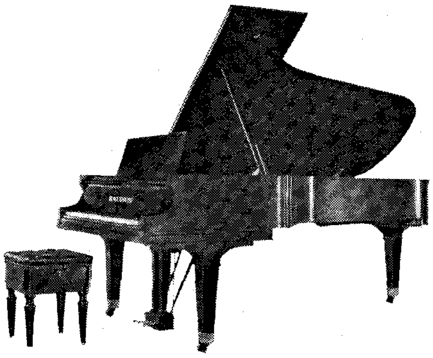

Baldwin

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MUSICAL EVENTS

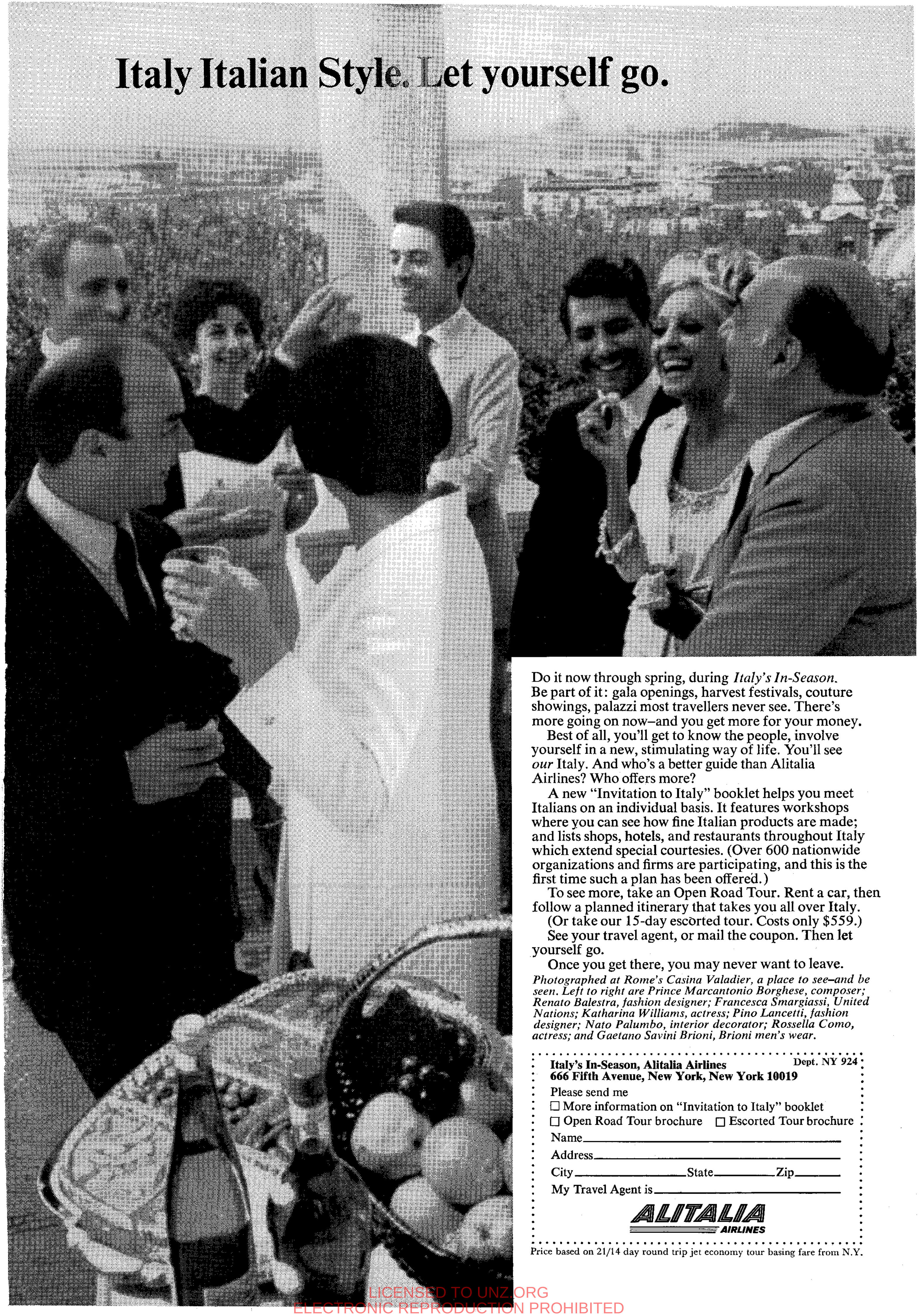
Grand Opening

SINCE the opening of a new opera house is something that occurs here only once in a lifetime, the opening of the spanking-new Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center on Friday night of last week was something special, inviting a great deal of curiosity as well as attracting a quite expensively dressed and, in part, distinguished audience. It was a pleasure to see the wife of the President, not to mention a governor, a mayor, and several senators, present, since this indicated a new wave of interest in such things by our governmental dignitaries. Mr. John D. Rockefeller III made a speech, Mr. Anthony A. Bliss made a speech, and Mr. Bing appeared briefly before the curtain, looking somewhat tired and harassed, to announce that the Musicians' Union had come to terms and that the threatened strike would not take place.

Before the performance started, I took myself on a tour of the house and the surroundings, and thus am prepared to give you an impression of these things. The new opera house is, in my opinion, a quite handsome one. As you view the exterior from the side, panels of subdued light shine between its ribs, giving it a festive look, as if something gay were going on inside. Under the front arches, before gigantic panes of glass, you see an outdoor balcony of operagoers and, behind them, bits of the interior, including the much-talked-about Chagall murals. That's the best view of the murals you will ever get, because the grand-tier lobby is rather narrow, and in it you can't get far enough away from the paintings to appreciate them. No matter. I have always regarded Chagall as the Harpo Marx of the Fauve movement in art. The murals are slightly silly, but they do have charm, especially at a distance of a hundred or two hundred feet. Generally, the art on the inside of the house has a great deal more dignity than the junk sculpture and other avant-garde stuff that clutter the State Theatre and Philharmonic Hall. There are three fine nude figures by Aristide Maillol and an exquisite "Kneeling Figure" by Lehmbruck. The only disappointment in this happy state of affairs is a gigantic bit of sculpture, directly above the proscenium, by Mary Callery, which, as far as I can figure out, represents a pair of intertwined shackles, symbolic of what I do not know, unless it is that once become an opera buff you are chained to opera for life.

The various lobbies looked rather cramped to me at first glance, but they appeared to be ample enough later on when they were filled with people. You descend a few steps to reach the parterre seats, passing beneath a really elegant double grand staircase, up which the occupants of the grand-tier boxes are climbing. Not that there is any need to climb. Elevators are everywhere, but what is the use of a grand staircase unless people can be seen mounting it and pausing now and then, as if for applause?

Someday the auditorium will acquire the patina of age. It now looks just a trifle unused, which, of course, it is. The chandeliers, presented by the Austrian government, are both modern and delightful, creating numerous little sunbursts all over the scalloped lily-pad ceiling, and they are sometimes lowered to create sunbursts elsewhere. The proscenium is simple, except for Miss Callery's sculpture, and surrounded with dull gold. The carpets and seats are in the traditional red, and the fronts of the boxes and galleries, which are white, are decorated with dull gold and spangles. The rear boxes seem to be unusually close to the stage, and they hang forward over a good part of the parterre. However, I am informed by people who sat under this overhang that it interferes not at all with acoustics. And here we come to the most crucial of all structural problems—one that appears to have been solved perfectly in all parts of the house. The acoustics, in short, are very very good—bright from ground floor to top balcony. This is a triumph in a mysterious field, where guesswork has usually prevailed. Perhaps the African-rosewood lining of the auditorium, which can be glimpsed at the rear of the boxes and balconies, has something to do with it. Perhaps it is the shape of the auditorium. At any rate, Wallace K. Harrison, the architect, seems to have performed a miracle, and to have created the only large theatre in Lincoln Center where everyone can hear wonderfully well. I will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Photographed at Rome's Casina Valadier, a place to see–and be seen. Left to right are Prince Marcantonio Borghese, composer; Renato Balestra, fashion designer; Francesca Smargiassi, United Nations; Katharina Williams, actress; Pino Lancetti, fashion designer; Nato Palumbo, interior decorator; Rossella Como, actress; and Gaetano Savini Brioni, Brioni men's wear.

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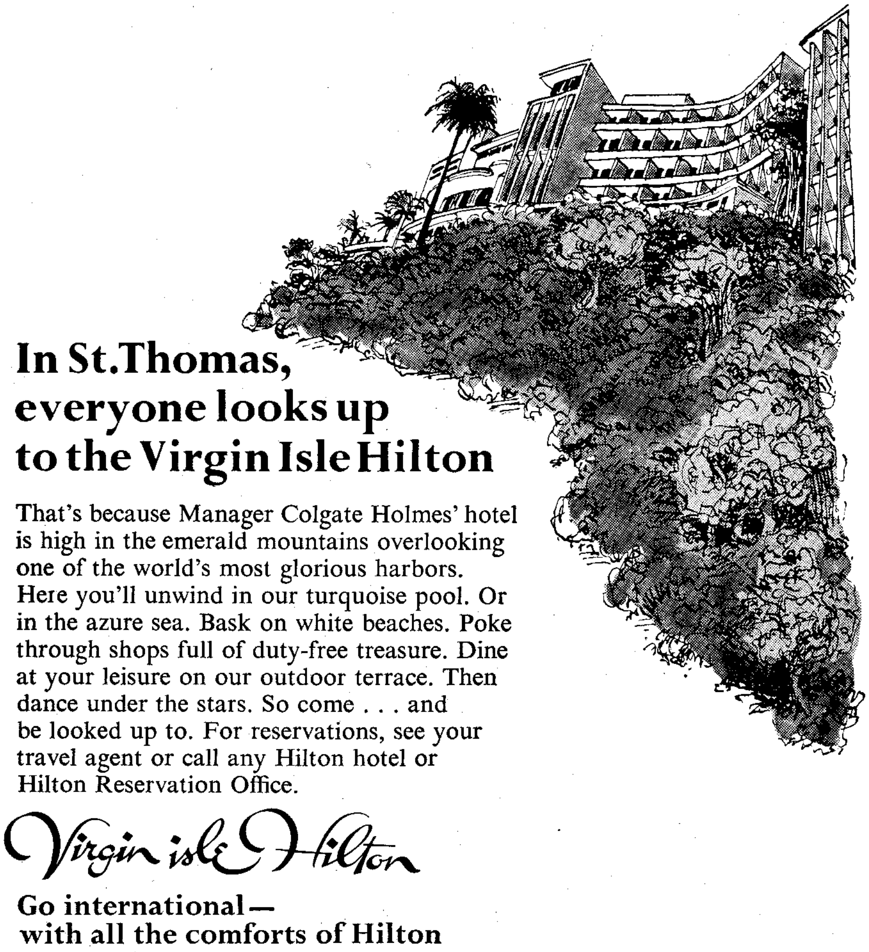

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criticize only one point. The sight lines are not quite as good as we were led to believe they would be. There are places in the parterre where a short man cannot see over a tall one, and the deepest part of the stage, which reaches almost to Amsterdam Avenue, is not visible at all from the top balcony.

I will not bore you with the statistics of the backstage area, which have already been widely discussed. Suffice it to say that it is probably the most efficient factory for the production of opera ever devised, with four separate stages, each of which can be set before the audience merely by the pressing of a button, and each of which can be raised or lowered by the same means, not only in its entirety but in sections. I am told that even the conductor's podium can be raised and lowered the same way—a thought that provokes some profane imaginings: Will a virtuoso conductor suddenly propel himself into the limelight during the "Ride of the Valkyries"? I wouldn't put it past a few I know of.

NOW, all this wealth of elegance and machinery was at the disposal, the other night, of a new American opera—Samuel Barber's "Antony and Cleopatra." The cast was almost entirely American, and the American conductor Thomas Schippers officiated in the pit. Every backstage gadget seemed to be in use, and the production exhibited at least some of the possibilities for staging that the new opera house offers—possibilities that would certainly have attracted Cecil B. deMille. The mobility of everything onstage gave, in fact, a sort of cinematic fluidity to the proceedings, and in itself was something to see.

But what one saw was, after all, an opera, and I must get on to music criticism. One does not nowadays expect to hear beautiful lyricism and melody in a new opera, which is one of the reasons, I think, that so few new operas survive more than a season or two. If any contemporary composer *should* be capable of infusing melody into a new opera, it is Mr. Barber, whom I have long regarded as one of America's few truly professional composers of serious music, and whose compositions I have frequently admired. But I am afraid that "Antony and Cleopatra" is not entirely successful. Mr. Barber's sensitive, retiring temperament seems out of its element in a spectacle of such grandiose proportions. "Antony and Cleopatra"—based on Shakespeare and containing a great deal of the speech of Shakespeare's play—is,

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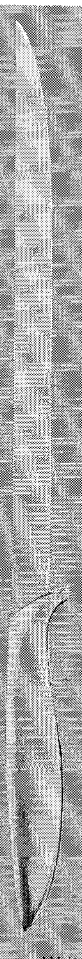

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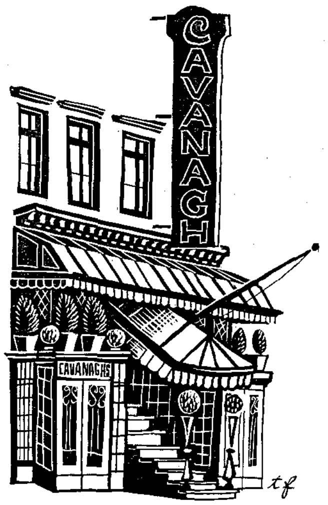
as one might expect, intended as a true "grand" opera, written for singers who can sing, and its Shakespearean libretto is set for voices with some skill, particularly for the voice of Leontyne Price, the Cleopatra for whom it was composed. Its dramatic scale, however, is about like that of "Aïda," with large crowd scenes and marching soldiers, and Mr. Barber has failed to fill it out with music of sufficient power and eloquence. There are spots that are appealing: some ballet music in the Egypt of the first act, the scene in which a vision of Cleopatra in a barge appears at the back of the stage, and quite a number of scenes in which people are saying goodbye to each other, or to life—to wit, a good-night scene between Octavia and Antony in the middle of Act I, a lament by Antony after his defeat, simple but effective music as Antony dies, a fairly good aria for Caesar as he laments over the body of Antony, and a perfectly splendid aria for Cleopatra, beginning with "Give me my robe," toward the very end. The music of the last act is superior to the rest of the score. During the first two acts, there is no music of passionate, lyric quality to express the great love that is supposed to be going on between the two protagonists. Antony, to be sure, sings a love song to Cleopatra in Act I, but it is not anything to make your heart beat faster. Most of the time the music is much too complex and much too thick—at any rate, up to the point in Act II at which Antony prepares for death. To have to report all this is very sad, for an opera of this scope represents the work of years, and Mr. Barber has already shown that he is capable of writing excellent operatic music. The truth is that his previous opera "Vanessa" is superior to "Antony and Cleopatra" in almost every way.

But even if "Antony and Cleopatra"



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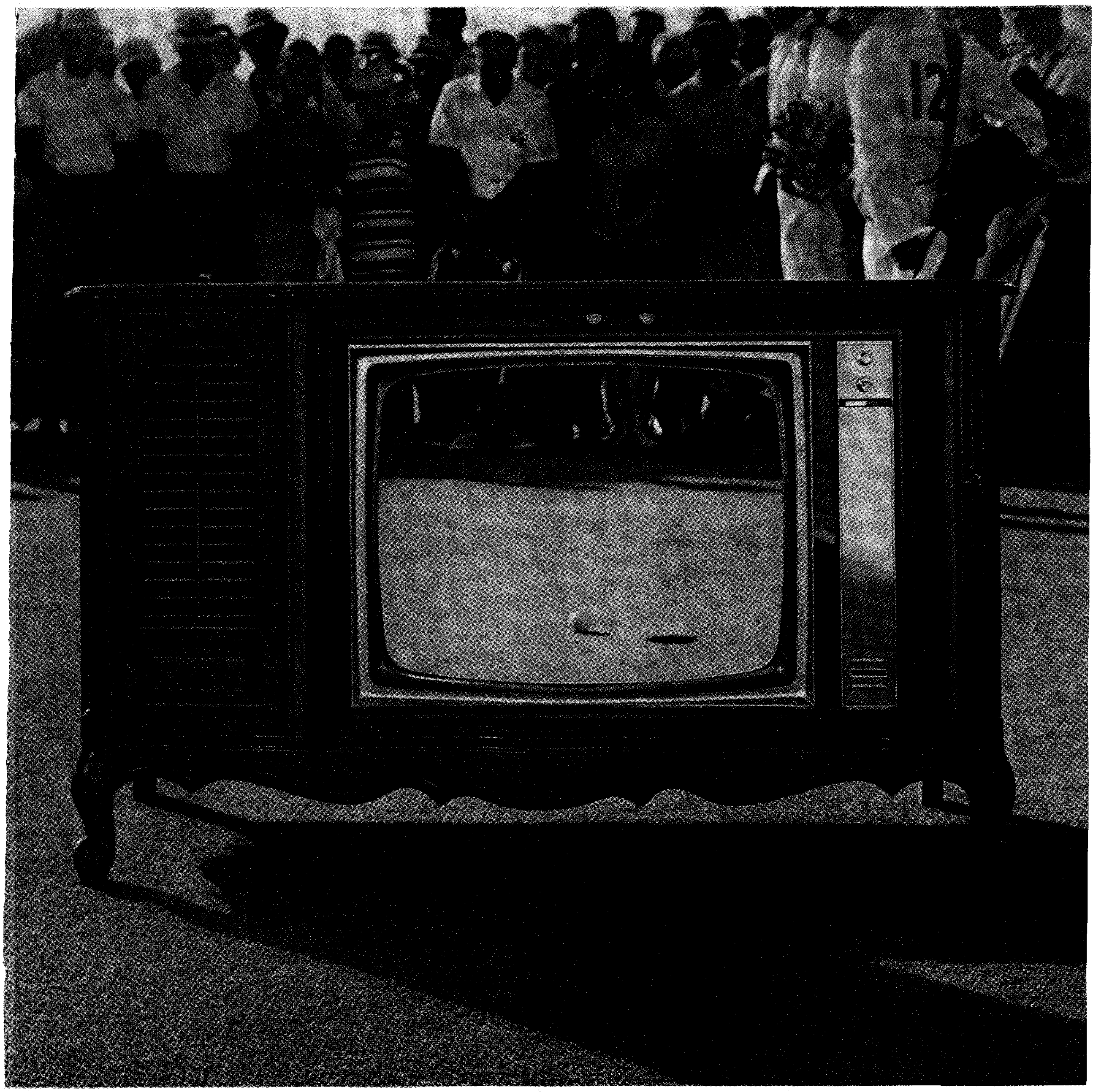

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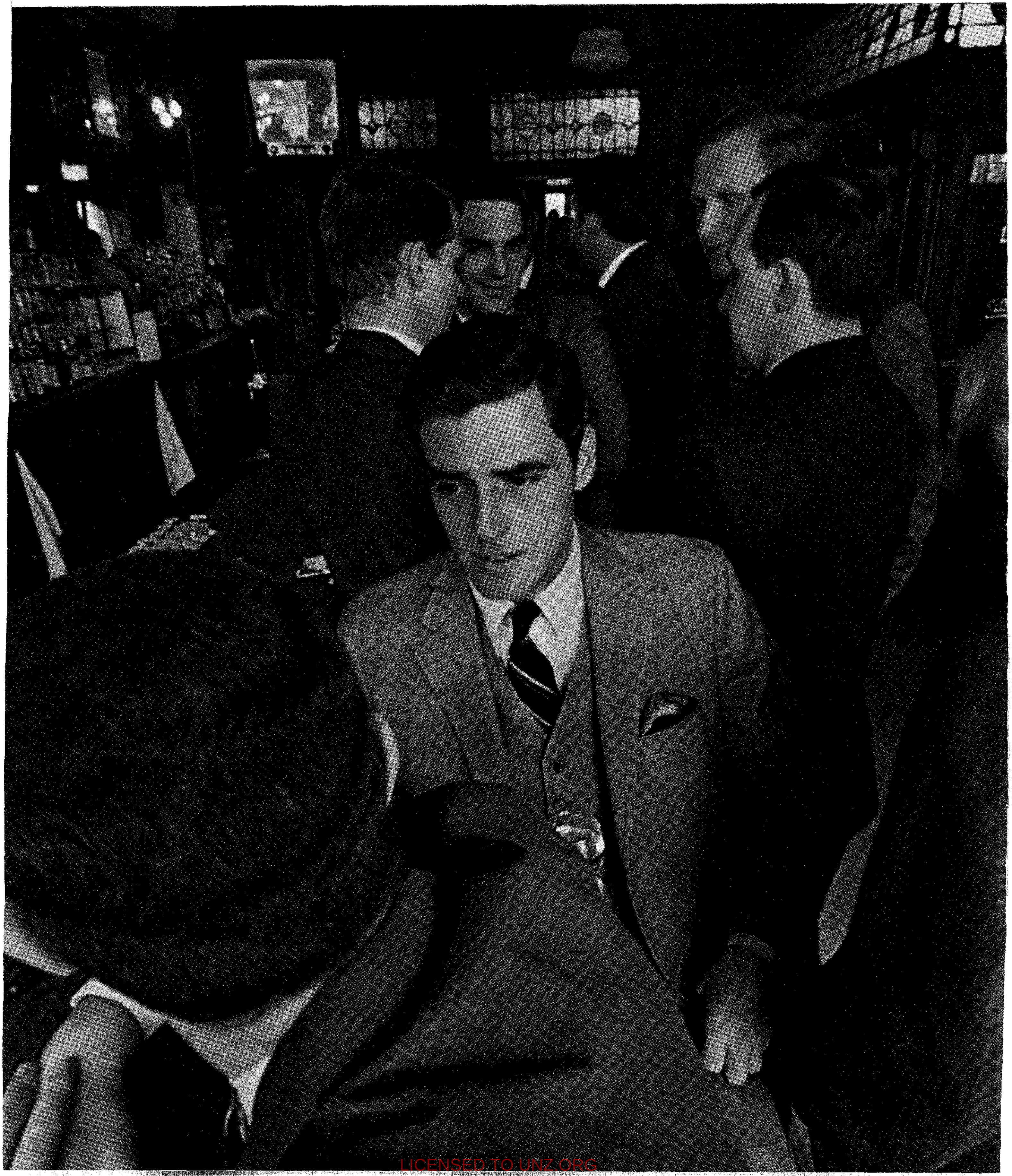

had been a masterpiece, the production given it by Franco Zeffirelli would have killed it. His staging of it was, I thought, appallingly pretentious, appallingly arty, and, in most respects, destructive. One got the impression throughout the first two acts that the opera had somehow got stuck in a Venetian blind. Slats ascended and descended. There were blue slats and red slats, brightly lit slats and slats in the shadow. A small pyramid of golden slats, looking somewhat like a haystack, opened up in the first act to disclose Antony, and closed to cover Cleopatra and her companions. Even the female ballet dancers in the Roman-orgy scene wore slats over their bosoms. The only bits of non-abstract—or illusion-producing—scenery were the vision of Cleopatra's barge, a toy sea battle deep in the background in Act II, and a huge sphinx that went around and around the stage like a lost locomotive. The costumes—part Roman, part Elizabethan—were all right as far as the men were concerned, but there seemed to be a conspiracy to make Miss Price look as unattractive as possible. Miss Price is a pretty woman, but, aside from a noticeable décolletage, she was swathed in mountainous folds of drapery and covered with thick, heavy headgear that seemed to crush her face. One thing that I am sure the ancient Egyptians did not do was hide themselves in blankets and quilts, and even the Elizabethans could not have achieved the amount of padding that appeared in this spectacle. Nearly all the female costumes were fit attire for an arctic expedition, and Miss Price's were quite a bit more ample than the rest. Moreover, at the very end of the opera, as Cleopatra lay, or sat, dead, a group of macabre figures with the heads of Egyptian gods and the bodies of bats descended on her, creating a grotesque effect in what should have been a moment of tragedy. I am aware of Mr. Zeffirelli's towering reputation as a director and stage designer. This example of his work was pure sensationalism, often inappropriate, and vulgarly ostentatious in that it distracted one's attention from the singers and the music.

Among the singers, a brave effort was made to achieve the finest results, and Thomas Schippers held the whole complicated business together admirably. Miss Price's role is one of considerable difficulty, designed to exploit every hurdle that her voice is capable of surmounting, and she sang magnificently. Justino Díaz, as Antony, made the most of a part that never seemed to have any particular identity. Jess

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Thomas acted well, looked imposing, and sang loudly as Caesar. There were many admirable bits of work by the numerous lesser singers. Rosalind Elias, with one of the most inspired passages in the score to help (it was she who ended the opera after Cleopatra's death), made quite an impression as Charmian. Lorenzo Alvary, as a soothsayer, stood out during his short time onstage. Ezio Flagello's boundless bass voice made the role of Enobarbus particularly impressive, and his big aria, "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale," brought cheers from the audience. Mary Ellen Pracht was excellent as Octavia. Andrea Velis was effective as the eunuch, Mardian. Among the littlest bit parts, Paul Franke's, as the messenger, and Bruce Scott's, as Antony's shield-bearer, were especially well done, Mr. Scott proving to have the best enunciation in the entire cast, which, in retrospect, is not much of a compliment, though the Messrs. Thomas and Flagello and Miss Elias were at least occasionally understandable. In general, Shakespeare's lines were totally obscured, either by poor enunciation or by the thickness of the scoring. One does not ever expect to understand *all* the text in opera, and sopranos are apt to be especially ununderstandable. Still, with a text as noble as Shakespeare's, it is a pity that more was not heard.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

"I think the time has come for us not to be satisfied with cliches . . ." Ribicoff said at a Senate subcommittee hearing on urban problems. "A lot of the concepts are loaded with political dynamite."—*Denver Post.*

The time has come and the hour is late.

•

The market suffered its sharpest setback of the year Monday. The New York Stock Exchange registered more than $10 billion in paper losses.

"As she picks up speed, we look for her to eventually turn northeast," a forecaster said.—*Bradenton (Fla.) Herald.*

Where the big money is.

•

CORRECTION

In the final installment of Anton Mikulencak's article in the Granger News last week, the text as printed read: "Nobody did not seen me drink here."

It should have read: "Nobody did not seen me drunk here." The NEWS regrets this error and is glad to make this correction.—*Granger (Texas) News.*

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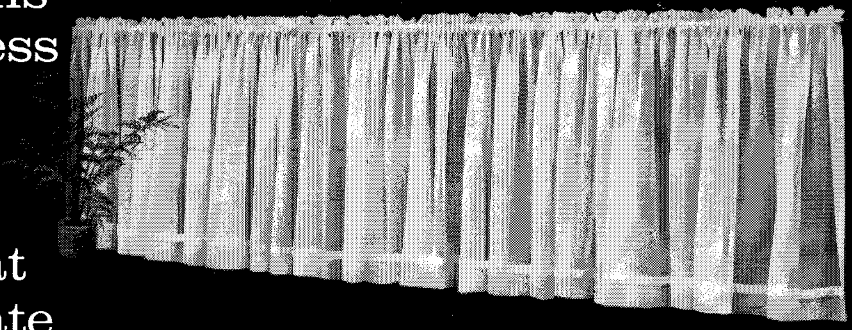

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YOU CAN'T WEAR OUT A LIST

"THERE'S a certain cachet in getting mail," Harry Maginnis, the president of the Associated Third Class Mail Users, has said. "If you don't get any mail, you're probably a credit risk and uneducated. A deadbeat. A bum. A guy who doesn't get any mail, watch out for him." Anyone who does get mail, on the other hand, probably has a name that is considered valuable enough to be rented out, or valuable enough to be traded for an equally treasured name. He has been included in a marketable mailing list. Anyone doubting Maginnis's Law need only read through some of the descriptions of lists that are distributed to potential customers by list brokers, or glance through the advertisements that sometimes appear in a trade magazine called the *Reporter of Direct Mail Advertising;* the man they depict is in no danger of being categorized as a bum. His financial status is attested to every time his name is rented out, for two and a half cents, as an American Express credit-card holder ("88% earn over $10,000 a year") or, for three cents, as a key-holder in Playboy Clubs International ("All paid $25.00 to $50.00 for membership and are credit rated and in above average income levels"). His willingness to travel may be certified by his name's having been rented out, for two cents, as a former guest at a Schine Hotel ("High-income traveller and resort vacationist") or, also for two cents, as a former subscriber to *Commentary* ("70% travelled abroad in past five years, 20% visited Israel, 95.3% travel fifty miles or more a year") or, for about a penny and a half, as a person who has had some correspondence with the Florida Chamber of Commerce ("Men and women who wrote to the Florida Chamber of Commerce for information on where to spend vacations or where to retire in Florida"). He has probably been stamped as a participant in the cultural explosion; he may have been rented out, for two and a half cents, as a donor to the Musicians' Aid Society ("Particularly interested in cultural appeals") or, for one and three-quarters cents, as a former subscriber to the *Reporter* ("Active, cultured individuals") or a customer of Brentano's ("Cultured well-to-do individuals") or, for three cents, as a current subscriber to the *Partisan Review* ("Heavy readers"). A recipient of third-class mail may have been dashing enough to have had his name rented out by Bachelor Party Tours ("The emphasis is on fun, and most of these travellers are single"), or prudent enough to have been rented out as a former policyholder with National Liberty Life Insurance ("Non-drinkers' health-and-accident insurance policy at a preferred rate"). Even if someone receives mail only because he is in the phone book, it speaks well for him. The O. E. McIntyre company, which compiles lists from phone books, notes in its catalogue that "telephone owners have more than twice the income of non-telephone owners." In other words, anyone whose name has been rented out by the owner of each of these lists may think that he has merely received a dozen offers from record clubs and magazines and credit-card companies, but what he has really been sent is certification that he is a wealthy, cultured, dashing, prudent, credit-checked American. And the people who have provided him with that certification have made only about twenty-five cents from his name.

The mailing-list business is a concentrate of American free enterprise. No one tries harder than a mailing-list broker to emulate the Midwestern meat-packer who managed to sell everything but the squeal. No other businessman is so horrified by the sight of a potential source of profit lying fallow. A broker or a compiler of mailing lists is often haunted by this sense of waste, because he can see a potential source of profit where others see only a list of names. And he can see a list of names where others see only a method of licensing automobiles or delivering magazines or giving away free recipe booklets. In the eyes of someone in the list business, no transaction is quite what it appears to be to the less advanced practitioner of free enterprise; it is what it appears to be plus a list. A mailing-list broker assumes that people who have enough in common to be on the same list have enough in common to constitute an excellent market for some product, and he is likely to feel professionally unfulfilled until he figures out what the product is. Arthur Martin Karl, of Names Unlimited, a veteran list broker, has even managed to find a use for the No List. The No List is the result of a phenomenally successful direct-mail technique pioneered by the *Reader's Digest* and known as a sweepstakes. The recipient of a sweepstakes

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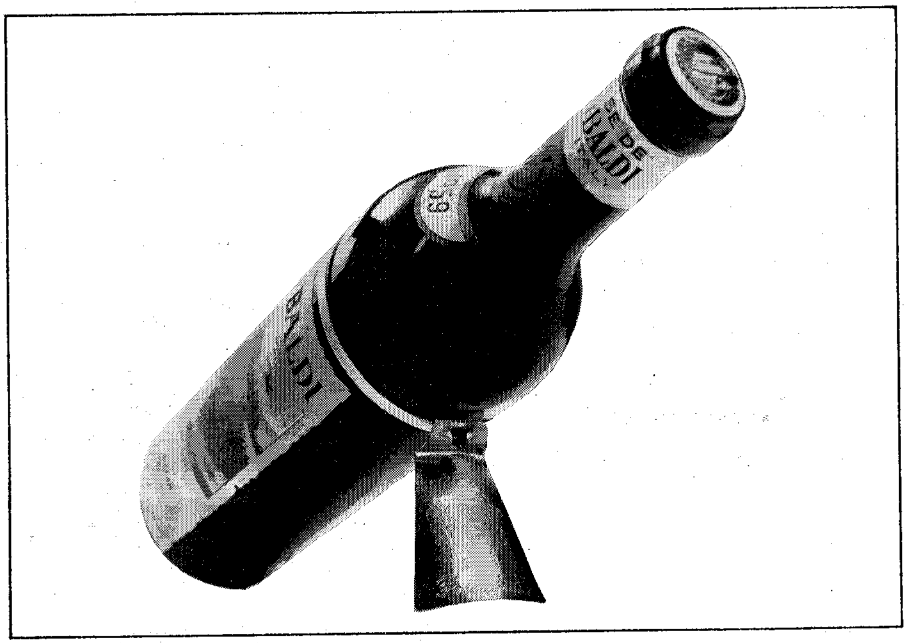

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mailing can send in a reply card that makes him eligible to win one of a million dollars' or so worth of prizes offered in the sweepstakes drawing and, at the same time, carries his order for whatever merchandise is being sold. He can also say no—that he would not like to buy the merchandise but would just as soon have his reply-card number remain in the sweepstakes anyway. The No option prevents the sweepstakes from being an illegal lottery that requires a purchase as the price of entry; also, as it happens, the inclusion of the No option always increases the number of people who say yes—even when no sweepstakes is involved and the person who sends in a No card has nothing whatever to gain. Some merchants might consider this double blessing enough to justify the existence of the No option; a list broker would look upon such merchants as people who are willing to tolerate unconscionable waste. The returned Nos are a list, and a list that is not being rented out is a by-product wasted. But who could use a No List? It is true that the people on it demonstrated some activity by taking the trouble to mail in the reply card—and activity of any sort is highly valued in the list business—but the only other characteristic they had in common was a willingness to walk to the mailbox in order to take a chance on winning something for nothing. Karl eventually thought of the Puzzle Lovers Club, an organization whose members receive cash prizes for solving puzzles published in the *Puzzle Lovers Newspaper*. The Puzzle Lovers Club was willing to send a test mailing to three thousand names on one of the No Lists that Karl offered. The percentage of response was so high that the club ordered twenty-five thousand more No List names, and then five hundred thousand more.

Anyone who spends much time among list brokers eventually begins to suspect that a list broker can find a use for any list. The suspicion grows that if somebody defied Maginnis's Law and wrote in to demand that his name be taken off a list, he would be placed on a list of people who have demanded that their names be taken off lists.

"No, there's no use for that one," a list broker told a visitor recently.

"How about renting it out as a soreheads list?" the visitor asked. "It might do for selling products to people who want to be left alone—ammonia to squirt in dogs' eyes, or electrified fences, maybe."

The list broker smiled and shook his

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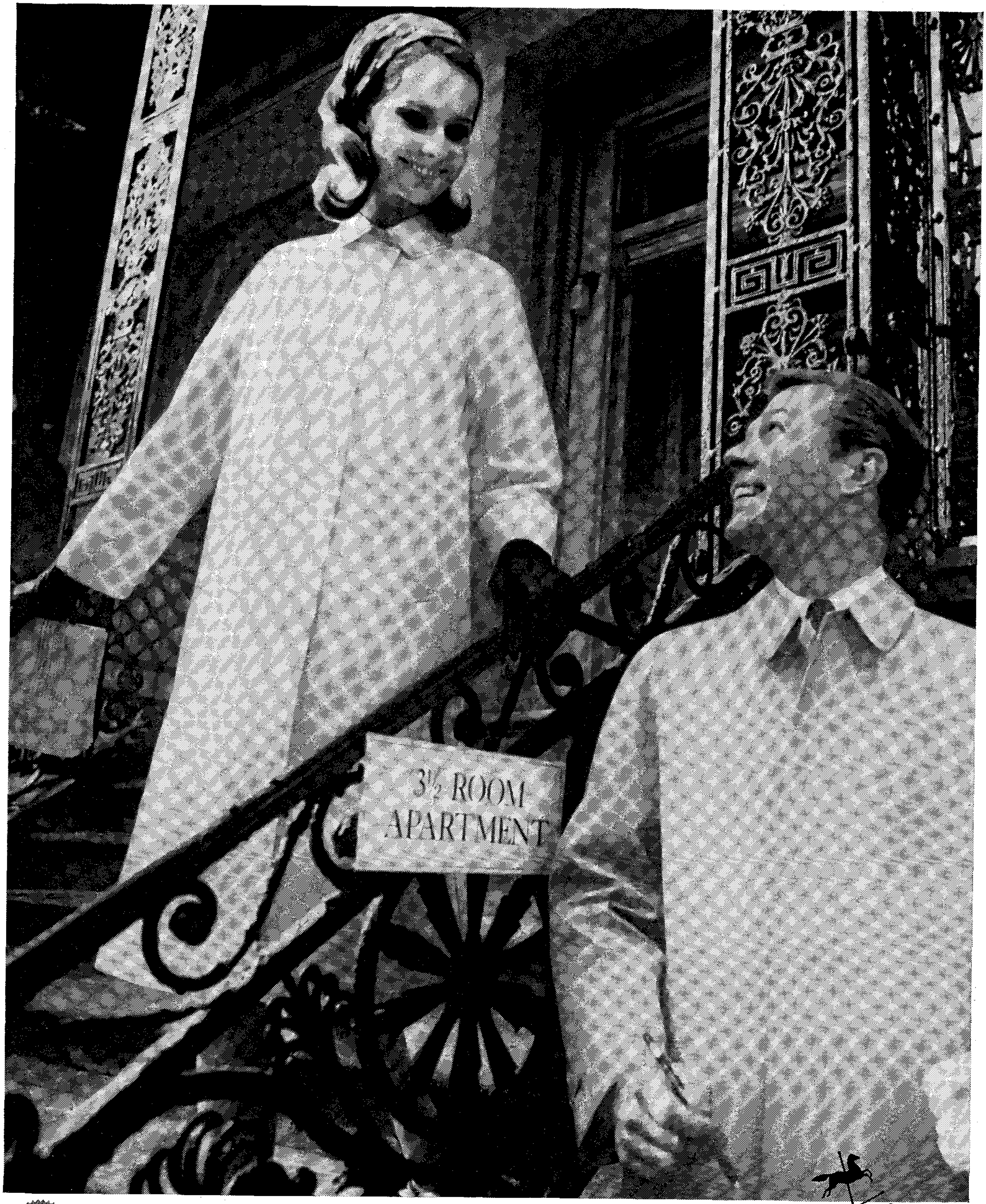

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head, and made a note on his desk pad.

People in the list business find it natural to turn a dollar on what less resourceful people would probably not recognize as a marketable commodity. The O. E. McIntyre company, for instance, which has annual sales of several million dollars, has built its entire business on the names in phone books and statistical information available to anybody from the United States Bureau of the Census. Bernard Fixler, of Creative Mailing Service—a Long Island company that specializes in compiling business and executive lists—has said, "We have forty-three hundred telephone books and Dun & Bradstreet, and for the main part of our business that's all we need." List compilers often take the trouble to copy down what is available to everybody anyway. Then they sell it. They go to Washington to copy down the names of contributors to campaign funds, which both parties are required to disclose after each Presidential campaign, or they copy down the names of the people in the New York telephone directory who have more than one telephone number. It is common for a list compiler to sell the names of the members of a professional society merely by making the society roster into a list.

List brokers, possessing the optimism of the truly enterprising, are only briefly distressed if a list of marketable names seems unavailable; often they can simply hunt around and turn up a list that contains the same names. Financial-advisory services are not permitted to advertise in the *Wall Street Journal* and cannot rent the list of current *Journal* subscribers. (The *Journal* does, however, trade the names of former subscribers, known in the business as "expires," with other publications.) However, a financial-advisory service *can* rent a list like "Mail Order Buyers from *Wall Street Journal*," which is composed of people who have purchased sports equipment and other merchandise from a company named Scott-Mitchell by answering its advertisements in the *Wall Street Journal*. Scott-Mitchell customers make up only a small percentage of the *Journal's* readership, of course, but they have demonstrated that in addition to being people who read the paper they are people who are willing to buy through the mail—the sort of activity most highly valued in the list business. If a list broker cannot find an alternate list, a list compiler can always create one. Not long ago, Herbert Odza, the chairman of the Dunhill International List Company and one of

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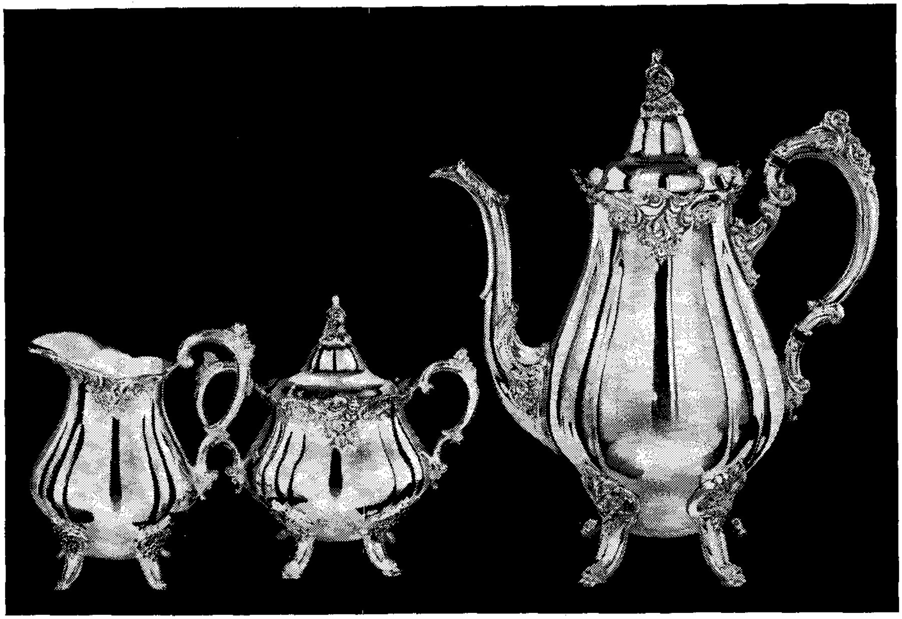

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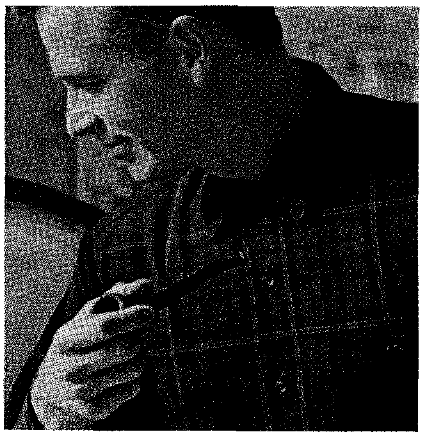

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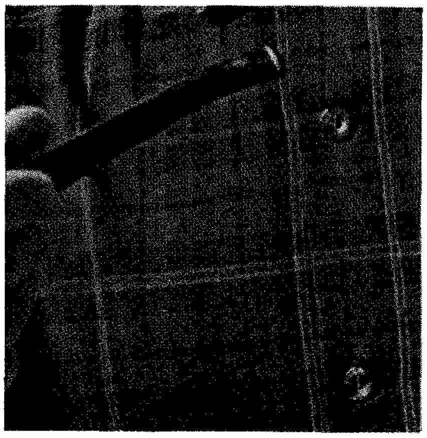

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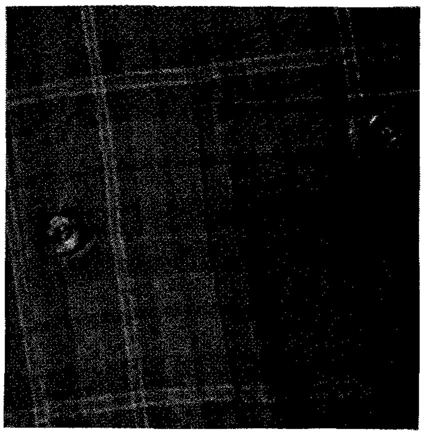
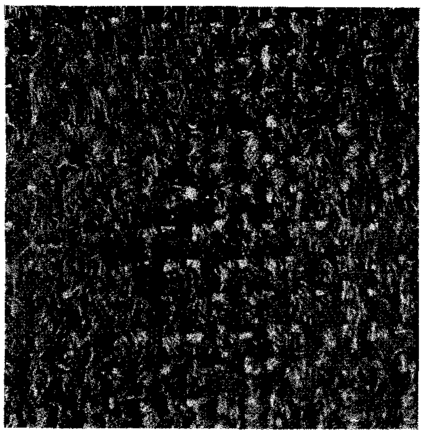
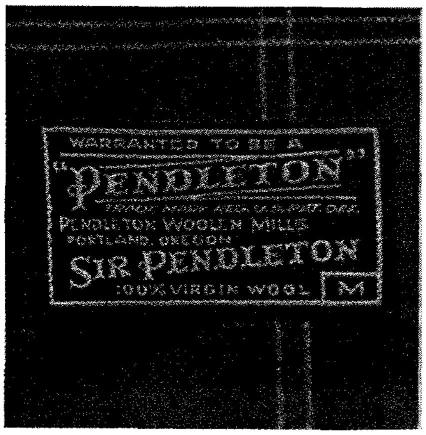


CLOSER . . . observe the details you seek in quality sportswear. Cleanly tailored pockets match stripe for stripe.



CLOSER . . . be assured of lasting quality because Pendleton controls every step from fleece to final tailoring. Wool's natural resilience helps this lightweight sport shirt look better, longer.


WARRANTED TO BE A
"PENDLETON"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS
PORTLAND, OREGON
SIR PENDLETON
100% VIRGIN WOOL
M

CHOOSE SIR PENDLETON in solids or plaids, in traditionals with long sleeves . . . complementary with Pendleton sportswear. Look for them at better stores, everywhere. Washable. 19.00.

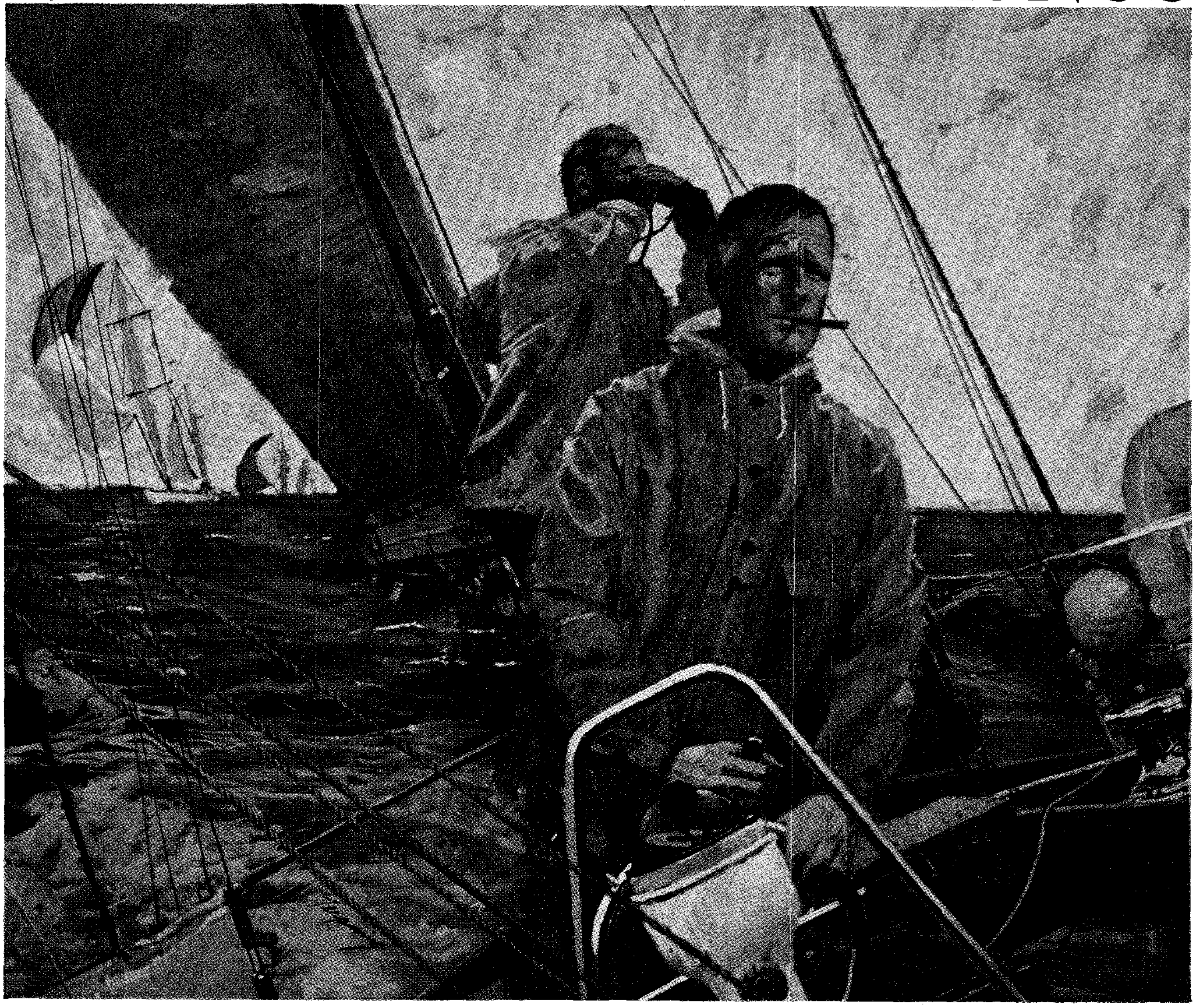
Sportswear by the Wool People

Sir Pendleton®

For information and a swatch, write Pendleton Woolen Mills, Dept. NY-617, Portland, Oregon 97201. © PWM 1966

PURE VIRGIN WOOL

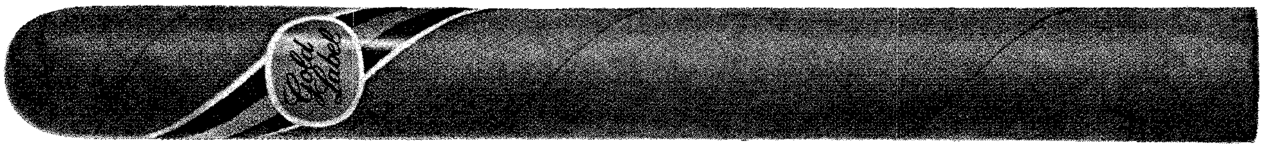
SPINNAKER RUN TO MYKONOS



CELEBRATE WITH A CORONA DEVILLE

3
Corona deVille
Gold Label
CIGARS

They have raced the wine-dark Aegean from Samos to Mykonos on the route of the ancient Greek triremes. The whine of the rigging rises above the shouts of the crew as the red yawl takes the lead, leaving a trail of multi-hued spinnakers in its wake. Victory in hand, the skipper relaxes and slowly lights his cigar. It is at times like this that men of action the world over seek the enjoyment and companionship of Gold Label—the internationally acclaimed cigar of superb aroma and masculine mildness. *Adventure with Gold Label anywhere in the world... it is worthy of the best times of your life.* **CORONA DE VILLE 35¢**... Alumipak of 3/$1. Gradiaz Annis, Tampa, Florida.



OTHER FAMOUS GOLD LABELS: CEDAROMA 35¢ • PALMA CANDELA 26¢ • JAGUAR 70 25¢ • PANETELA GRANDE 3/50¢ • SWAGGER 5/60¢

Gold Label

WORLD LEADER IN LUXURY CIGARS

the industry's most aggressive compilers, happened to mention to a reporter a list of contributors to the United Jewish Appeal.

"But I just spoke to the U.J.A. yesterday," the reporter said. "They told me they don't rent their list to anyone. They don't even trade it."

"That's right," Odza said.

"Then how did you get it?"

Odza looked disappointed, as if he found it distressing that anyone could fail to see such an obvious bit of business strategy. Eventually, he said, "Well, the U.J.A. has dinners attended by the big contributors, right?"

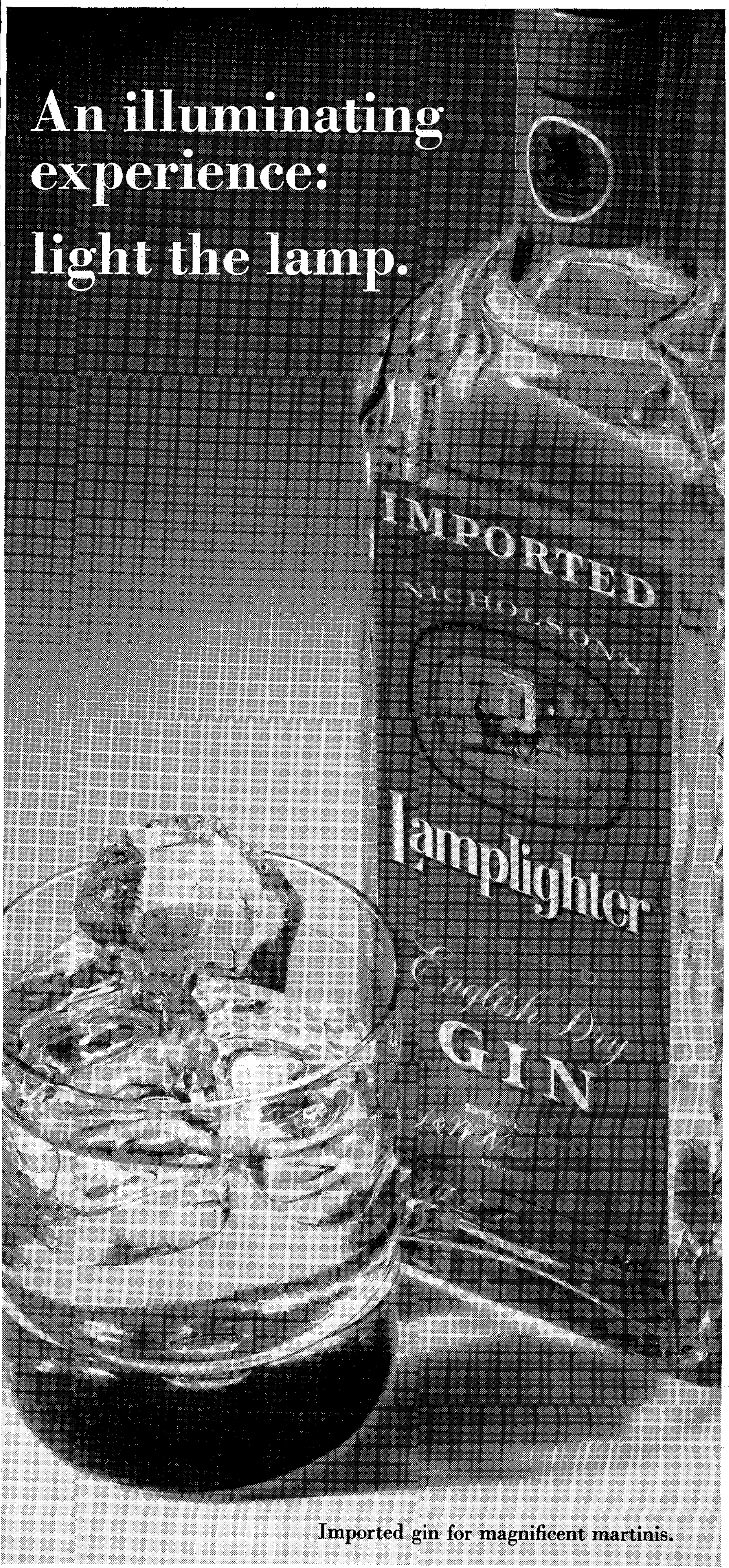
"So you subscribe to the Jewish press, and if it covers the dinner you get some of the names."

Odza smiled patiently and shook his head. "There are only twelve hundred hotels with banquet halls used for that kind of dinner. They all print programs for the dinner, and the bell captain gets a copy of the program, right?"

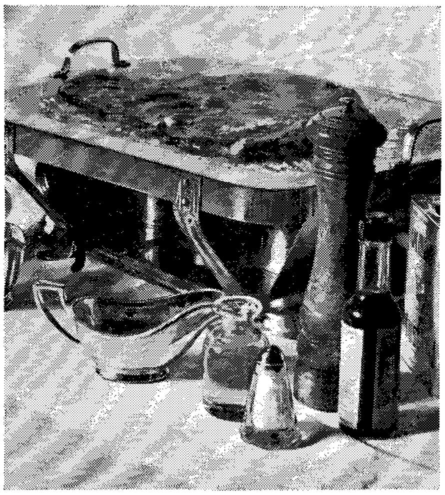
"Right."

"Well, we have arrangements with nine hundred of the twelve hundred bell captains. Then we add to that information whatever is in the U.J.A. newsletters, and we subscribe to all the papers. We put together a list of eighteen thousand of the largest contributors. Of course, we don't sell it as the U.J.A. list. We call it 'Large Contributors to a Jewish Charity' or something."

The list business easily meets the most important test of free enterprise: the profit margin is enormous, and business is booming. According to list brokers, companies can make so much money renting out lists of their customers that some mail-order firms are willing to break even on their merchandise and make their profits from the rent brought in by their lists. People in the trade estimate that the Diners' Club, which now has a list of about a million names, makes about five hundred thousand dollars a year—almost pure profit—from renting it out; an executive vice-president of the Diners' Club acknowledges that the figure is "in the hundreds of thousands." The actual business of compiling and renting out lists is estimated to have an annual dollar volume in the hundreds of millions, and it forms the basis of the entire direct-mail industry, which now draws about as much advertising expenditure as television. In the forties, mailers invested some two hundred and fifty million dollars a year in production costs and postage for direct mail; in 1965 the figure was two billion four hundred and eight million. The vol-


An illuminating experience:
light the lamp.
IMPORTED
NICHOLSON'S
Lamplighter
English Dry
GIN
Imported gin for magnificent martinis.

DISTILLED ENGLISH DRY GIN,100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS,94 PROOF·IMPORTED BY McKESSON&ROBBINS,INC.,N.Y.©McK&R,1966



We serve a very special dish at New York's Drake Hotel.

Until now, it's been a steak secret.

It's called Steak Nino and it's one of the many delights served at the Hotel's Drake Room, long one of New York's favorite restaurants.

The Drake Hotel, which has been newly refurbished, centrally air conditioned and completely modernized, is as renowned for the Drake Room and Steak Nino as it is for its new velvet walled lobby, its big, high ceilinged rooms; its warmth and personal attention, and its telephone ladies who worry about your messages.

There's never been a secret about the Drake Hotel's fascination for the world's most discriminating travelers. But, until now, Nino, our maitre d' would never part with his special steak recipe. We've finally persuaded him to share it. So come to the Drake and try it first hand, and if you like it, Nino will tell you how to make it at home.

THE DRAKE
Park Avenue
at 56th Street
New York
(212) HA 1-0900

A Loew's Hotel · Preston Robert Tisch, President

ume of third-class mail has gone from roughly four billion pieces a year in the forties to roughly twenty billion pieces last year. About fifteen billion pieces of that were bulk-rate third-class mail—and every one of those fifteen billion pieces owed its existence to a list.

As purists in free enterprise, list brokers often have to help along the ordinary American businessman who, probably through ignorance rather than any desire to slow up the economy, may be neglecting an immensely marketable by-product of his business. In the writings and conversation of list brokers, a scenario of enlightenment emerges:

"The walls are coming down," an advertisement for Lewis Kleid, one of the leading list brokers, declares. "Big national companies are rapidly recognizing the income potential from the rental (not sale) of consumer-list properties. This includes: coupons from space advertising, warranty registrations, premium buyers, contest entrants, product inquiry, and customer names."

"But I can't go around renting out my own customers," says the Unenlightened One.

"Some mailers . . . don't want to subject 'their' customers to a lot of extra mail," says a direct-mail newsletter called *Briefs from Bringe*. "There is a feeling that rental would be 'breaking faith' with the customer. The assumption is that the mailer can control the mail his customer receives, and even that he has some right or duty to do so. It overlooks the fact that the customer receives mail from many sources, wants to get such mail, and has not given anyone the authority to decide what he should or should not receive."

"I'd be crazy to give out the names of my customers to somebody else."

"You wouldn't be giving out anything," say the brokers. "You would rent out the names on a one-use basis; either the renter sends his envelopes to you for addressing or you send him labels. The only names of yours he has when it's over are the ones who have responded to his mailing piece, and that's probably only two or three per cent. You wouldn't rent out to competitors."

"How about all that smut-through-the-mails I'm always reading about?"

"The renter will submit his mailing piece to you for approval, and if you don't approve, or if you want to use the list yourself that week, you don't have to rent it out."

"It just occurred to me that even someone with an inoffensive mailing

Look for the Sussex/Bentley store near you.

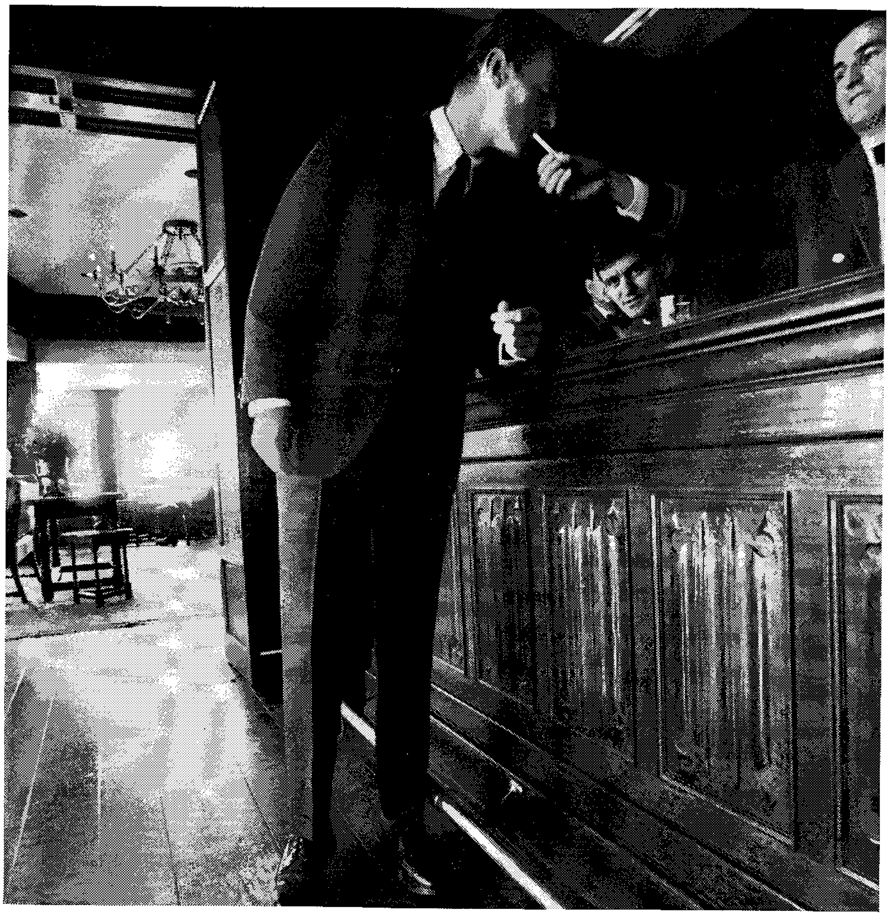
New York, N.Y.; Walker, Ltd.
New York, N.Y.; Finchley's
New York, N.Y.; Alvin-Murray, Ltd.
New York, N.Y.; Young-Robbins
Allentown, Pa.; Judd's, Inc.
Altoona, Pa.; Brett's, Inc.
Atlanta, Ga.; John Jarrell
Attleboro, Mass.; Floyd's
Bedford Village, N.Y.; Richard Oliver
Birmingham, Mich.; The Claymore Shop
Boston, Mass.; Arthur L. Johnson
Boston, Mass.; Louis
Boston, Mass.; Zareh, Inc.
Bridgeport, Conn.; David Miller
Carmel, Cal.; John Grissim
Chicago, Ill.; Murray Smikler, Inc.
Cincinnati, Ohio; Max Gentry Shops
Cincinnati, Ohio; Herb Rubel Squires Shop
Cleveland, Ohio; Harry Jacobson
Cleveland Heights, Ohio; Harry Jacobson
Coral Gables, Fla.; Furmly's
Dallas, Texas; Hoffman's
Danville, Va.; A. Newman Ltd.
Darien, Conn.; The Darien Sport Shop
Denver, Colo.; Squire Shop
Denville, N.J.; Gribbon's Gentry Den
Erie, Pa.; J. L. Cox
Fairlawn, Ohio; Alan Richard
Georgetown, D.C.; Georgetown Haberdashers
Greensburg, Pa.; Alan Berk
Hartford, Conn.; Stackpole, Moore and Tryon
Houston, Texas; William Richard
Irwin, Pa.; Berk's
Lawrence, Mass.; Kap's
Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. Guy
Louisville, Ky.; Stag Shop
Lynchburg, Va.; Raby-Jordan, Ltd.
Lynn, Mass.; Town and Tweed
Malden, Mass.; Town and Tweed
Manhasset, N.Y.; Country Squire
Maplewood, N.J.; Peter Anthony
McKeesport, Pa.; H. B. Klein
McLean, Va.; Chase and Collier
Minneapolis, Minn.; Juster's
New Canaan, Conn.; English Shop
New Haven, Conn.; Enson's
New Orleans, La.; Brothers, Ltd.
Newton Centre, Mass.; Jack Lane
New York City, N.Y.; Halstan, Ltd.
Oakland, Cal.; Grodin's
Passaic, N.J.; Geismar-Kaplan
Philadelphia, Pa.; Al Berman, Inc.
Pittsburgh, Pa.; The Coach House
Pittsburgh, Pa.; Gentry
Portland, Ore.; Clothes Horse
Providence, R.I.; Hill House Ltd.
Quincy, Mass.; Milton's
Rego Park, L.I., N.Y.; Matty Young
Richmond, Va.; Jacobs & Levy
Ridgewood, N.J.; John Franks
Salem, Mass.; Giblee's
San Francisco, Cal.; Jay Briggs
San Marino, Cal.; Andover Shop
Santa Ana, Cal.; Guy Livingston
Sausalito, Cal.; Johnson & Gray
Shaker Heights, Ohio; Oxford Shop
Somerville, N.J.; Wendell, Inc.
Southfield, Mich.; Jerry Morse
Springfield, Ill.; Myers Bros.
Springfield, Mass.; Forbes and Wallace
St. Louis, Mo.; Stix, Baer & Fuller
Tempe, Ariz.; The Oxford Shop
Toledo, Ohio; The Cambridge Shop
Topeka, Kans.; Gerry's
Utica, N.Y.; Vitullo's
Walnut Creek, Cal.; Grodin's
Washington, D.C.; Carlton's
Washington, D.C.; Farnsworth-Reed
Westfield, N.J.; MacHugh, Inc.
West Hartford, Conn.; Alan Collins
White Plains, N.Y.; Windsor Shop

If you didn't find the store near you write,
Sussex Clothes Ltd.
71 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Sussex

7 charities to send your other suits to after you've bought your first Sussex:

Salvation Army, 212 CH 3-8700
Volunteers of America, 212 TR 3-2600
Goodwill Industries of Greater N.Y., Inc., 212 EN 9-7000
Community Service Society of N.Y., 212 AL 4-8900
American Friends Service Committee, 212 MU 2-2745
Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of N.Y., 212 OR 7-5000
Federation of Jewish Philanthropies of N.Y., 212 PL 1-1000



It has been our experience that once a man gets used to the fit, the feel and the $145 authority of a Sussex, he tends to let his other suits gather dust in the closet.

We don't think that's right.

Just because a suit isn't quite tailored like a Sussex, or isn't painstakingly hand-detailed throughout, or won't quite hang the same way when it gets back from the cleaner's, there's no reason to conclude that it's strictly for the moths. It may still be a perfectly good suit, except of course to a Sussex owner.

So, after you've acquired your first Sussex, think of those less fortunate than you. The list above is a reminder.

Sussex / Bentley
(In some cities Sussex is called Bentley.)

piece could copy the names off the labels I send him and use them forever, the thief."

"Never. In the first place, there is a great deal of trust in this business. In the second place, you can require a guarantee in the contract that this won't happen. In the third place, anyone who rents out his list keeps dummy names on it, so that anyone who is tempted to steal it knows that he is about to send one of his mailing pieces to a misspelled aunt or a peculiarly initialled secretary of his victim, who will have him ostracized."

"Sending my customers all those other offers is obviously going to cut down what they buy from me."

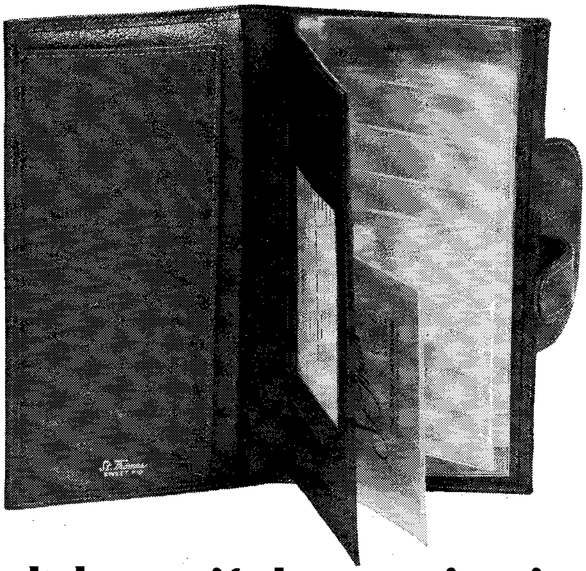
"List owners have a tendency to overprotect their names and to resist frequent usage," Lewis Kleid has written. "Mail-order experts contend, however, that you can't wear out a list. If anything, frequent mailings help condition and improve the quality of the names."

The most irresistible argument that a businessman can hear from a list broker concerns profit. The profit margin in list renting is what might be expected of a business that takes free enterprise seriously. Anyone who has a list of reasonably desirable names can usually rent it out for something like twenty dollars for every thousand names. That amounts to ten thousand dollars for a list of five hundred thousand names, and, except for a broker's fee of twenty per cent and expenses of two or three dollars per thousand for addressing, it is pure profit. "The company which fails to seek revenue from its names is doing its profit picture an injustice," the Kleid advertisement says. "For a company which nets ten per cent, a hundred thousand dollars in list-rental income is equivalent to a million dollars in sales (the hard way)."

Some firms are so anxious to avoid doing their profit picture an injustice that they market the names of their customers with almost as much energy as they devote to merchandising their principal product. At a congressional hearing in 1963, the direct-mail manager of McGraw-Hill testified that his company had two hundred and ten lists available for rental. Until recently, McGraw-Hill published a catalogue just of its own lists. The list manager of Doubleday estimates that his firm has thirteen million names available for rental. Sunset House, a California company that sells a variety of merchandise through the mail, now publishes its own brochure describing the various ways in

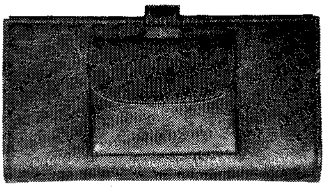
Natural Russian Sable,
the one fur that's right for very nearly any occasion.

that fine Italian hand in fur... DAVID *50 West 57 Street, New York*

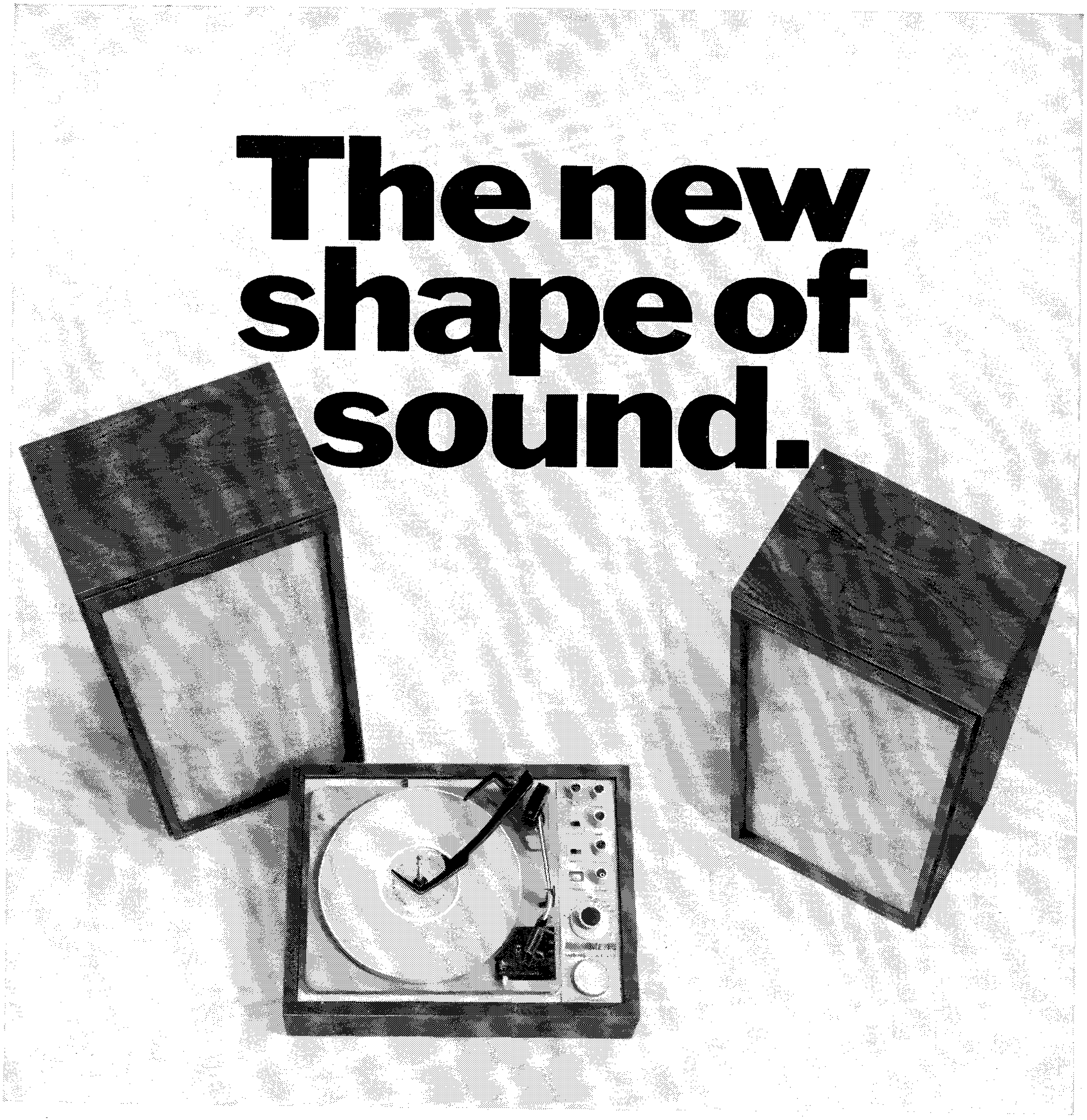


such beautiful organization

The St. Thomas Girl Friday. Girl Friday gets you organized. Luxuriously. Efficiently. With one St. Thomas to give order to all your assets. There's a flap pocket for loose papers, notes. Four bill compartments. A window case for instant identification and a check book holder on the flip side. Card section holds 24 cards or photos. Outside a handy gusseted coin pocket snaps flat. Help yourself to the Girl Friday in a choice of fine leathers and fashion colors. From $8.50. St. Thomas, Inc., St. Thomas Place, Gloversville, N.Y. **Arnold Constable Fifth Ave., N.Y.; J. Magnin, California; Frank R. Jelleff, Washington, D.C.; Sibley's, Rochester. All stores, all branches.**



ST. THOMAS



The KLH* Model Twenty represents a radically different way to bring sound into your living room. Instead of the big boxy console, or the clutter of individual components, the Model Twenty's three-piece design offers a sensible and flexible way to reproduce sound.

The Model Twenty fits easily and gracefully into a room already filled with the furnishings of modern living. It doesn't take up the better part of a wall or crowd a comfortable chair into an uncomfortable corner. And no matter how you choose to arrange the Model Twenty's three pieces, it will produce more effective stereo than the conventional console.

The center control section, which contains all the system's operating features, can be placed wherever it is most convenient. (Metal legs that attach easily to the center section are provided so that, if you wish, you can put the controls next to a favorite chair.) The speakers go wherever they sound and look best.

The Model Twenty's control section contains an automatic turntable (made for KLH by Garrard), a sensitive, drift-free FM stereo tuner, and a 40 watt (100 watts peak) stereo amplifier.

The speakers are KLH's remarkable two-way acoustic-suspension systems, which can faithfully reproduce the frequency and dynamic range of a symphony orchestra.

The Model Twenty uses solid-state electronics throughout. (All electronics, as well as the loudspeakers, are built entirely in the KLH plant.)

KLH created the three-piece stereo music system because we believe it offers the most sensible way to bring high-performance music reproduction into most homes.

The Model Twenty is our most advanced statement of the three-piece concept. It has changed the shape of music in the home.

We commend it to your critical attention.

For further information write: KLH, 30 Cross Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139, Dept. NY-A.

Model Twenty. Suggested Retail Price, $399.95

KLH*

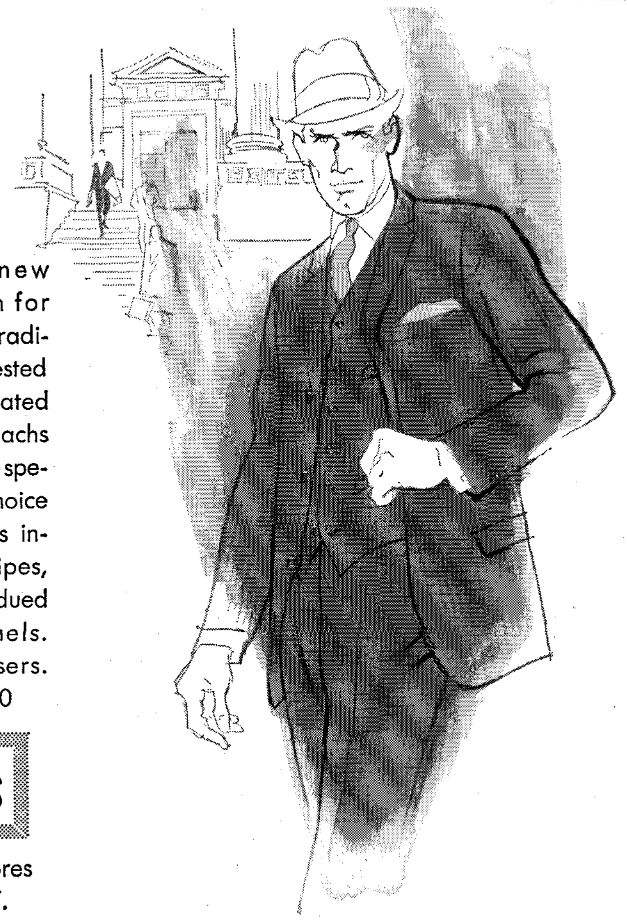
*A trademark of KLH Research and Development Corp.

which its three and a half million buyers can be sliced up to meet the renter's specifications. Anyone renting Sunset House customers can select them by geographical regions or states, and can rent only the names of people who live in large cities, or only the names of people who do not. The renter can select the names of people who bought something from Sunset House after seeing an advertisement in a newspaper or magazine, or of people who responded to a mail-order catalogue. He can rent the names of people who have made more than one purchase, or of people who have purchased recently. ("Fresh" names are prized among list users.) The Sunset House list can be sliced up in so many ways that Arthur Karl—who, like most list brokers, keeps a dummy name on many lists in order to follow the movement in the trade—has to maintain six buyers of Sunset House merchandise across the country just to keep track. Anticipating some of the suspicions that mailers harbor about any list they are about to rent, the Sunset House brochure even includes a statement from an independent auditor that the size and description of the list have been fairly stated, and a guarantee from Sunset House that the list is "cleaned" five times a year. (Because about twenty per cent of the population moves every year, a list will soon include many names with wrong addresses—known in the trade as "nixies"—unless these names are cleaned off regularly. Undeliverable third-class mail is ordinarily thrown away by the post office, so in order to clean a list the mailer has to place a "Return Requested" notice on the envelopes of a mailing—guaranteeing the post office that he will pay an eight-cent fee for every piece that is returned—and then remove the nixies from the list.)

Many corporations have always sent mailings to their own lists—magazine publishers like Time, Inc., and the *Reader's Digest* have found that their lists constitute ready-made markets for expansion into book publishing and record selling—and, to some extent, the Lewis Kleid advertisement is correct in stating that the walls against renting out customers to other companies are coming down. "Data cards"—the five-by-eight cards that brokers circulate on each list they are offering—now exist for such respectable organizations as the Harvard University Press, the Polaroid Corporation (customers who have returned warranties), the New School of Social Research, Mutual of Omaha (purchasers of air-travel insurance), and the Modern Language As-

masterfully hand-tailored and only at Wallachs

Presenting a new Hickey-Freeman for gentlemen with traditional tastes. The vested "Carlyle" was created expressly to Wallachs own soft shoulder specifications, in a choice range of worsteds including chalk stripes, herringbones, subdued glens and flannels. Coat, vest, trousers. 190.00 and 200.00



wallachs

15 Fine Men's Stores
in Greater N.Y.

This Foot-Joy Shoe is made of supple aVant Calfskin

Style #5115 . . .
lightweight blucher
golf shoe
in aVant Calfskin.

A new unique tanning process gives aVant Calfskin greater beauty and a built-in ability to conform to your foot. Look for the aVant Calfskin card — it will introduce you to the finest in calfskin.

A. C. LAWRENCE LEATHER CO.
A Division of Swift & Company (Inc.), Peabody, Mass. Lawrence

In a city of banking giants should you come to a moderate-sized bank for investment counsel?

It's Probably The Very Best Place To Come.
The Bank of New York's size enables
its officers to give highly intensive supervision
to each Investment Counsel account.

WHILE ALL OF the investment services of the Bank are built on the same base of incisive investment research, the Bank maintains a separate Investment Counsel Department to provide the continuous, highly individualized supervision aggressive investment accounts require.

A senior officer and a counselor are assigned to each Investment Counsel account. They establish a close and confidential relationship with you at the outset to formulate goals. Frequent consultations are held so that investment strategy always conforms to your particular needs and wishes.

We continually take the initiative in recommending changes among your specific securities, as well as variations in the ratios between the different types of securities in your portfolio. All recommendations are made, of course, within the over-all investment policy established by the Bank's senior management committee. In short, this service provides the same care and attention to your account that a professional investor would give to his own affairs.

The Bank of New York was one of the first banks to use substantial amounts of common stocks in trust funds and to establish a separate department devoted exclusively to investment research. Today the Bank continues its pioneering with the use of electronic computers as an aid in investment analysis. But, even more than all our investment know-how, we think you will like especially the way you feel "at home" with our officers, who strongly believe personal attention and professional skill count far more than size.

For a more complete description of our investment services, please write George E. Garvin, V.P., at our Main Office, 48 Wall Street, New York, N.Y. 10015, or call him at 530-1751.

The Bank of New York

New York's First Bank • Founded 1784 by Alexander Hamilton • Main Office: 48 Wall Street

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Take the guesswork out of choosing Cognac
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Rely on French law: only the finest Cognac...
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FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
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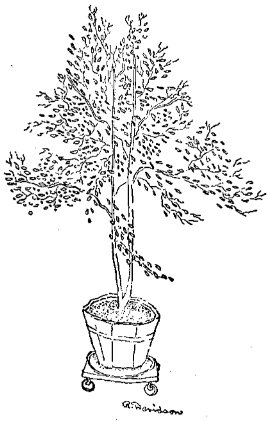
sociation of America. Still, there is a reluctance on the part of some list owners to rent out their lists on the open market, and a good deal of business is carried on through informal agreements that do not involve brokers. Some firms that do deal through brokers prefer to rent out their lists anonymously, the result being data cards on lists such as "Donors to a Liberal Cause" ("Liberal and mostly intellectual individuals who believe in civil rights"), or "Subscribers to Stock Brokerage House Newsletter," or "Buyers of an Item Used in the Graduation Ceremony" ("The character of the purchase immediately preselects this group as being among the graduates of the better Catholic, private, and public grade and junior high schools"). Large corporations that have made a business of renting out their lists often seem to find some way in which they are not in the business—some aspect of list renting that they would never indulge in. "We don't have salesmen selling our list, the way American Express does," says Matty Simmons, an executive vice-president of the Diners' Club.



"We don't pay brokers a brokerage fee for renting out our list, the way the Diners' Club does," says the man at American Express who is in charge of finding renters for the credit-card list. "We really do this more as a service to our customers. We're really not in the list business, the way somebody like Dun & Bradstreet is."

"We are not in the list business," says George Paul, a public-relations man at Dun & Bradstreet. "Get that out of your mind."

(The Diners' Club list is rented out through brokers. American Express is one of the few firms that do not pay brokers' fees, but, unlike the Diners' Club, it merchandises its own list vigorously through salesmen and advertisements in the *Reporter of Direct Mail Advertising*. Dun & Bradstreet has been in what everybody else considers the list business since 1964—it employs list salesmen and publishes a catalogue of its lists—but its public-relations department does not like to use the term.)

Arthur Martin Karl has said, "An individual act always indicates a predisposition to perform a related act." People who have asked for a TWA travel booklet, or have sent in money to pay for the miniature license plates they received from the Disabled American Veterans, or have opened charge accounts at Peck & Peck have, in the eyes of a list broker, held up their hands and challenged him to find an act that is related. Some connections are, of course, obvious. Anyone who wants to sell a food item through the mail is likely to be offered such lists as S. S. Pierce customers, former subscribers to *Gourmet*, mail-order customers of the Wisconsin Cheesemakers' Guild, members of the Society of Gourmets, and buyers of any one of a dozen cookbooks. A firm selling automobile accessories can choose among fifty or sixty lists in the Auto Classification provided by Jack Oldstein, of Dependable Mailing Lists—from forty thousand people who have purchased a battery additive from the Campbell-Smith company to fifty-one thousand who are members of the Automobile Club of Washington. Anyone who wants to sell a book that happens to deal in some way with sex may try to rent the list of people who have bought "The Ravishers" and other books from Ignis Company and Marital Publications ("Sex Book Buyers"), or those who have bought one or another of Albert Ellis's books from Lyle Stuart, Inc. ("Dr. Albert Ellis' Sex Book Buyers"), or those who have bought books from Grove Press ("Most of the classics, including the writings of controversial authors such as D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller, and others").

Although a list is created or enlarged every time a list is used—the names of the people who respond to the mailing become the property of the list renter—a heavy mailer can soon run out of names in the obvious categories and must then start looking for connections further afield. Sometimes the connection is only one step away. In selling self-help books, Doubleday does well with a list of people who have purchased rapid-reading kits from the Better Reading Program—people who presumably want to help themselves and also need books in order to utilize their improved reading skills. The "list universe" of the Puzzle Lovers Club—that is, all the lists that regularly unearth a profitable percentage of puzzle lovers—includes not only the No List

Dacron®... a man's way to look great, stay neat

Esquire Sportswear's trim hopsack slacks . . . a man's way to rough it in great style.

Great stuff, hopsack. Casual, comfortable, perfect in town or out. And these slacks are very special hopsack of 55% Dacron* polyester, 45% worsted wool. So they can take lots of rough, tough treatment and never show it. Tailored slim and trim, set off with a brass-buckled paisley belt. About $22.50 in eight great colors at L. Straus & Co., Indianapolis; Sakowitz, Houston; National Clothing Company, all stores, Rochester; Brills, Milwaukee; The Nebraska, Omaha; Cain-Sloan Co., Nashville. Ask for Esquire Sportswear slacks with "Dacron".

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Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

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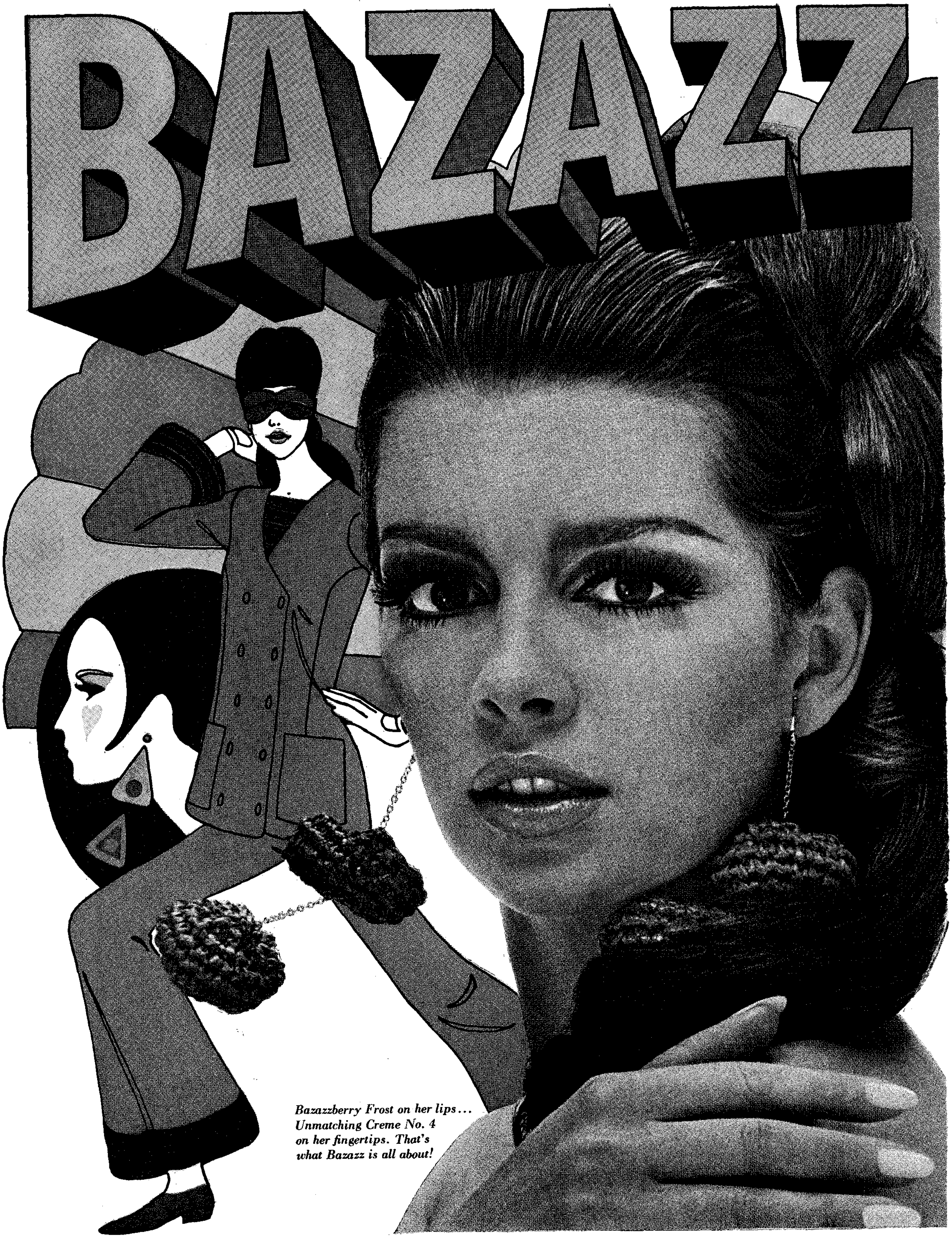

Bazazzberry Frost on her lips... Unmatching Creme No. 4 on her fingertips. That's what Bazazz is all about!

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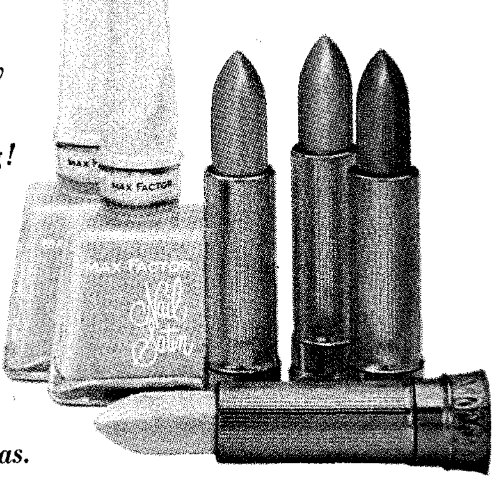
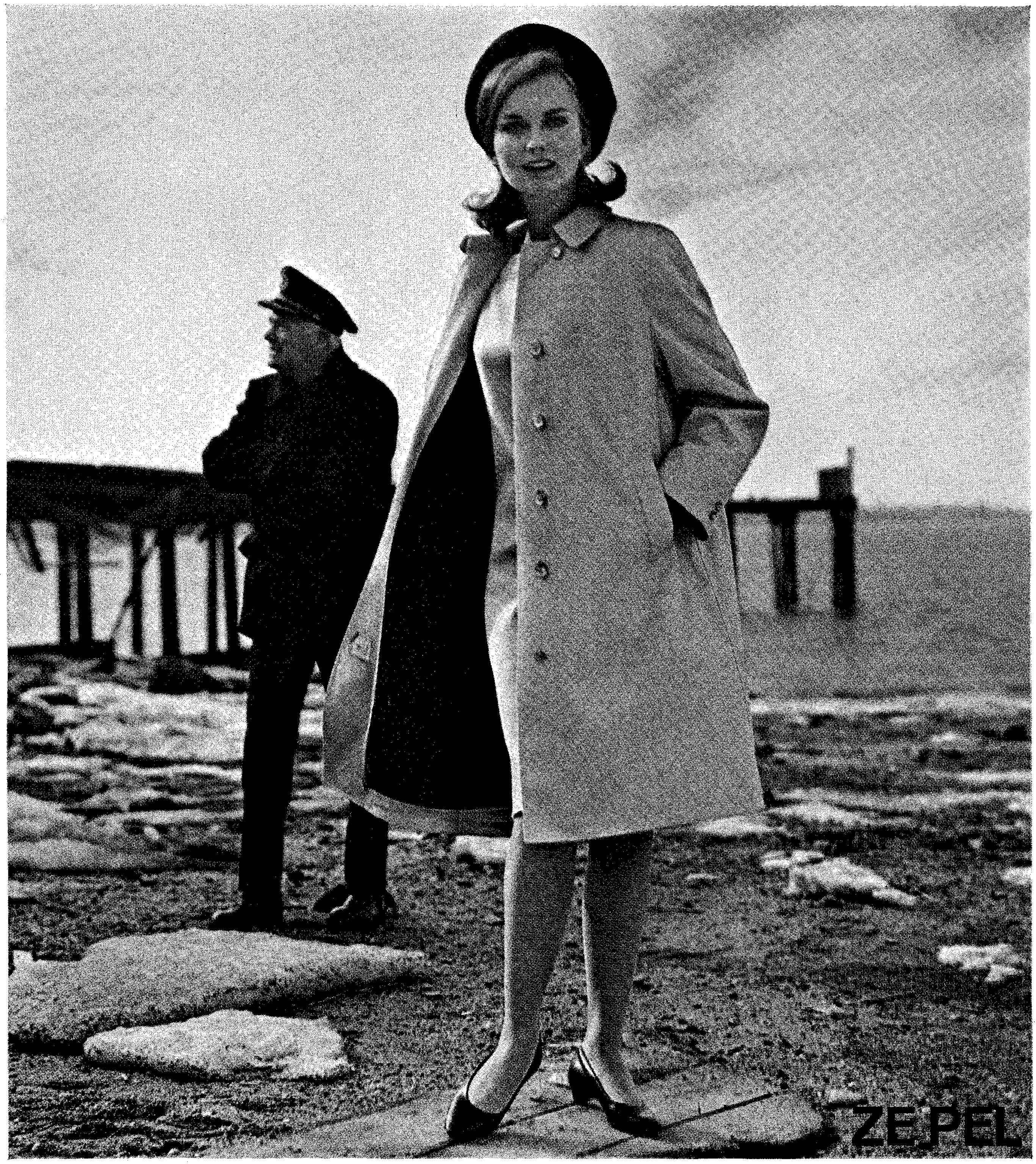


Kick up your non-heels and come fly with us. You are now entering The Bazazz Age, where the no-mouth is a no-no, and color comes back with a soft, but unmistakable, bang! Four gorgeous color pows: Razabazazz, Bazazzberry, Basic Pinkbazazz, in UltraLucent Creme and Iridescent Lipsticks... and Flash Gorgeous (a Bazazz-y shimmer of pearl that turns pink when it meets your mouth!) At your fingertips, Creme of Bazazz Nail Satin. Four shockingly pale-pretty neutrals that murmur "Bazazz" ever so gently. That's why... Bazazz is. Everything else was.

BAZAZZ AGE COLORS by MAX FACTOR

BORGANA, the most luxurious pile of all, goes under cover—chalk up another first for Misty Harbor! The **"GENOA",** handsome balmacaan takes a lush ruby red zip in-or-out Borgana® 100% Orlon® acrylic pile liner... fashionable as all get out and warmer than a bear hug! Outer coat tailored in our exclusive poplin "Buoy Cloth" of 65% **Dacron® polyester**-35% cotton, protected against rain and oily stains with **ZE PEL** fabric fluoridizer. Natural (shown here), olive, navy, black. Sizes: regular 6-20; petite 2-16; junior petite 3-15; talls 10-20. About $55. Matching Misty Tam, about $5.



At **LORD & TAYLOR,** New York; **HUDSON'S,** Detroit; **CHAS. A. STEVENS,** Chicago; **DAYTON'S,** Minneapolis; **SANGER-HARRIS,** Dallas; **RICH'S,** Atlanta; **JORDAN MARSH,** Boston and branches; **G. FOX,** Hartford; **THE HIGBEE CO.,** Cleveland; **STEWART'S,** Baltimore; **STEWART DRY GOODS,** Louisville; **WOODWARD & LOTHROP,** Washington, D.C.; **JOHN WANAMAKER,** Philadelphia; **ADDIS CO.,** Syracuse; **ABRAHAM & STRAUS,** Brooklyn; Talls at all **LANE BRYANT** Stores; and fine stores everywhere or write Misty Harbor Ltd., 512 Seventh Avenue, New York 10018.

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SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

but almost any list having to do with astrology. Books on birds have been successfully sold to a list of people who have purchased binoculars by mail—a list that itself may have been built partly from the replies to a binocular offer mailed to people who had purchased books on birds. A *Wall Street Journal* circulation specialist has been quoted as saying that the list of subscribers to *Playboy* was the best list the *Journal* ever used. Mailers are constantly testing lists—mailing to a few thousand names on each one and keying the reply cards to measure results—and anyone who is willing to experiment can occasionally stumble onto connections that would not have appeared so obvious before they were demonstrated. Boyce Morgan, the director of sales for the Kiplinger company, has said, "In the forties, we were using mostly investment lists for our Washington newsletter. Then I tried some crazy testing of other lists. One of them was people who had bought Klipette, a device to remove superfluous hair from the nose. It was a dilly. Why did it work? Well, first, people of an age to have hair in their nose and ears might be the ones we were looking for, and then it does show a certain fastidiousness. In a way, it was a back-door look into the executive suite."

The best list that has ever been used by the Republican National Committee is, not surprisingly, a Doubleday list of people who purchased "Six Crises," by Richard M. Nixon. Unfortunately for the Republicans, the list contains only about fifteen thousand names. The Republicans have had good results with expensive-gift lists, but their most remarkable success was with the Kozak Drywash list—advertised by Kozak as a list of half a million "upper-income men and women who buy Kozak Drywash Cloths by mail to keep their expensive cars spotlessly clean every day the sun shines." According to the Kozak company, the National Committee found Drywash customers so responsive that it rented the list twice during the 1964 campaign. This might be precisely the Democrats' image of a Republican—a miserly old man standing in front of his two-car garage scrubbing down his expensive car, too stiff to get himself a bit wet while doing it—but the Kozak company says that there are more Democrats on the list than Republicans, that the list has worked for American Heritage books as well as for the *Wall Street Journal*, and that it would work just as well for the Democratic National Committee if

from top

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to bottom

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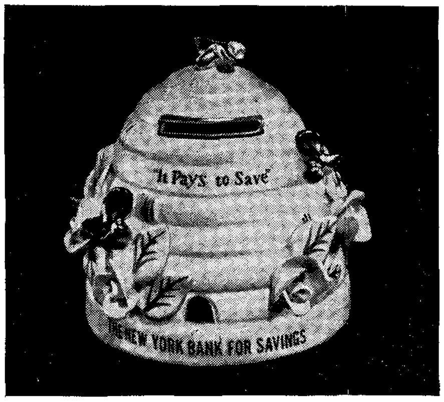

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the Democrats would only try it. But Guy Yolton, the direct-mail consultant who has been advising the Republicans, says, "There definitely is a connection. People who take care of their things tend to be the type of conservatives who lean toward the Republican Party. We're now trying another cleaning-rag list, and also a list of people who bought plastic garages to cover their cars. Maybe people who buy burglar alarms would be good, if we can find a list of them, or automatic sprinkler systems, or home fire extinguishers."

There is always disagreement in the list business about what kind of lists work best for what kind of products—partly because there are always other variables, such as the cleanliness of the list, the attractiveness of the mailing piece, and the price of the items offered. A layman wandering through the list business is often tempted to make some leaps of amateur psychology. Recently, while talking to a visitor, Karl Brussel, who sells books—usually about sex—through the mails, was leafing through the lists he had used for selling "An ABZ of Love." He noted that a list of people who had bought automobile accessories had worked very well. Then he turned a few more pages in his scrapbook and found that he had also had great success with purchasers of night-driving glasses.

"You should try purchasers of hood ornaments and you'll hit the jackpot," his visitor said.

"No, I don't think it would make much difference," said Brussel. "Sometimes I think I could toss all the cards up in the air and use the ones on top to sell my books. This is a lonely, fractured society, and people are reaching out." Brussel was also successful in selling "An ABZ of Love" to a list of Vermont ski enthusiasts and to alumni of the Harvard Business School.

Some lists are so responsive that an offer in a completely unconnected field is likely to draw a response from a profitable percentage of the names—a profitable percentage in the direct-mail business being perhaps as low as two or three per cent, depending on the product and its price. The subscription list of *Eros*, now cleaned down to a hundred and ten thousand names, rents for thirty-five dollars a thousand and is so effective at selling expensive merchandise that anyone who wants to rent it must wait his turn. The name most often mentioned by brokers when the subject of "hot lists" comes up is Ambassador Leather Goods, one of the free-enterprise success stories of the list business. Only about five years

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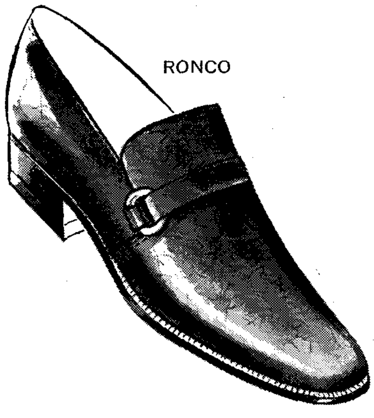

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Shirt about seven dollars, skirt about fifteen dollars, cardigan about fourteen dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager®

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ago, a couple in Niagara Falls, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Hall, first offered by mail a walletlike item called the Continental, which had windows for twelve credit cards, a money slit that could easily accommodate the small amount of cash that anybody with that many credit cards was likely to carry, and free "personalization" (initials) in "14kt. raised gold-plate." The Continental was an immediate success. The Halls—using rented lists and the steadily increasing list of their own customers—went on to develop a full line of wallets and other leather goods. At the same time, they developed a list of five hundred thousand customers who are likely to buy anything offered them—from clothing to magazine subscriptions. One list broker said recently that anything that cannot be sold to the Ambassador Leather Goods list or to the subscription list of a health magazine called *Prevention* ("Mature, intelligent men and women seeking a constructive personal health program") cannot be sold through the mail.

MANY list brokers believe that the most significant bond that holds together the people on a mail-order list is not the particular product they bought but the fact that they bought it by mail. The mail habit is considered important enough to have a value in the market. The Curtis Publishing Company, for instance, one of the relatively few large magazine publishers that rent out lists of current subscribers, gets five dollars per thousand more for subscribers who ordered through the mail than for subscribers who ordered through news agents. There is little argument in the list business that a list of mail-order customers is more responsive than a list reflecting any other common activity. However, the rest of the population is not forgotten; it is compiled. People on compiled lists have preselected themselves as lawyers or mothers or boat owners or plant managers or phone users or high-school seniors without having had to go near a mailbox. There are times, of course, when a compiled list works better than a mail-order list, and other times when mailers prefer to know more about their potential customers than a mail-order list can tell them. Magazines, for instance, are often concerned about gaining circulation among people of a certain age or income, so that surveys of their readership will produce the type of audience that advertisers are trying to reach, and, according to Margaret Hill, of *Time's* circulation department, "All we know about someone on a mail-

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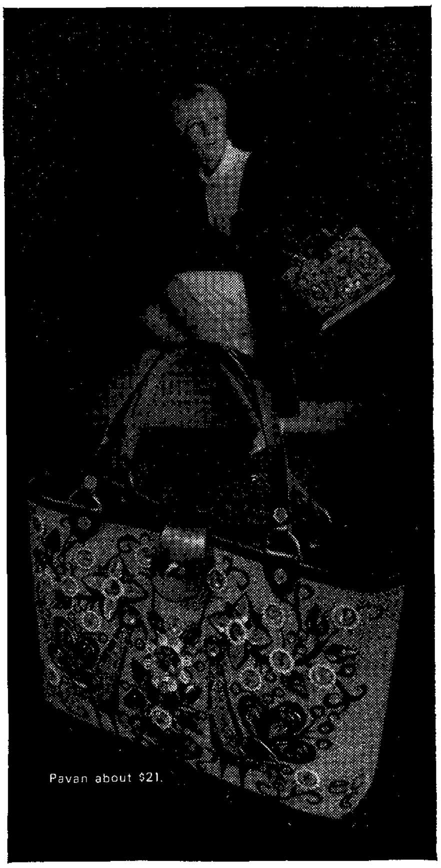

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For one nearest you write Collins of Texas
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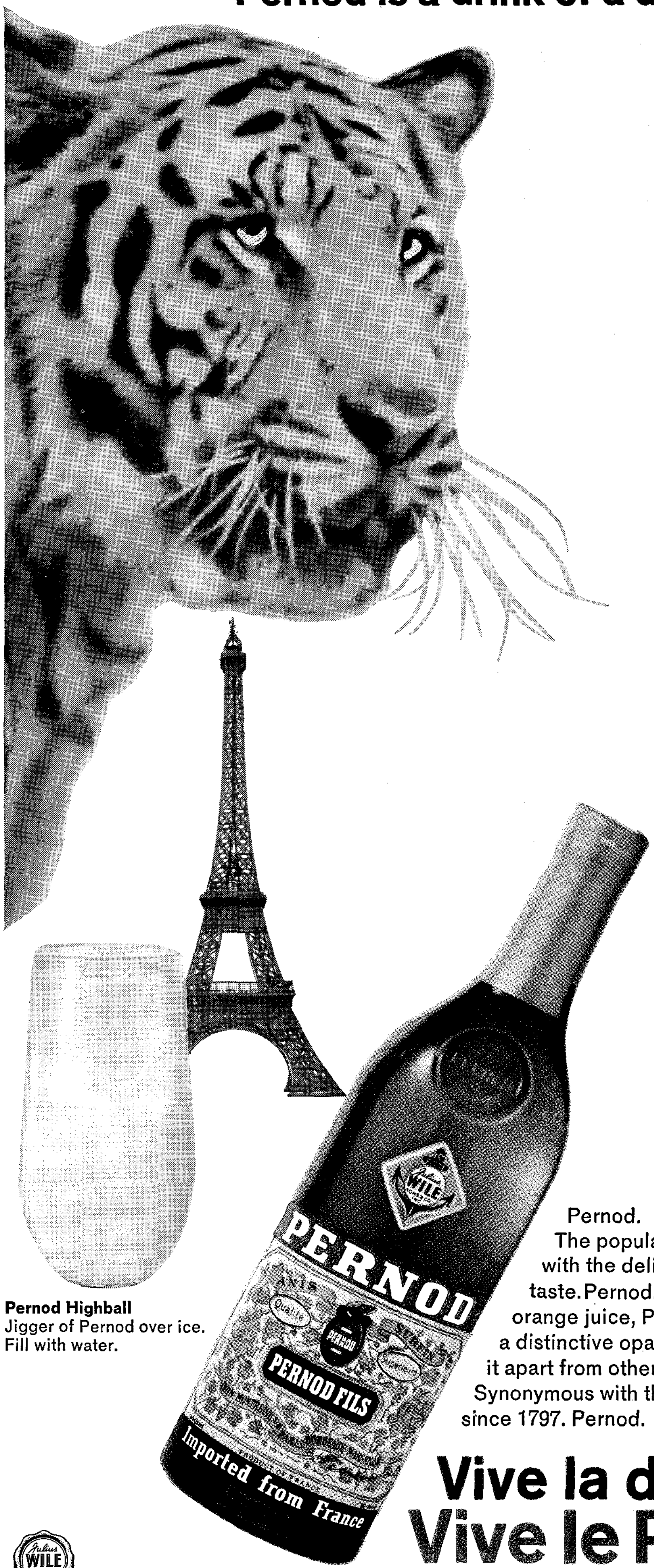
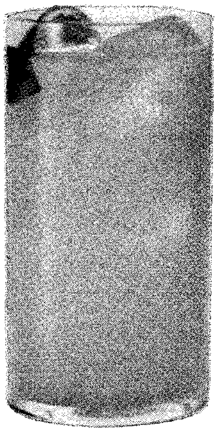
Pernod is a drink of a different color.





Tiger Tail
Jigger of Pernod over ice.
Three ounces of orange juice.
Lime wedge. Mix.

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Jigger of Pernod over ice.
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The popular French spirit with the delightful anis-licorice taste. Pernod. With water or with orange juice, Pernod takes on a distinctive opalescent hue that sets it apart from other drinks. Pernod. Synonymous with the gay, Parisian life since 1797. Pernod. Imported from France.

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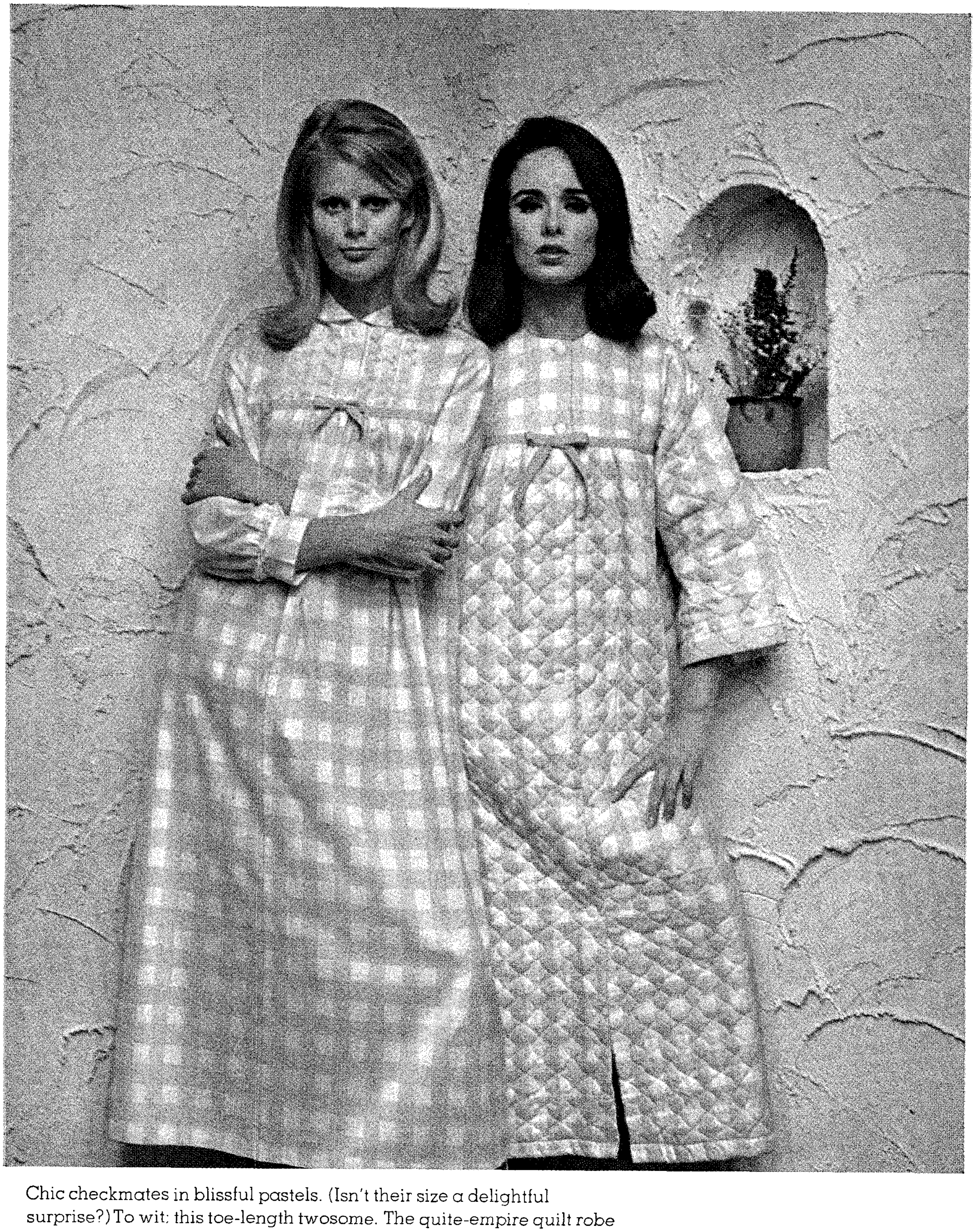

Chic checkmates in blissful pastels. (Isn't their size a delightful surprise?) To wit: this toe-length twosome. The *quite-empire quilt robe* in cotton broadcloth. Sizes P.S.M.L. $13. Brushed cotton gown "gussied" up with lace. Sizes 32-40. $6. Pow pink or powder blue. Also in shift gown, P.J.'s. Teen and junior sizes too. At unsleepy stores everywhere. M. C. Schrank Company, 437 Fifth Avenue, New York

m.c. Schrank

order list is that he's bought false teeth or something." Even in cases where mail-order lists are preferable, most heavy mailers use up the names on them and have to turn to compiled lists.

Compiled lists are produced in a flurry of individual initiative. "Everybody is in business locally," says Jack Oldstein. "A county clerk has four carbons, and he's running a little list business. I heard of a guy in New Jersey who was doing homeowners through mortgage papers and other records, and when I offered to market the list for him for twenty dollars a thousand he laughed at me. He's getting as much as a dollar a name from the local milk company." Almost anything that requires a license or a permit—dogs, marriages, barbers, swimming pools—is a matter of public record and is probably being noted down by a list compiler or an energetic part-timer. There is said to be one independent operator who makes a specialty of collecting the names of people who have been brought to court for non-payment of debts and then selling the names to loan companies. There are firms that take pride in being able to compile every conceivable type of list, and there are specialized firms, with names like Catholic Lists, Inc.; the Educational Directory; Teen-Mail, Inc.; and Investors' Listing Company. A low-salaried employee of a bank that acts as a registrar for a large corporation could offer a list of the corporation's shareholders to a stockbroker without going through any kind of list company.

"If it's a printed list, it's available," Stanley Woodruff, of the Ed Burnett list-compiling company, said not long ago. "Anything on paper is fair game." Woodruff has a corollary to cover anything that is not on paper: "Anything is available if you're willing to pay the price per name it costs to compile it." Herbert Odza has always recognized the necessity of going to some lengths to acquire certain names. "When there's a proxy fight for control of a company, the company has to turn over the list of its stockholders to the court, and you can buy a copy of that," he said recently. "It's not illegal and not immoral, although it might be unethical. Birth names are usually bought from somebody in the hospital administration office. This type of thing is being done every day. In business, you must do things like this. A lawyer asks a question that he knows the court will strike from the record, but he wants the jury to hear it. You might think this is unethical, but it happens every

smogandsootandmeltingmakeup:

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Today, slip out of your poor, abused City Skin without even leaving the bathroom. Wash with Neutrogena, The Soft Soap.

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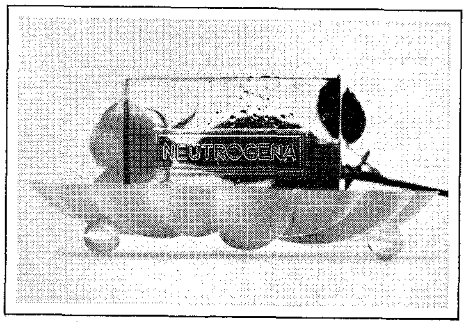
Neutrogena, The Soft Soap, indeed is one of the last unspoiled, ungimmicked pleasures in your beauty life. It is *only natural.* No drying detergents. No skin-penetrating free alkali. No medicated additives. Just a pure, clear amber bar that *liquefies* as it meets water on your skin, cleansing gently, rinsing completely, moisturizing as it goes. Soft-feeling. Soft-acting. A superb antidote for all the abuse your complexion takes from urban living. Wash with Neutrogena. The feeling alone is worth $1.



At cosmetic counters and pharmacies everywhere. Or send 10 cents for trial size bar to Neutrogena, Dept.N24, Box 1660, Santa Monica, California 90406.

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day." In this diverse marketplace, most established list compilers concentrate not on underpaid clerks but on such widely distributed documents as trade directories, annual reports, and association rosters; their only subterfuge is to request a copy of a report or a roster in the name of a research company or a library or a student doing a research paper. The library of directories that a list compiler accumulates in this quest is often so extensive that he lends volumes to orthodox business libraries—although he would, of course, prefer to trade for a directory he doesn't have, so he could copy it during the transaction.

As practitioners of private enterprise, veteran list compilers, such as Jules Sherman, of Dependable Mailing Lists, are at their most impressive when they are squeezing marketable names from a document that most citizens would consider of limited interest and no commercial value. In the hands of Jules Sherman, a concert program from the Denver Symphony Society is a treasure. It has a list of patrons. It has a list of sponsors. It has a list of sustaining members, subscribing members, and contributing members. And Jules Sherman has a Denver telephone book. He also has the annual reports of a number of other symphonies, and a telephone book to match each one of them. Compilers are constantly improving what they can do with directories. Creative Mailing Service can now mine the standard directories of lawyers in a way that will send a mailing piece to only one lawyer in each firm—and the customer has a choice of reaching the senior partner or the man next in seniority or the man after that. If asked to put together a "custom-compiled" list, compilers are happy to extend their search far beyond the directories. For the Dictaphone Corporation, Ed Burnett once put together a list of "Business and Professional Markets (Individuals)" that drew names from nearly a hundred sources, including lists of yacht owners, church executives, missile-project directors, vanity-press customers, veterinarians, and buyers of mailing lists. (Dictaphone could hope to recover some of the expense by means of its own list-rental business; it offers four or five different lists of its customers.) Dunhill, Odza's firm, has offered a list, originally compiled for Rolls-Royce, called "Socially and Financially Elite Families" ("Included in this list are: holders of boxes at the Met. Opera House, Owners of Boats over 40′ in length, Contributors of $500+ to the Senatorial Campaign of Jacob

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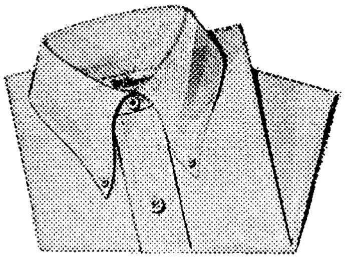

The most important innovation has been added to our exclusive perfect roll button-down shirts—a collar that refuses to wilt throughout the day. A new inner lining, ours alone, makes this possible. Smart higher collar, sans back button, double pleats at smooth barrel cuffs, proper body taper, impeccable single needle tailoring—a giant step ahead of many shirts. Sizes 14½-17½, sleeves 32-36.

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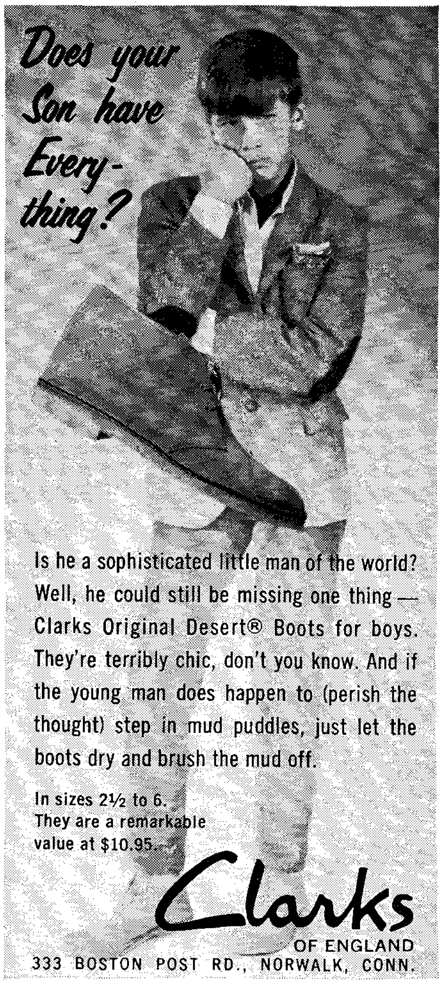

Does your Son have Every-thing?

Is he a sophisticated little man of the world? Well, he could still be missing one thing—Clarks Original Desert® Boots for boys. They're terribly chic, don't you know. And if the young man does happen to (perish the thought) step in mud puddles, just let the boots dry and brush the mud off.

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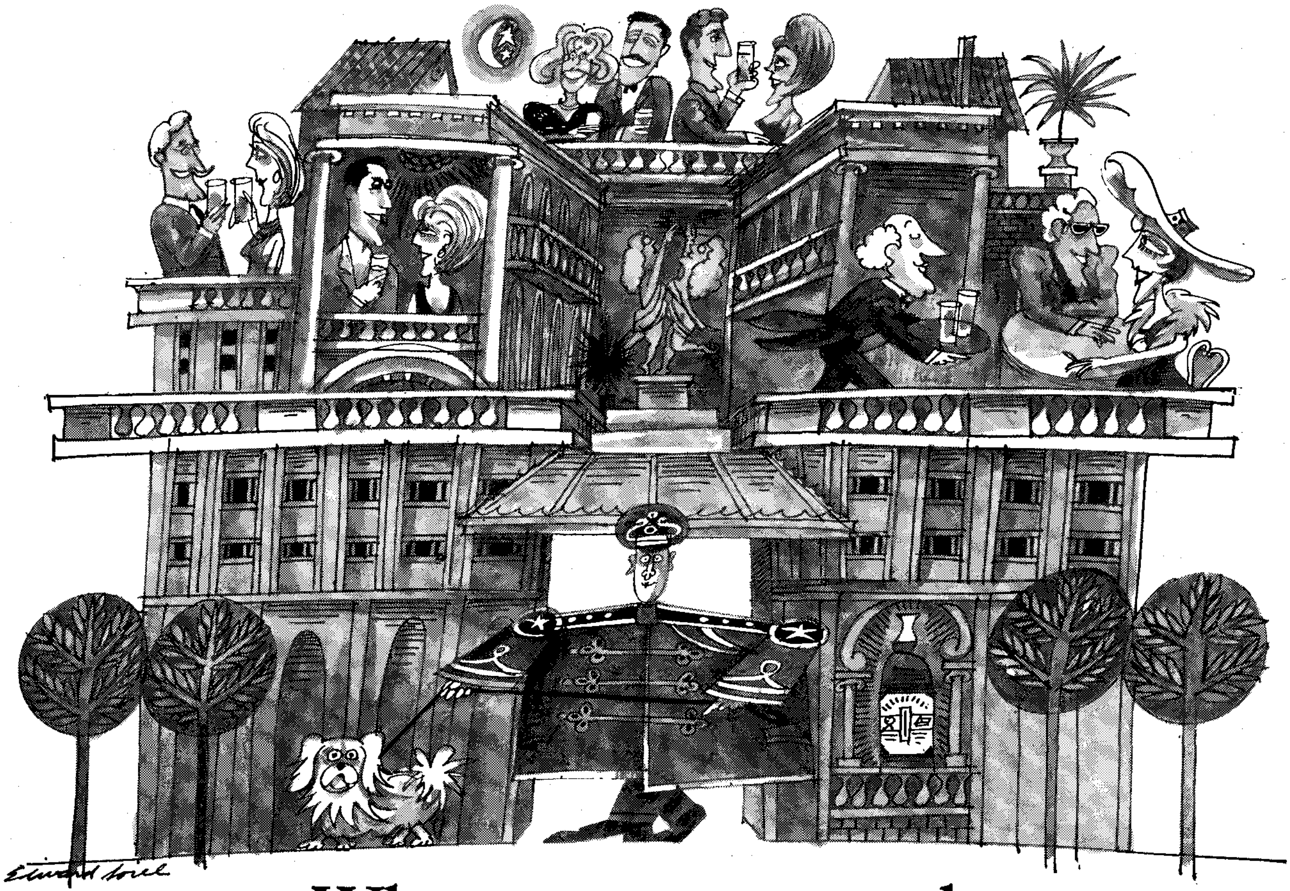

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Waiters at the George V used to snicker when you ordered anything but an apéritif before dinner.

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Now the mention of this Bourbon raises thirsts instead of eyebrows.

86
OLD TAYLOR

Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor...except the people who drink it.

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Vuokko of Finland brings to Bonnier's a collection of clothes and home accessories as distinctive as her many awards. Vuokko—a name known and acclaimed in Finland, London, Milan, Japan and Sweden as a true artist in fashion design. A woman designer who designs for *women*. Different. Bold. Yet purely Feminine. Classic fabrics with forever new designs. Come see a woman's ideas for a woman's world. Now at Bonnier's. Vuokko, a new way of spelling magic in fashion.

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605 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, PL 9-7985

Javits, Millionaire Members of the N.Y.C. Social Register, and the top Real Estate Syndicators"). Odza says that he received so many requests for a list of union pension funds—institutions that have considerable money to invest—that he went to Washington, where all the funds are registered with the government, found a little-known regulation that permits public inspection of the papers on record, put six accountants to work copying down the information he wanted, and has since been renting the resultant list steadily for a dollar a name.

Efforts to compile marketable lists produce such collections as "Men with Expensive Hobbies," "Special Formula—Individuals of Above Average Income and/or Intelligence," "Wealthy Families with Teenage Children," and "Women in the New York Area with $100,000 or More in Holdings." Probably the most widely used compiled lists, though, are simple compilations by profession. The American Medical Association list of doctors—which is rented by several medical-list companies that the A.M.A. franchises in return for a royalty of three dollars and fifty cents per thousand names on each rental—is considered an excellent list not only for drug-company advertisements but for magazine subscriptions and merchandise. Magazine publishers occasionally speak of doctors as "performing well"—meaning that they can usually be depended on to pay their bills and renew their subscriptions. According to Guy Yolton, the Republican National Committee first ventured into direct mail by sending a fund appeal to doctors during the first debate on Medicare, and a fund appeal to people on financial lists during the debate on withholding taxes from dividends and bank interest. Both were profitable. The *Army Times'* list of servicemen is also considered effective for merchandise and financial offers. The reason, some direct-mail specialists believe, is that Army bases are away from large shopping centers, and that servicemen have steady incomes; others think it is merely a matter of soldiers' looking forward to mail call. Army doctors who have bought credit-card wallets from Ambassador Leather Goods must dance through the dreams of list brokers.

Even in compiled lists, mailers crave some sign of activity. A particularly valued type of compiled list is one composed of men who have recently been promoted or have just joined a new company. Compilers such as Creative Mailing Service and Ed Burnett cull trade magazines and newspapers and gather up four or five thousand names a month to add to lists called "Men in Motion" or "Newly Promoted Executives." The attraction of a man in motion only begins with the raise that he presumably received. A man who has just been promoted is likely to think about his role in the company, and might want to buy a book on executive management or subscribe to *Fortune* or the *Wall Street Journal*, both of which find such lists effective. He might also be musing on his new role outside the office and have concluded that he has reached a station in life that is properly accompanied by a bit of culture—perhaps a record club or a book club. One of his most appealing qualities is that he probably has not been included on many lists at his new office address and might be happy to read whatever mail he gets.

Most of life's milestones are celebrated profitably by the list business. There is a steady demand for lists of engaged girls and newly married couples; there is even a data card on a list called "Life Begins at 40" ("Men and women over 40 who have recently become in-laws. Top market for luxury and impulse buying"). The most profitable milestone of all produces what is known in the trade as the Birth List—although it is actually a list not of births but of new parents. A businessman with a less profound understanding of free enterprise than exists in the list business might think that couples on the Birth List would make good customers for diaper services and baby products, and he might even extend the analysis to include a greater use of detergents. This is quite valid, of course, and is used by owners of Birth Lists, but for them it is only the beginning. New fathers, for instance, are known to be good prospects for correspondence courses. Doubleday finds that new mothers are fairly likely to become customers of its Dollar Book Club. Having children is ordinarily an activity of young families, and the *Reader's Digest* has used the Birth List partly to lower the average age of its readers for advertising purposes.

The Birth List has been greatly affected by the electronic age. At one time, collecting the names of new parents was a local affair. A diaper company would pay somebody in the hospi-

SURPRISING AMSTERDAM

28
RONDVAARTEN

"I never knew it, by George–but Amsterdam has twice as many miles of canals as Venice!"

Glorious, tree-lined canals divide KLM's hometown into 70 islands—with 636 bridges for lovers to wish on.

The water in the canals is remarkably clean. Reason: the tidy Dutch change it every week! (By opening floodgates.)

The best way to see Amsterdam is to *cruise* through it. A trip in a glass-topped boat costs 2½ guilders (70 U.S. cents). You'll pass miles of *leaning* canal houses, barges ablaze with *flowers*, Rembrandt's house, and dozens of other surprises.

Get KLM's free book (right). You'll soon see why Surprising Amsterdam is one of Europe's four most popular cities—and the ideal place to *start* your trip.

P.S. Reliable KLM can fly you to 39 other cities of Europe, too.

KLM

ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

SURPRISING AMSTERDAM
KLM

208-page guidebook. Get one free from your travel agent. Or, send 25¢ for mailing costs to: KLM, Box 1869, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.

Name__________ Phone__________

Street__________

City__________ State_____ Zip_____

____

B-10 (My travel agent is)

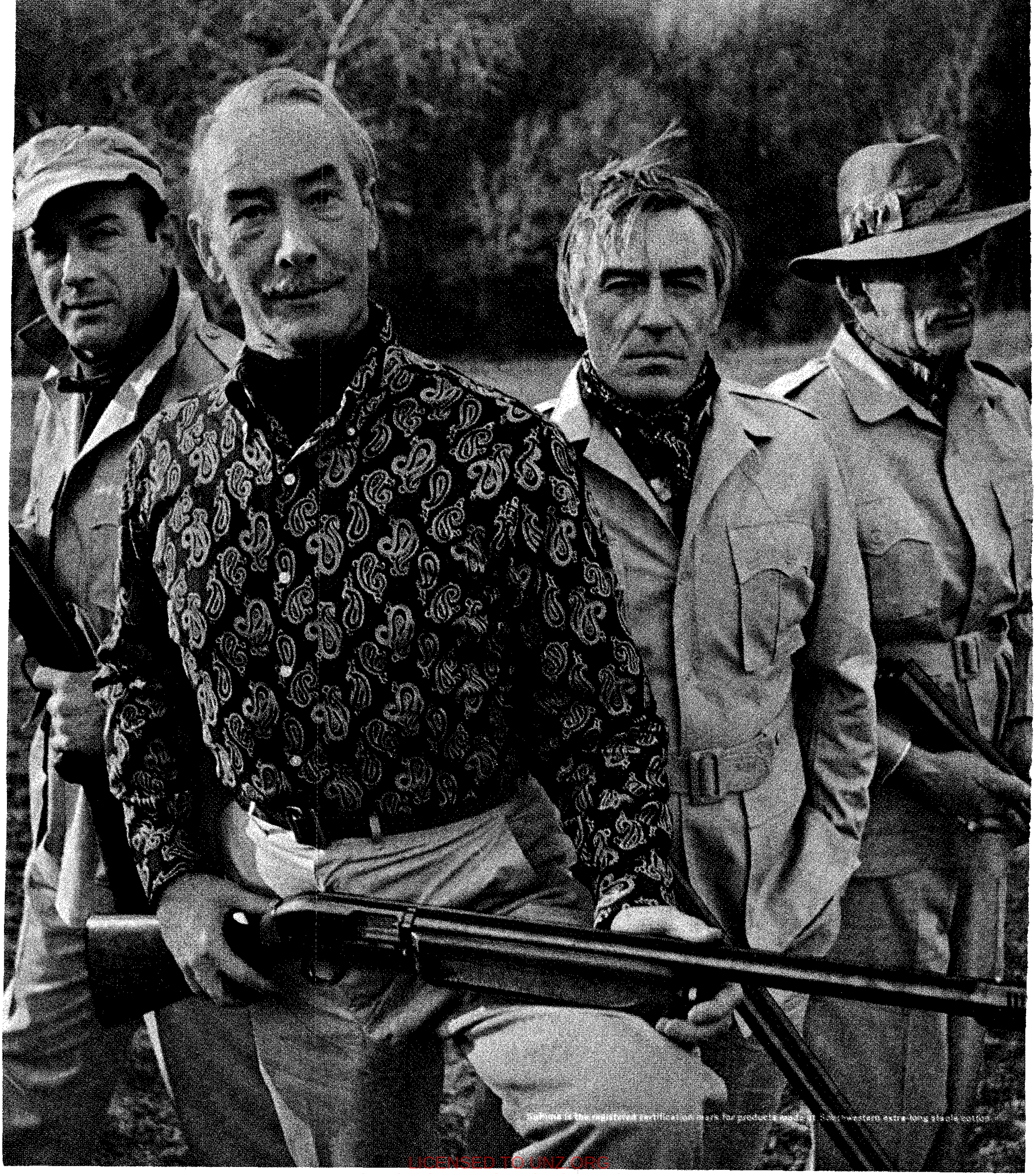
Mr. Monk wins a skeet shoot before firing a shot.

It's simple. He just wears this shirt without a jacket. Sheer envy slows the reactions of the other contestants. Besides, he feels so comfortable he's at the top of his form. **Eagle Shirtmakers** knew what they were doing when they chose this SuPima fabric by Springmaid, because *all* SuPima fabrics are woven of pedigreed pima cotton grown exclusively in our great Southwest. That's why they're so lustrous, so smooth, so silky, so easy to move in. If you don't believe us, ask Eagle's Miss Afflerbach. She knows everything! And even if you can't bear to shoot a skeet, you'll still enjoy wearing this shirt. At fine stores everywhere.

SuPima Association of America, Empire State Building, New York, New York 10001

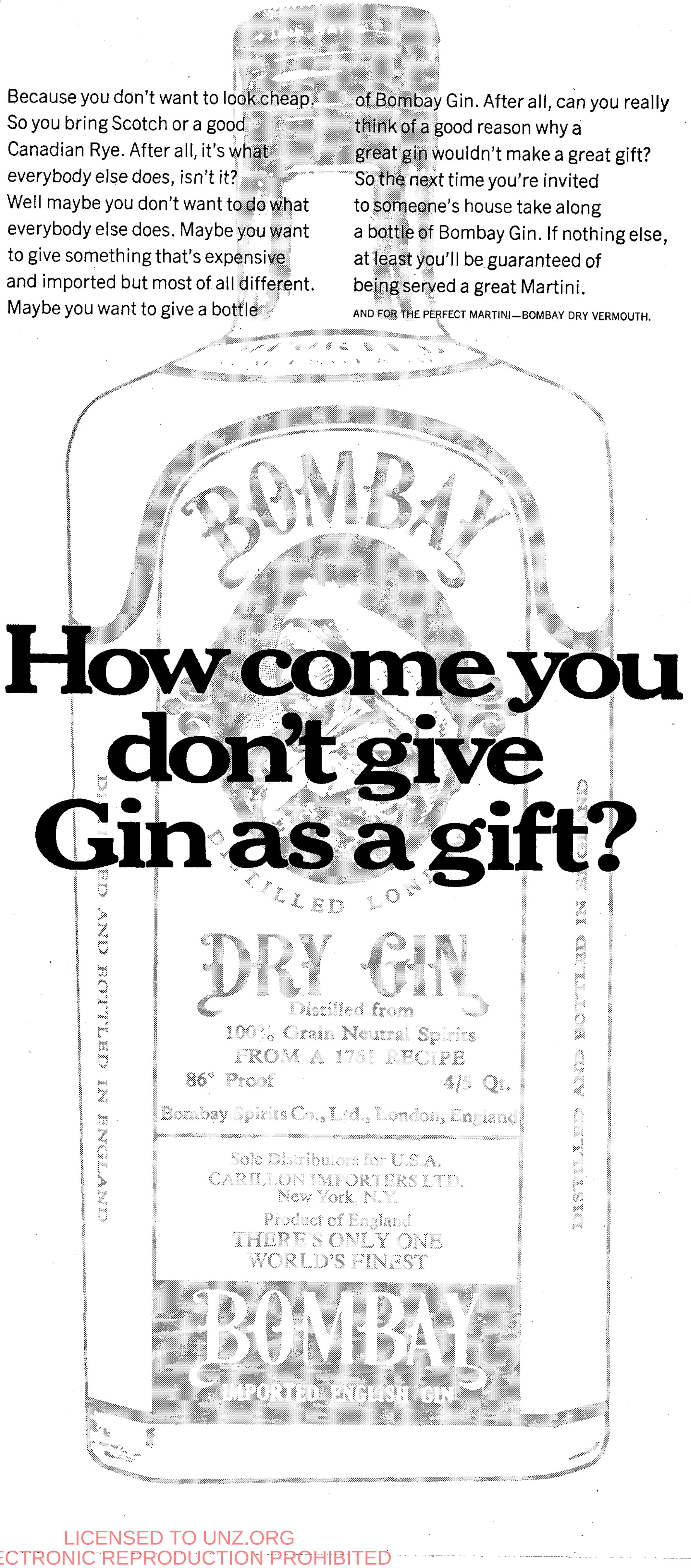
Mr. Monk's witty satire hits the target every night in his new show at Plaza 9-

SuPima
WORLD'S FINEST COTTONS



SuPima is the registered certification mark for products made of Southwestern extra-long staple cotton tal admissions office for a carbon of maternity admissions, or somebody in a laboratory would leak the names of expectant mothers to a baby-picture studio. There are still local birth lists—and local "prenatal lists"—but there are also two companies that specialize in births nationwide. The one in New York—the National Birth Record Company—claims that it can provide information on three million four hundred thousand of the four million one hundred thousand births that take place in the country every year. Marvin Monsky, one of the company's executives, says he has computers running twenty-four hours a day to keep track of the births; an advertisement for his firm in the *Reporter of Direct Mail Advertising* is headed "We punch holes in new parents." When all the holes are punched, Monsky knows much more than the fact that a baby has been born. He knows, for instance, whether the baby was born in a private or a public hospital, and if that is not a strong enough indication of the parents' income, he can feed in information available from the Census Bureau about the median income of their neighborhood. "Age, race, income, religion—this is all possible to a degree," Monsky said not long ago. He can provide lists of new parents in particular parts of the country ("We can sell an Eastern name better than a Southern name"), a list of new parents above a certain income level, and a list of new parents who are new at being new parents and presumably have not yet formed buying habits for family shopping. Monsky considers his exact source of names a professional secret, but he acknowledges that he has to pay for every name. According to Monsky, each hospital presents a different problem in supply, and he is confident that National Birth Record can find the best supplier. "We normally spend more money securing names than our competitors," he has said. "All our people are well-qualified sources. If you buy names from a local dealer, he may hold on to them for a while, sell them to local clients while they're fresh, and then send along old names." The danger of getting old names also precludes the use of public records. "Those names could be sixty, seventy days old," Monsky says. "If you can't get in there fast, you're not selling a birth list, you're selling a list of people with children."

As it happens, Monsky sells a list of people with children, too. He says that a detergent company suggested to National Birth Record not long ago that a list of families with two or more



Because you don't want to look cheap. So you bring Scotch or a good Canadian Rye. After all, it's what everybody else does, isn't it? Well maybe you don't want to do what everybody else does. Maybe you want to give something that's expensive and imported but most of all different. Maybe you want to give a bottle of Bombay Gin. After all, can you really think of a good reason why a great gin wouldn't make a great gift? So the next time you're invited to someone's house take along a bottle of Bombay Gin. If nothing else, at least you'll be guaranteed of being served a great Martini.

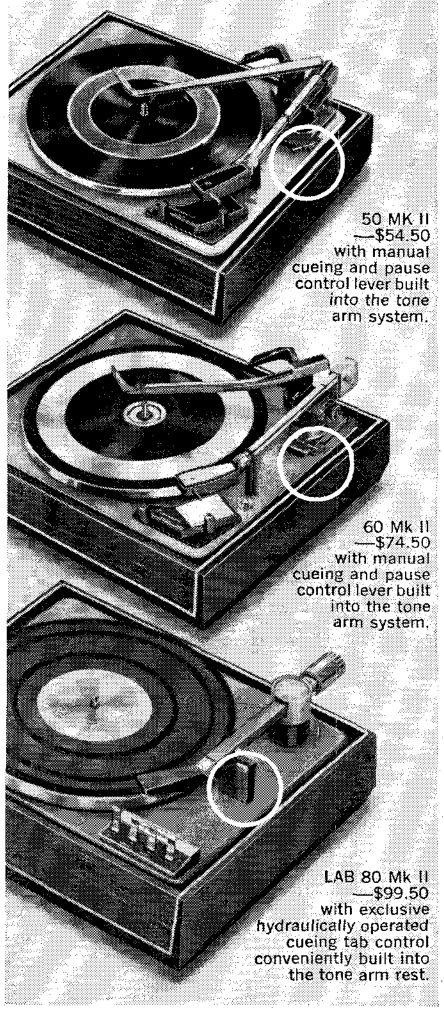
AND FOR THE PERFECT MARTINI—BOMBAY DRY VERMOUTH.

How come you don't give Gin as a gift?

BOMBAY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND
DISTILLED LONDON
DRY GIN
Distilled from
100% Grain Neutral Spirits
FROM A 1761 RECIPE
86° Proof
4/5 Qt.
Bombay Spirits Co., Ltd., London, England
Sole Distributors for U.S.A.
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD.
New York, N.Y.
Product of England
THERE'S ONLY ONE
WORLD'S FINEST
BOMBAY
IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN

GARRARD'S CUEING

...the most wanted feature on record player units today is now available in models from $54.50...a revolutionary development! The Garrard cueing controls eliminate the danger of accidental damage to records or stylus through manual handling; work three ways:
1. To lower the tone arm gently to the record without manual handling.
2. To pause (and then continue when ready) during single or automatic play.
3. To locate any record groove accurately and safely.
Built-in cueing controls are featured on three of Garrard's new automatic turntables:



50 MK II —$54.50 with manual cueing and pause control lever built into the tone arm system.

60 Mk II —$74.50 with manual cueing and pause control lever built into the tone arm system.

LAB 80 Mk II —$99.50 with exclusive hydraulically operated cueing tab control conveniently built into the tone arm rest.

See all the Garrard models at the New York or Houston High Fidelity Shows. If unable to attend, send for complimentary, new Comparator Guide. Mail to: Garrard, Dept.GM-796,Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

Please send Comparator Guide.
Name
Address
City
State Zip

children would be a list of families that would buy more of everything. Monsky now collects the names and addresses of all those who have appeared more than once in the Birth List over the past several years, changes the names to "Occupant," on the theory that even if the family has moved, another family with two or more children has probably replaced it, and comes up with a list of some six million two hundred thousand households. Monsky says that for merchandising such products as Pillsbury's Funny Face drinks for children it is the best list in the industry. He also takes pride in the Birth List. "We believe that what we do is good, on the whole," he has said. "It's good for the people who receive it—information on how to take care of children, coupons worth a lot of money, and so on. In the unfortunate case that a woman loses a baby three or four days after the birth and she writes in, we do everything we can to clean her name off the list, and we send her a letter of apology and sympathy."

SOME people in the trade believe that computerization will eventually result in great master lists of all magazine readers and all gadget buyers. A man in Washington who specializes in the names of people who have contributed to conservative causes is now reportedly able to produce the names of three hundred thousand right-wingers, sorted on tape to avoid duplication. The Diners' Club will soon be able to rent out its members sorted by profession. Dun & Bradstreet can now produce a list that selects by type of industry, number of employees at each establishment, number of employees in the entire company, geographical location, sales volume, age of business, and (if the customer subscribes to the Dun & Bradstreet credit service) net worth and Dun & Bradstreet credit rating. Computers have had an almost revolutionary effect on the master lists that already exist—the four or five lists, sometimes called "horizontal lists," that include almost every person in the country who might ever be expected to buy *anything*. Firms with direct-mail programs of a certain size—mass-circulation magazines, mass-appeal charities, food companies that use coupons—eventually depend on horizontal lists almost exclusively, and computerization has made it possible for them to pick their best potential customers from the mass with extraordinary sophistication. There are about fifty-five or fifty-six million households in the United States, and a list of some forty-one million of

Magnificent
South Sea
Island pearls
suspended from a
brilliant series of marquise
and round cut diamonds.
Earclips from our precious
jewels collection. 6,500.00

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

PERFECTLY MATCHED THREESOME

Quality tailoring makes Bardley's suit and knit shell (with sleeves) a timeless investment. Soft, textured, nubby wool in gold, red, white, or camel. Sizes 6 thru 16 *$99.00* complete

Mail orders carefully filled.

Gene Burton South
505 South Lake Avenue
Pasadena, California

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF

For people who are afraid to say it out loud.

Some people are afraid to buy a Cadillac.

They know it's a great car, and they'd like to have it.

But they're afraid it will look as if they're trying to prove something.

Some people don't buy Chivas for the same reason.

This card is for people like that.

Just show it to the man who's pouring.

It'll get you the best Scotch in the world without saying a word.

It will prove something: that the only person you have to please is yourself.

We know Chivas is that good.

Let Cadillac look out for itself.

Chivas Regal, please.

The cards are for real.

General Wine & Spirits Company,
375 Park Avenue, Box M,
New York, N.Y. 10022.

At first, just a few women knew...

A whispered word passed on among friends: the loveliest lipsticks and nail enamels in all the world are the cremes and frosteds of L'Oreal. Now that word of beauty has become the talk of the town.

L'ORÉAL® OF PARIS

Now made in the U.S.A.

them can be compiled either by collecting all the names that appear in phone books, as O. E. McIntyre does, or by collecting all motor-vehicle registrations, as R. L. Polk & Co. does. The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation combines the two sources—catching some people with no telephone (or no listing) who have automobiles, and some carless city dwellers who have telephones—and builds the "Donnelley Quality Index" of some fifty million names.

McIntyre's system of maintaining its list could hardly be simpler. There are approximately five thousand telephone directories published annually in the United States, and McIntyre buys a new copy of each one of them. When a new Kansas City telephone directory appears, a clerk in McIntyre's plant in Westbury, Long Island, compares it with a stack of punch cards that were produced from the previous Kansas City telephone directory. She draws a blue line through all the names and addresses that are identical to those she has on the punch cards and through all the business listings, and throws away the punch cards containing names that do not appear in the new directory. Another clerk makes a new punch card for every name in Kansas City that does not have a blue line through it, and then a machine re-sorts the cards from alphabetical order to street-number order for inclusion on the master tape. Some of this work is farmed out to housewives; in some parts of Long Island drawing lines through names for McIntyre forms a sort of cottage industry.

Polk has a similar system for keeping its list fresh—it folds in names as cars are registered throughout the year, then begins a new list for each state as the new year's registrations become available—but it has a more complicated problem of original supply. Polk, like National Birth Record, must make a separate arrangement with each source—and it must get all fifty states for a complete list. In some states, the company can simply buy a directory containing all the information needed. In New Jersey, Polk is given all the information free in return for looking up the names and addresses of parking violators. In New York, the law permits the Bureau of Motor Vehicles to sell rights to the information. In 1961, both Polk and Donnelley were outbid in New York by a mailing house called Circulation Associates. According to a suit filed in 1963 by Circulation Associates (and still in litigation), Polk, having been denied the registrations

Enjoy Autumn in our colorful Vermont setting

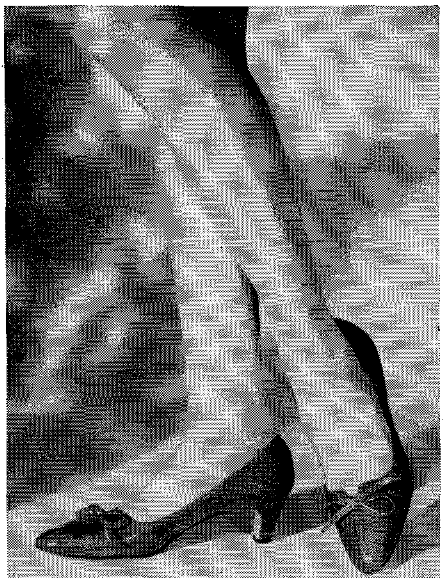
What a perfect time and place for uncrowded, unhurried Fall vacation. For golfers, the first tee of our 18-hole course is right outside your door! Electric carts and a 9-hole putting green complete the layout. After golf, enjoy fishing and boating on Lake Champlain, play a few sets of tennis. Heated swimming pool. Superb New England dining and hospitality. Magnificent scenery. Private 3200-foot airstrip. Join us for Fall golf . . . open 'til October 13th.

Reserve *soon:* N. Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, West, Telephone (212) LT 1-6595.

BASIN HARBOR CLUB

Robert H. Beach, Manager

VERGENNES • VERMONT



Our pet lizard

dresses up with a bow—
an engaging black pump
handled in the inimitable
Newton Elkin manner, 36.00
Designer shoe collections
at all Lord & Taylor stores

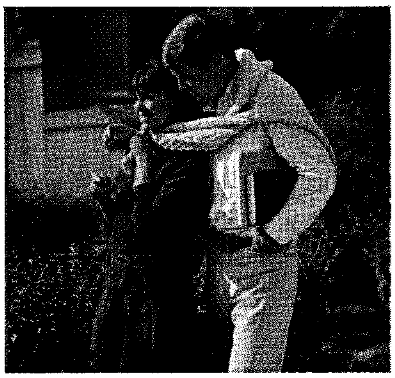
Lord & Taylor

the one-suit weekend

Football Special

Pre-game warm-up

Come on team!


"Meet me after my 8 O'clock . . ."

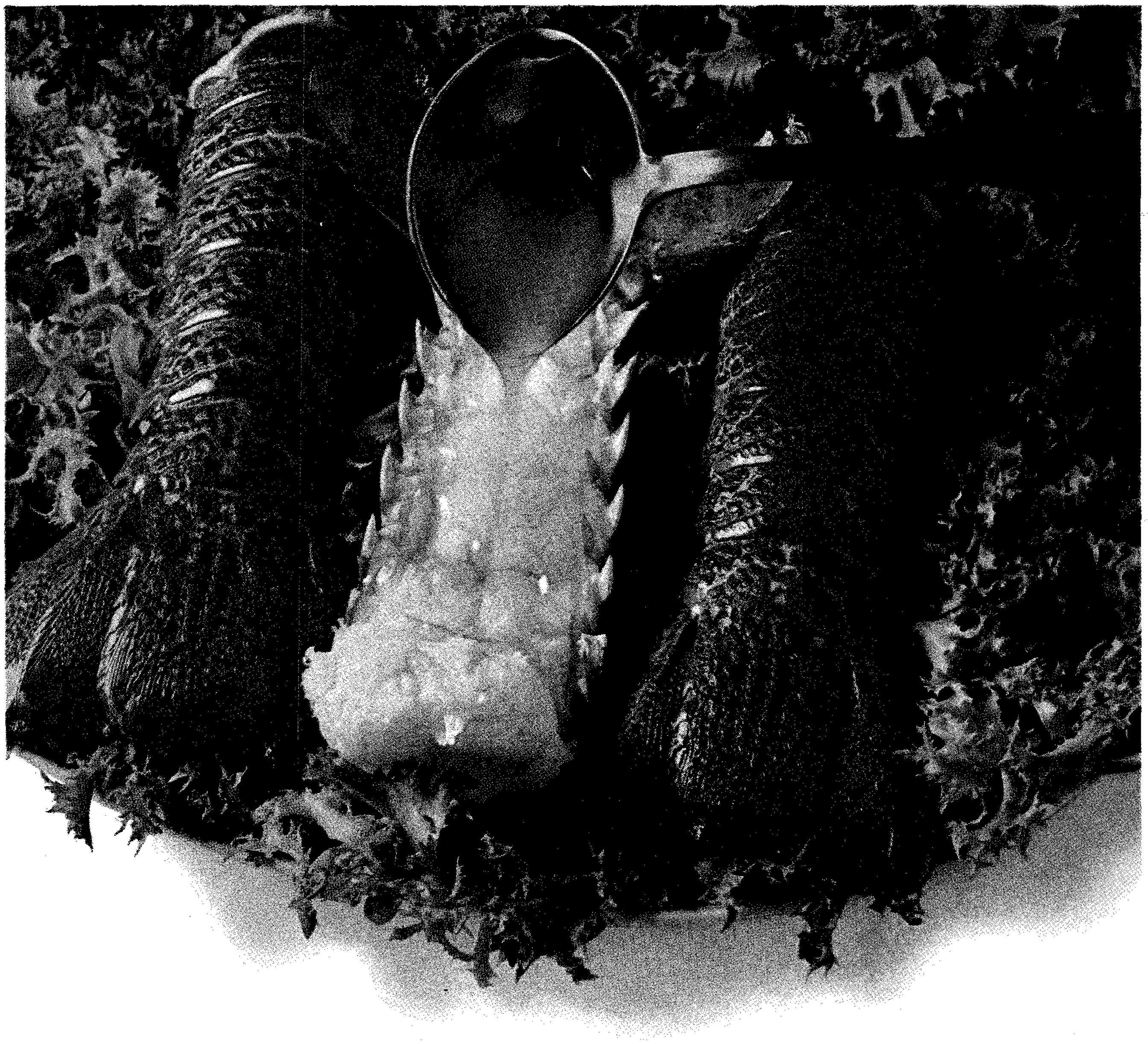
A table for two?

. . . the livin' end

A football weekend can be a dazzling but frazzling experience. For you and your clothes. That's why Butte Knits were born. They can take it. And they'll always end up looking crisp and attractive. Take a Butte Knit along on your next escapade. You'll be dressed right any time of the day — wherever you go — all weekend.

PURE VIRGIN WOOL

BUTTE KNIT
a division of Jonathan Logan
1407 Broadway, New York City.

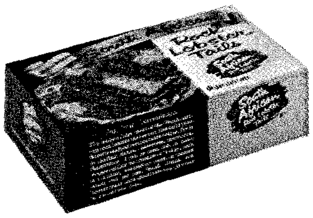


Now you know the secret of the best chefs in town

SOUTH AFRICAN ROCK LOBSTER TAILS

All the best chefs know that nothing can compare with South African Rock Lobster Tails. Only the icy waters flowing from the Antarctic produce lobster tails so succulent, so firm and tender. Broil them indoors or on the outdoor grill. Boil them for salads, newburgs, casseroles and other quick-and-easy seafood dishes. South African Rock Lobster Tails are high in protein, low in calories. In the frozen food cabinet of your store and at your favorite restaurant.

Free Recipe Secrets delicious seafood dishes prepared with South African Rock Lobster Tails. Write to: Rock Lobster, Department NY, P.O. Box 632, Wall Street Station, New York, New York 10005.

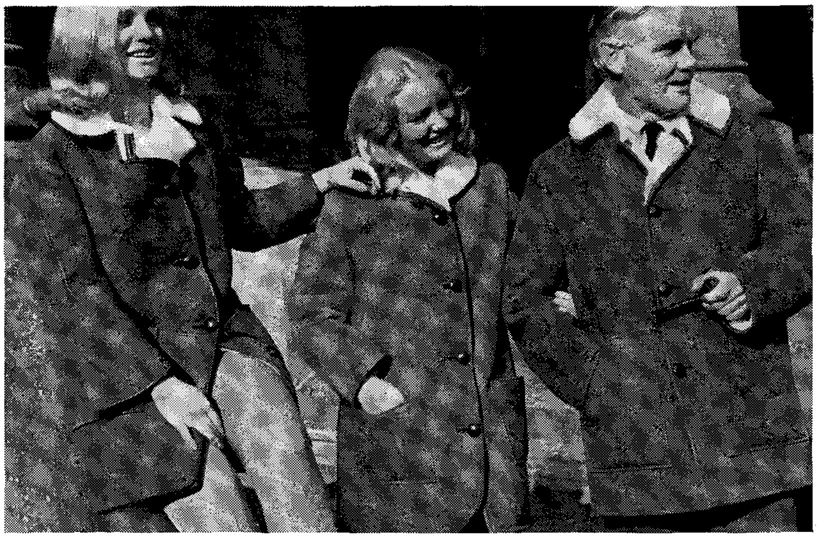


South African ROCK LOBSTER TAILS ®

itself, arranged with the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles to microfilm something called the MV-50 forms, which, it turned out, contained most of the information that is found on motor-vehicle registrations—except in more legible form. The Commissioner did not deny that; he said he had decided that the MV-50 forms were public record. Circulation Associates alleged that the Commissioner had "developed a personal acquaintanceship" with some of the officials of Polk—a phrase that might be said to represent a side of the list business that has existed since the first county clerk met the first list compiler many years ago. (Polk won the bid the next time it was offered, but Donnelley also continues to advertise a complete list. The two companies regularly share the cost of transforming the registration information into usable form, share the list that results, and, in some states, do not compete against each other in trying to rent it.)

A list of eighty per cent of the families in the United States is of practically no value unless it can be refined into categories of people who have more in common than ownership of a telephone or an automobile. The greatest single aid the compilers have for making this refinement is the Census Bureau. In order to maintain consistent statistics on the population, the Census Bureau, with the advice of a local committee, permanently subdivides a metropolitan area into tracts that contain roughly a thousand relatively homogeneous families. Within each tract, census-takers gather information from one of every four families, and on the basis of that sampling the Bureau publishes statistics on the median income and education of the people living in the tract, as well as a good number of percentages and averages concerning their housing, their professions, the size of their families, and their ethnic backgrounds. Tracting began with a few cities in the 1910 census, and now covers almost sixty per cent of the population, including practically everyone who lives in a city. The list compilers fold the tract information into their master tapes, so that for a financial magazine, say, their computers can immediately pick out people who live in tracts where median incomes are nine thousand dollars or more, median educations are of more than twelve years, and the percentage of "managerial and professional wage-earners" is high. McIntyre offers twenty-five variables for selecting tracts, including value of owned homes, percentage of married couples

THE
OUT
COAT



Donald Macdonald and his daughters, Grace and Linn.

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN

When you're out, be sure you're in Antartex. The warmest coats you can buy. Soft, hardwearing and shower-proof. Antartex jackets and coats are made of the finest sheepskins. By Donald Macdonald, Loch Lomond, Dumbarton, Scotland. 14 styles, 10 colors, in prices ranging from $75 to $165. Dry cleaning service. Catalogue on request.

Antartex
Sheepskin
No. 7 $165.
Fleecy Fur $140.

Antartex
Sheepskin
Special Order

Antartex
Sheepskin
No. 3 $105.

Order from Antartex Warehouse, 1105 Lexington Ave., New York 10021, or visit:

Antartex Sheepskin Shops:

New York City, LE 5-9079,
139 E. 76th St. at Lex. 10021
Cambridge, Mass., 868-6083,
50a Boylston St., Harvard Yard 02138
Middleburg, Va., 687-6545,
U.S. 50 at Washington St. 22117

Miami, Fla., 444-0955,
3460 Main Highway, Coconut Grove 33133
Geneva, Ill., 232-4434,
200 South 3rd St. 60134
Minneapolis, Minn., 339-1276,
920 Nicollet Ave. 55402

Wear our slacks of Dacron® & wool worsted

Half of your friends won't know the difference.
Why disappoint the other half?

You just can't expect *everyone* to appreciate the art of Austin Hill trouser tailoring. Be good to yourself, anyway. Relax in the trim, flattering lines of our traditional plaids of 55% Dacron* polyester and 45% wool worsted. For nearest store, write: Austin Hill Ltd., 318 N. Front Street, Baltimore Md. or 1407 Broadway, N.Y.C.

** DuPont's Registered trademark*

Ah!

AUSTIN HILL LTD.

Ah! Send for this lapel-emblem. Make your friends say 'AH'!

with husbands under forty-five, percentage of married couples with husbands under forty-five and children under eighteen, and percentage of owner-occupied housing units. Donnelley has about the same number of selectors programmed into its master list, including the percentage of multiple-dwelling units and the percentage of non-white housing units. As it turns out, one of the minor disadvantages of being a Negro slum dweller in the United States is being deprived of a fair share of orange-juice coupons.

Although the average merchandiser might be delighted with such extensive statistics based on such a large sampling, the resourcefulness of the big list-compiling companies only begins with census tracts. The real skill is what is occasionally called "getting inside the tract." Since the tape of a compiler of telephone lists is arranged by address, he can easily reach only people in single-family dwellings (more children) by instructing the computer to skip over any address that has more than one name listed. The computer can also skip any telephone listed under a female name (lower income). It can select only families that have been on the list for a specified number of years (older; fewer children). The McIntyre list is carried on reels of magnetic tape that hold two hundred and forty thousand names each—the entire list of forty-one million families looks like a largish home-movie collection—and in three minutes the computer can pick out of a reel the names suitable for, say, a "TV food-snack" mailing, eliminating tracts below forty-five hundred dollars' annual income, female names, apartments, and families that have been at the same address more than eight years. For coupon offers, the McIntyre computers can replace names with "Occupant," which is less personal but more deliverable, and for magazines that prefer not to send subscription offers to their own subscribers, such as *Time* and the *Reader's Digest*, it can match its tape with the magazine's tape and eliminate the names of people who already subscribe.

If a man who earns ten thousand dollars a year happens to be hiding in a tract with a median income of eight thousand dollars, a compiler is likely to flush him out sooner or later. Polk and Donnelley know about his two cars, and they know the make, model, and age of both of them. That information is, of course, of some use to automobile manufacturers—Ford once won a prize from the Direct Mail Advertising Association for a mailing that it sent to own-

New! For men and women

ISLAND SURF

from the Caribbean, where romance is . . .

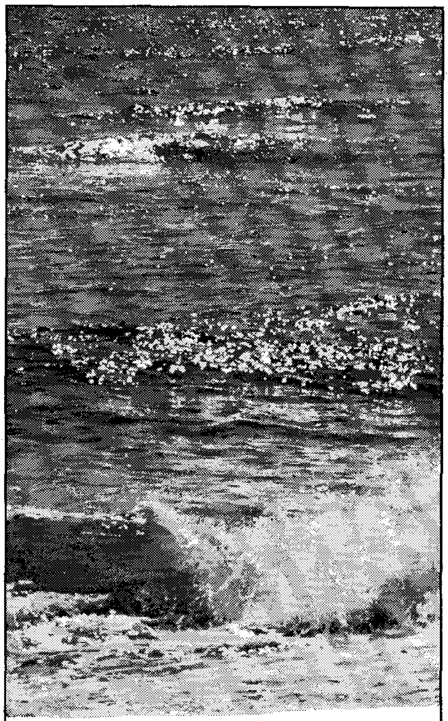
ROBINSON BISHOP LTD
BRITISH CARIBBEAN
ISLAND SURF

All-purpose lotion with the young woodsy scent that clings from dusk to dawn on most people. From $4.

From the creators of

BRITISH CARIBBEAN
TOILETRIES FOR MEN
Spice & Lime Cologne,
Lime After Shave and
new Island Surf, $4, $6.
Jamaican Bay Rum, $3.

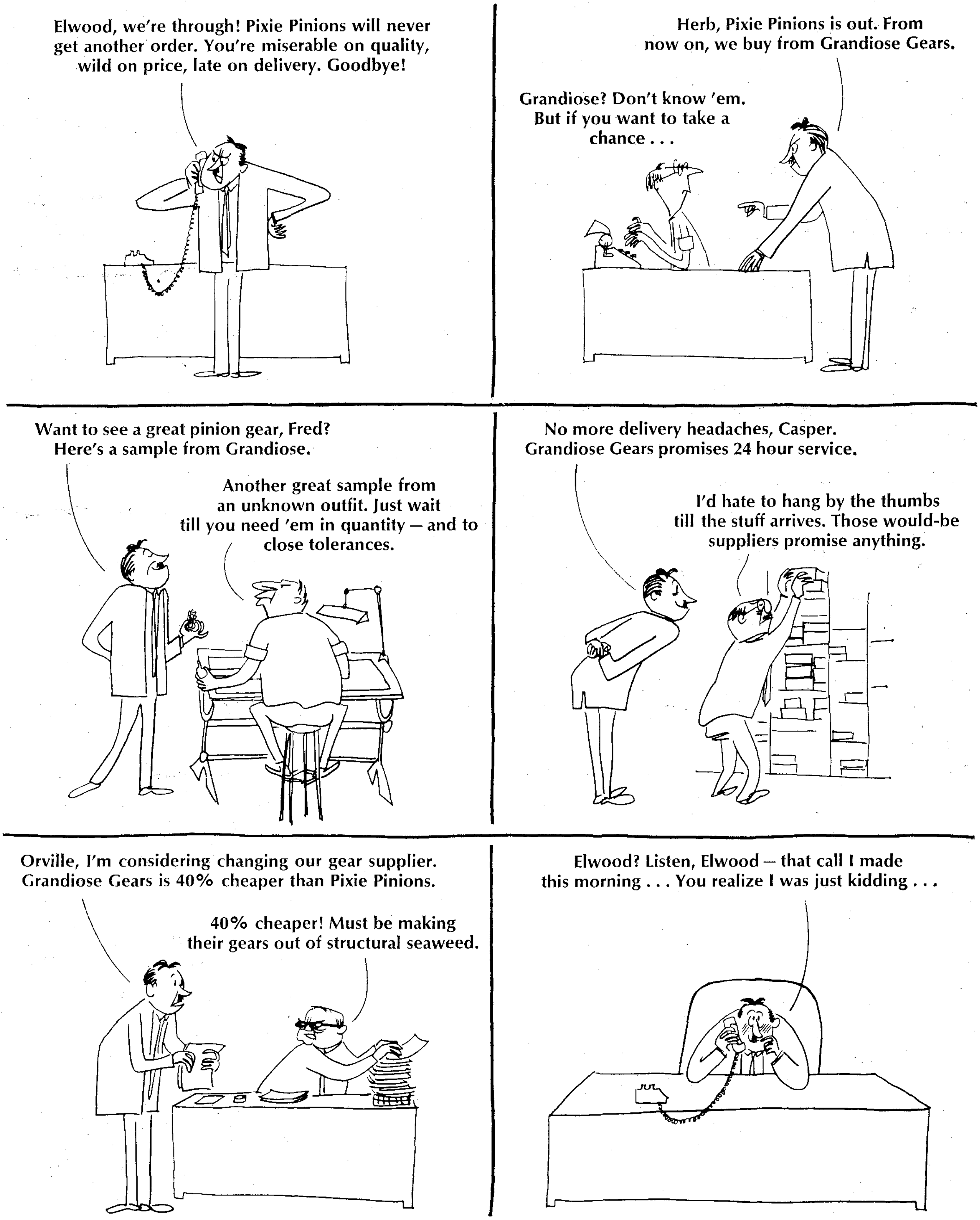
Robinson-Bishop, Inc.
1341 F St., N.W., Washington, D.C.
London • Kingston • Toronto



Thirty-five rooms for seventy guests.
Your own private beach.
A very personal Jamaican experience.

The Jamaica Inn
Ocho Rios, Jamaica.
For free brochure
see your travel agent or Ray Morrow.
51 E. 42 St., N.Y. 10017, OX 7-2340.
Hope he can get you in.

(*Advertisement*)


Elwood, we're through! Pixie Pinions will never get another order. You're miserable on quality, wild on price, late on delivery. Goodbye!
Herb, Pixie Pinions is out. From now on, we buy from Grandiose Gears.
Grandiose? Don't know 'em. But if you want to take a chance . . .
Want to see a great pinion gear, Fred? Here's a sample from Grandiose.
Another great sample from an unknown outfit. Just wait till you need 'em in quantity — and to close tolerances.
No more delivery headaches, Casper. Grandiose Gears promises 24 hour service.
I'd hate to hang by the thumbs till the stuff arrives. Those would-be suppliers promise anything.
Orville, I'm considering changing our gear supplier. Grandiose Gears is 40% cheaper than Pixie Pinions.
40% cheaper! Must be making their gears out of structural seaweed.
Elwood? Listen, Elwood — that call I made this morning . . . You realize I was just kidding . . .

If nobody knows your name, you've got troubles. Even if your product is a good one.

The industrial buyer's fear of backing an unknown brand can stop your salesman cold. Best way to become known — and stay that way — is to advertise regularly in McGraw-Hill business and industrial magazines. Your products will be familiar to industry leaders. And your company will be as acceptable as an old friend.

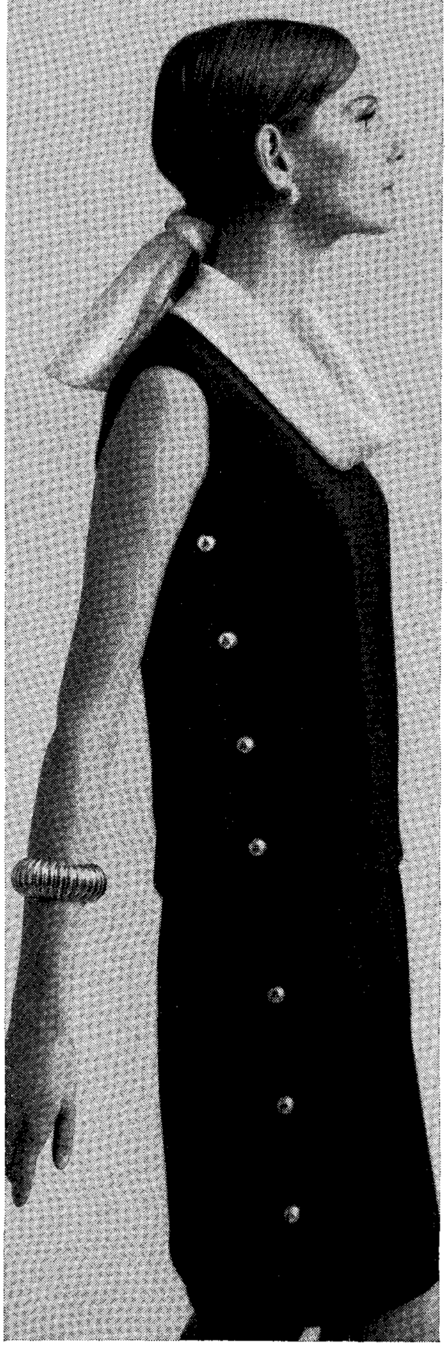
Ask yourself whether you're advertising often enough — in the kind of magazine that talks business to the people you're trying to sell.

McGRAW-HILL
market-directed ®
PUBLICATIONS

Saks Fifth Avenue

CAVALIER KNIT—OUR BRIGHT-BUTTONED WOOL, $50

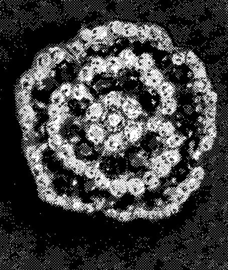
Crisp as a cadet's uniform with cowled top, A-slanted skirt on a camisole and strictly-for-show brassy buttons. In navy or vibrant green with white, 3 to 13 sizes. Young Elite® Dresses. Mail and phone orders filled.



ers of Chevrolets and Plymouths—but it can also be used by any merchandiser who wants to add to the number of people available in ten-thousand-dollar tracts by dropping to eight-thousand-dollar tracts and selling only owners of more than one car. Polk has now perfected what it calls the "Current Market Value Index," a program of checking the value, as listed in the standard used-car manual, of each car registered to a family, adding up the figures if there is more than one car, and then assigning each of the forty-one million car-owning families in the United States a number, from zero to nine, that represents the total value of its automobiles. At the same time, Polk is converting to magnetic tape its "Household Census List," which is composed of information that the company acquires in the course of putting together the city directories it publishes in most major American cities (except the four largest). When the list is completely converted, sometime next year, Polk advertises, it will "contain more vital selection factors on a household-by-household basis than any mass list ever compiled." For the twenty-four million families that will eventually be on the "Household Census List," Polk will know—not by statistical probability but by precise information on each individual—"occupation of head of household and all persons over 18, marital status, wife's name, whether wife works, number of children, age range of children, total persons in the household, total employed persons in the household, occupancy status (owner or renter), primary families, sub-families, and secondary families, type of dwelling (single or multiple), length of residence at current address, age of structure, telephone number if there is a phone, spending index (estimated annual expenditure for current consumption)." The finished product will be what Polk calls a "precision marketing tool."

Somehow, despite the skill of the list compilers and the enterprise of the list brokers, there are names that cannot be rented. Most magazines will release the names of their active subscribers only in exchange for other active names, usually on a one-for-one basis, and will rent out only the names of "expires." A number of magazines, such as *Time*—which trades "actives" with firms like the Book-of-the-Month Club, the Columbia Record Club, and *Harper's*—will not rent out even expires, and a few magazines will release no names of subscribers, actives or expires, for

Precious Camellia



Graceful camellia clip, with rippling petals of sapphires and diamonds, framed in platinum, $2,350. Also available with rubies or emeralds with diamonds, or all diamond.
Design © Actual size.

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Distinguished requisite of fine grooming, these two imports are favorites of discerning gentlemen and gentlewomen everywhere. All-purpose Royall Lyme, hand-pressed from fresh, plump West Indian limes and—Royall Spyce, a tangy, long-lasting lotion from native all-spice leaves and Pimenta Citriodora. Companion soaps, hard milled in England, available for both hand and bath. At fine stores.

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232 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. 10016

The vodka cups, made of gilded silver and Russian enamel, are 19th Century Russian. Courtesy A La Vieille Russie, N.Y.C.

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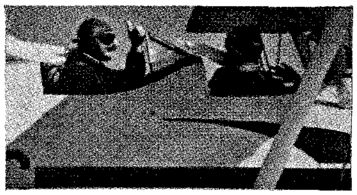
VODKA, 80 PROOF. DIST. FROM 100% GRAIN. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., CINN., O. DISTR. BY NAT'L DIST. PROD. CO. PRODUCT OF U. S. A.

THE SPIRIT OF COVENTRY SQUARE



OR:

THE INTREPID LOOK IN TROUSERS

Six A.M. Poised in the morning mist, the '39 vintage Stearman biplane looked absolutely new. Superb restoration! Who could have resisted it. For our first flight, slipped into my new trousers from Coventry Square. Great color. Russet gold. All-wool worsted, naturally.

Daphne, my devoted co-pilot, took over the controls and we were off for Altoona. Unfortunately, she proved frightfully bad with the camera as you can see. Still, a nice closeup of the tri-color houndstooth I'm wearing. A 55% Dacron* polyester and 45% wool worsted blend.

For the impromptu crowd gathered outside Harrisburg we flipped into a fast barrel-roll, followed up with an adroitly executed Immelman. I thought Daphne handled the maneuver with singular bravura.

Heading home, I took over the controls. Donned my new bold check trousers. All-wool worsted. They stayed crisp, completely unflappable the entire flight back. Seemed only right to end our maiden flight in proper style.

Coventry Square: The Ultimate in Trousers.

The Ultimate in Trousers
Coventry Square
A Division of The Asher Company

*DuPont registered trademark

Write for Asher's free booklet on the psychological approach to slacks. The Asher Company, Dept. N, Fitchburg, Mass.

rent or for trade. There are firms in almost all fields of business that rent out lists of their customers—Kayser-Roth, a wholesale clothing manufacturer, has gone as far as to rent out a list of the retail stores that carry its products—but even in businesses that involve credit cards there are some companies (notably car-rental firms) that do not rent out their lists. According to list compilers, an up-to-date alumni list of some colleges can be obtained from the secretary of the alumni association, but the graduates of other colleges have to be collected from the alumni directory, which is, of course, out of date by the time it is printed. Many department stores do not rent out their lists, and the credit bureaus used by department stores to clear charge accounts ordinarily do not put the credit-checked names on the open market, although some of them will provide a "custom-compiled" list for, say, an oil-company credit-card mailing or a promotion mailing for a new branch of a department store. Large charities normally do not rent out their lists, although small charities often sell their lists to a broker, who combines them to create something like "Catholic Donors" or "Donors to the Cause of Peace." Aware of the fact that a large organization's roster is always obtainable, some societies and clubs try at least to make some money from the situation by having their lists marketed and policed by a list house—Polk offers two hundred and forty thousand Junior Chamber of Commerce members at twenty dollars a thousand, and fifty thousand Jaycee officers, all of whom have demonstrated intense activity, at thirty-five dollars a thousand—but other societies put dummy names on their rosters and object strenuously when they discover that the list has been used. List compilers say that they do not continue to use a roster or directory of an organization that has formally objected. In creating lists that have to be collected from a number of sources, compilers invariably miss a few names. Even a man as resourceful as Herbert Odza has no arrangements with three hundred of the twelve hundred bell captains of hotels that hold U.J.A. fund-raising banquets. And some seven hundred thousand babies manage to get born in this country every year without revealing to Marvin Monsky the name, age, race, and probable income of their parents.

"PEOPLE are always asking me how to get off mailing lists," Myron Shapiro, of the Mid-Century

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are
medievally
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A paradox. Exclusive new hand screened Roosters. Patterns, verily, are adapted from ancient baroques and paisleys. But the mood, man, it's modern. Rich, rare Rooster colorings. Finest wool hopsack. Forsooth: today's man wears with-it sports clothes. Adds Roosters for olden elegance. At very good stores, $3.50.

rooster

ROOSTER, INC. 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK

Remember how easy it was to open your bank account?

It's just as easy to open a brokerage account with the Stockbrokers To Know

You can open an account with the Stockbrokers To Know at Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis—just by giving us a few simple facts. Altogether it may take as long as five minutes.

Here's what you do. Stop in at any Paine, Webber office, or phone, if it's more convenient. Introduce yourself. Then give a Stockbroker To Know some basic information, such as your name, address, social security number and a bank reference. That's all there is to it. You don't even have to fill out the form yourself. He'll do it for you.

And doing business with a Stockbroker To Know is just as simple. He'll give you the facts you need and want in clear, uncomplicated language. Together, you can reach investment decisions that represent an honest and straightforward effort to reach your particular goals.

What could be easier? Stop in or phone today and see for yourself.

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Book Society, said recently. "I tell them there is only one way—and dying is not it." Dying will have no effect on a mail-order list until the list is cleaned and an envelope marked "Return Requested" is actually returned; even then, the name may be picked up again from a directory or a roster by a compiler. Shapiro's advice for anyone who wants to risk being considered a bum by Harry Maginnis is to move and leave no forwarding address, not even for first-class mail. Of course, Shapiro's friend, once moved, would have to give up a few habits he had at the old place. He could not have a listed telephone, and he could not own a car, unless he wanted to take a chance on driving it without license plates. He would have to give up such conveniences as subscribing to magazines and ordering theatre tickets by mail. He would be forced to ask his university to strike his name from the alumni rolls (or, at least, he would not inform the alumni association of his sudden move), and he would resign from any club or professional society that might want to know the address of its members—even members who had no credit cards and refused to contribute to charity. He would, of course, abandon the ballot, and, to be perfectly safe, he and his wife would have to be satisfied with the number of children they already had.

"I hope he's not moving into one of six hundred and forty luxury apartment buildings in New York," Herbert Odza said not long ago, in a discussion of Shapiro's hypothetical friend.

"Why not?"

"We pay the super or someone in the management company of each building for the names of people who move in."

"He is not moving into one of those apartments."

"And he's not voting?" Odza asked.

"That has already been decided."

"And he's not writing his congressman, of course."

"His congressman!"

Odza explained patiently that people who write their congressmen often show up on lists of people who write their congressmen; they have, after all, shown themselves to be somewhat active. In fact, Odza said, one of the most successful lists in the financial field for a while was a list of people who had written to their congressmen objecting to the proposed withholding tax on bank interest and dividends—an indication that they had some bank interest and dividends to be taxed.

"He will not write his congressman."

"Even if he doesn't," Odza said, "the lady in the apartment next door may be selling Christmas cards, and the Christmas-card company may ask her to suggest names of any neighbors interested in making some extra Christmas money."

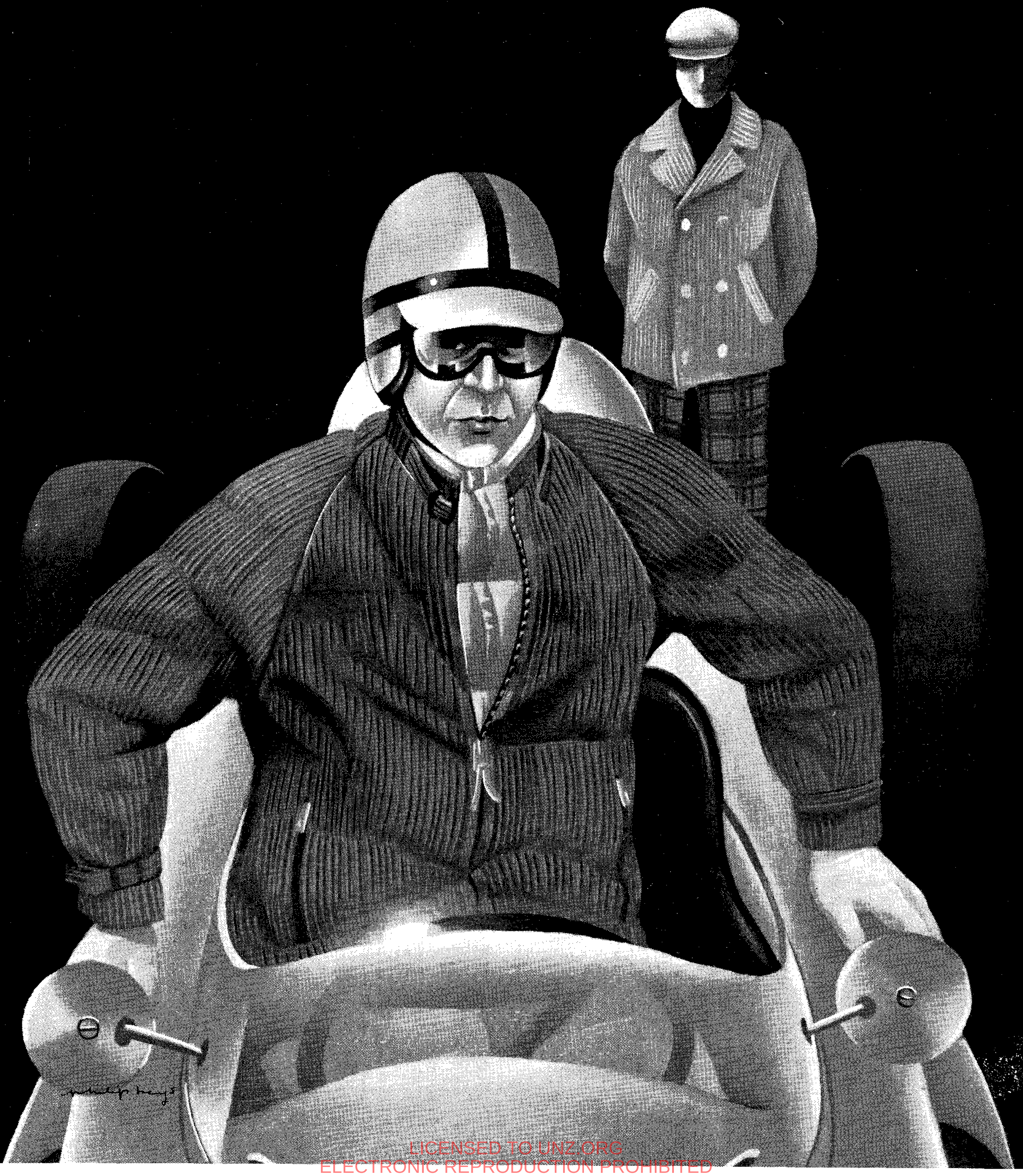
To avoid being betrayed by a casual acquaintance, Shapiro's friend will have to take the final step of withdrawing completely from society—tutoring his own children, and permitting his wife to go out only for groceries, with instructions to pay in cash and speak to no one. Asking customers for names of acquaintances seems to be an increasingly popular device. "Your best prospects are your current customers," Lewis Kleid once wrote in a column that appeared in the *Reporter of Direct Mail Advertising*. "Ask them to recommend names of friends. Ask them to sell their friends. The names received from this source constitute an unusually responsive audience, and the lists which result from this effort can, in addition, be rented to produce additional revenue."

Anyone whose reaction to a particular piece of mail is an urgent desire to have his name removed from that particular mailing list has at his disposal no foolproof method short of the address-changing that Shapiro advised for getting off all lists. Some list owners will remove a name from their list upon request, but a good many find that removing one name is mechanically impossible or financially impractical. The Diners' Club can (and does) remove a member's name from the rental list if he requests it. However, unless the member has spelled his name in an unusual way on his application or has some other method of identifying the Diners' Club address plate, there is no way for him to know that if he objected to the totem pole he received, along with a fund request, from the St. Labre Indian School, or did not want to receive membership offers from the Playboy Club or the Record Club of America, he should complain to the Diners' Club. Complaining to the firm that sent the mail is a common mistake. It is likely that the unwanted piece of mail is the result of a rented or traded list; the firm that sent it used the list on a one-time basis and

If you're an over reacher... Martin of California

Definitely not for the timid, these campy Crusader Corduroys are boldly interpreted in the season's most switched-on shades. The zip jacket about $35; the double breasted swashbuckler about $45 at intrepid stores everywhere. Martin of Calfornia, 6915 East Slauson Avenue, Los Angeles

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT BY KR KAYSER-ROTH



Executive V.P.

IN CHARGE OF FACE CLOTHS

Our Executive Housekeeper, Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Bahnsen, is Executive V.P. in charge of face cloths. (She's forever re-ordering them!) And plumping up pillows. And keeping up with all the little niceties that put a proper polish on a smart intimate hotel. Mrs. Bahnsen does a slow burn when she catches a chambermaid letting a speck of dust settle in her domain. (She doesn't get burned very *often.*) Our guests probably take it all for granted, but a lot of caring goes into the beauty and comfort of our air-conditioned rooms. It's the same story—personal service—throughout the hotel. Right down to Delmonico's world-famous Restaurant for luncheon, dinner and dancing. Next trip to New York, give Mrs. Bahnsen's boss—our General Manager, John Francis Isard—a call to reserve a room and a face cloth.

Corporate suites at special annual rates.

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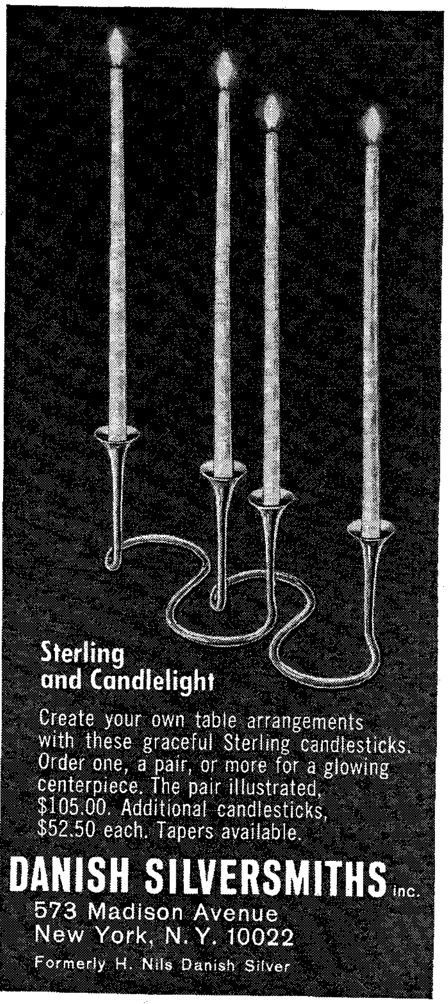
would not even know the complainant's name—until he complained. There are people who indicate their desire to be removed from a particular list not by a polite letter but by filling the reply envelope with weights, or by sending back the reply card of one offer in the reply envelope of another, or by punching additional holes in reply cards that are in the form of punch cards. Like most people who have become desperate enough to resort to guerrilla tactics, they are fighting impossible odds. They often send their symbols to the wrong firm, of course, and even if they reach the right firm, the list remains unaffected, since most of the more demonstrative guerrillas—such as the one who taped a Kiplinger reply card to a box full of dead rats—prefer to remain anonymous.

Not paying for something ordered through the mail is an easier way to get free merchandise than shoplifting—after about six months and a few threatening letters, most companies charge off the loss—but it will not remove the non-payer's name from whatever list directed the merchandise to him in the first place. There is now a credit service—the Hooper-Holmes Bureau—that collects the names of non-payers (universally known in the mail-order business as deadbeats) from subscriber firms, which can, in turn, check the deadbeat file before mailing out merchandise on credit. In only three or four years of operation, Hooper-Holmes has managed to put together a magnetic tape containing the names of more than five million certified American deadbeats. However, the tape is normally not checked until after merchandise is ordered, so being one of the Hooper-Holmes five million does not mean removal from a mailing list. To a student of the mailing-list business, of course, a deadbeat—like anyone else who demonstrates activity of any sort—is a person who has preselected himself into a category. There was an earlier deadbeat file in the trade, and using it only to check credit struck at least one broker as being about as shortsighted as using a list of magazine subscribers only to distribute magazines. "I finally figured it was a swell list of people for cash offers," Arthur Martin Karl recalled recently. "The man who was running the association was horrified at the thought. He looked on those deadbeats as vermin, and wouldn't think of renting them out to anybody." Hooper-Holmes, a modern company, does not consider its deadbeats vermin, or even deadbeats—"We prefer to call them delinquents," the man in charge

FOR THE MOST EXQUISITE TASTE
CHAMPAGNE
de CAZANOVE

CHATEAU D'AVIZE
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1811
Ch. de Cazanove
CHAMPAGNE
BRUT 1955

IMPORTED BY
PARK, BENZIGER & CO., INC., NEW YORK

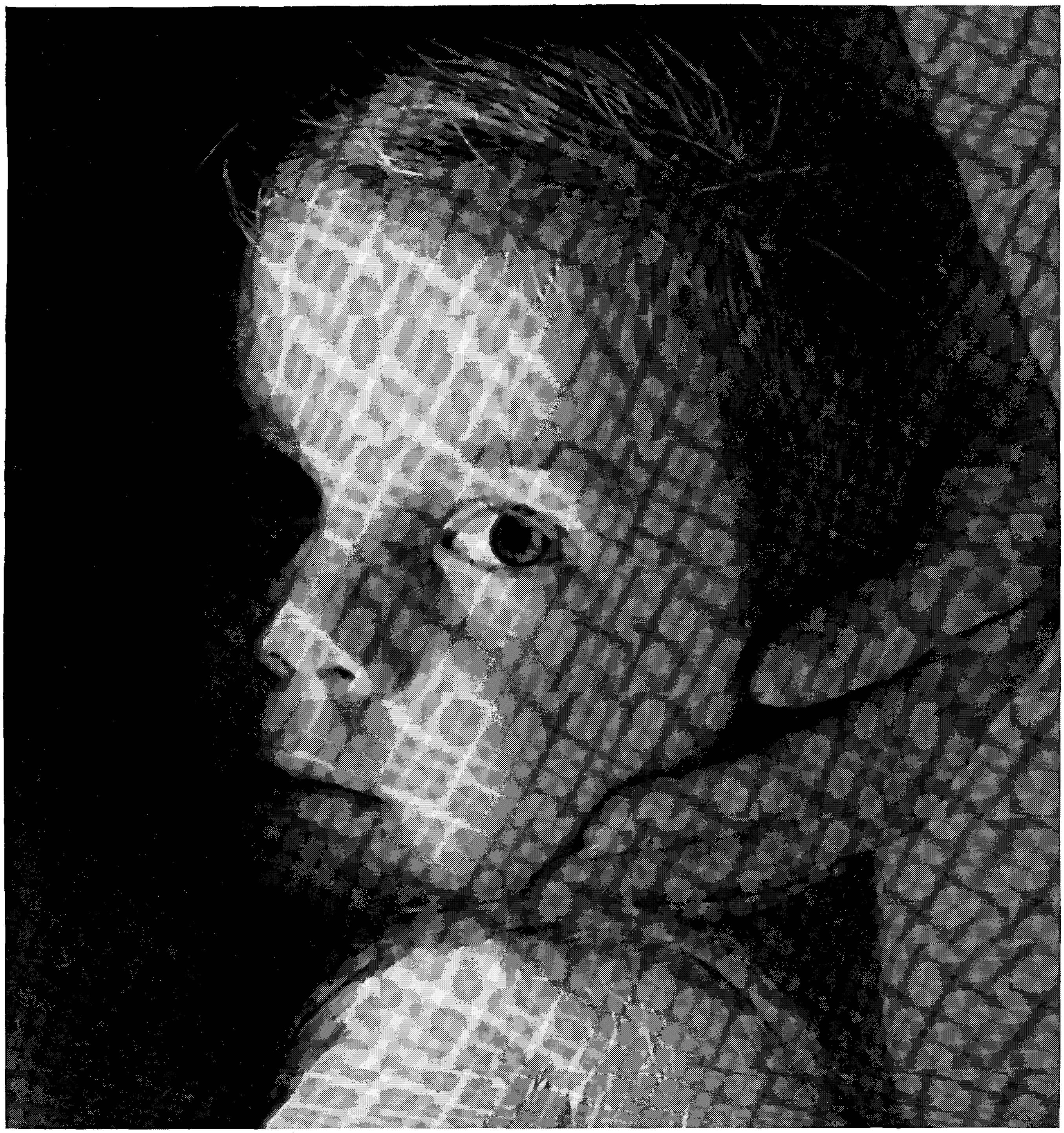


Sterling and Candlelight

Create your own table arrangements with these graceful Sterling candlesticks. Order one, a pair, or more for a glowing centerpiece. The pair illustrated, $105.00. Additional candlesticks, $52.50 each. Tapers available.

DANISH SILVERSMITHS inc.
573 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10022
Formerly H. Nils Danish Silver

Photo contributed by Donato Leo



You can make her smile.

This sad little girl may have problems too big for her. Perhaps she is left alone for hours in a broken home. Or worrying about a sick mother. Or concerned about a father in uniform, far away.

Whatever the cause of her unhappiness, the good people of her community can provide answers through voluntary health and welfare agencies supported through their United Fund or Community Chest.

You give hope and reassurance to less fortunate people of all ages when you contribute your fair share to your local United Way campaign. It is a very personal kind of help because your agencies have the same special feeling for the community as yourself.

Yes, you bring smiles to many faces when you pledge your once-a-year gift the United Way. And make your community a better place for all families, including your own.

UNITED

Your fair share gift works many wonders/THE UNITED WAY

ADVERTISING COUNCIL · PUBLIC SERVICE

25 million families benefit by child care, family service, youth guidance, health programs, disaster relief and services for the Armed Forces from 30,000 United Way agencies.

New! Exclusive!
8-Track Stereo Tape Cartridges

POPULAR!
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The Shadow Of Your Smile/Tony Bennett; Theme from "A Summer Place"/Percy Faith; Quiet Nights Of Quiet Stars/Andy Williams; My Melancholy Baby/Barbra Streisand; Thunderball/John Barry; Malagueña/Andre Kostelanetz; What Now My Love/Robert Goulet; plus 5 more!

CLASSICAL!
The Sound of Greatness
Handel: "Hallelujah" Chorus from "Messiah"/Morman Tabernacle Choir, Philadelphia Orch. conducted by Eugene Ormandy; Chabrier: España (Spanish Rhapsody)/N. Y. Philharmonic conducted by Leonard Bernstein; Dvorak: Humoresque/Isaac Stern, Columbia Sym. Orch. conducted by Milton Katims; Liszt: Liebestraum/Philippe Entremont; plus 7 more!

TEEN!
Music for Swingers
The Sounds Of Silence/Simon & Garfunkel; All I Really Want To Do/The Byrds; Louie, Louie/Paul Revere and The Raiders; Red Rubber Ball/The Cyrkle; Positively 4th Street/Bob Dylan; Please Tell Me Why/Dave Clark Five; Over Under Sideways Down/The Yardbirds; Down In The Boondocks/Billy Joe Royal; plus 4 more!

ONLY $2.50 EACH

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Columbia Stereo Tape Cartridge Service
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Please send me the Tape Cartridges I've checked below. You'll bill me only $2.50 for each one I want, plus a small mailing and handling charge.
☐ **Music for the Young at Heart**
☐ **The Sound of Greatness**
☐ **Music for Swingers**
☐ **SAVE!** Enclose your check or money order and we'll pay all mailing and handling charges!
Name..............................
Address............................
City...............................
State.................... Zip Code........
Telephone Number...................
STC-1/F66

has said—but it has no plans to rent out their names.

About the most dependable strategy for someone who wants his name removed from a list is to try to clean himself off it. He can carefully read every envelope he receives by third-class mail until he comes across one that has a "Return Requested" notice on it. That one he will refuse to accept. Ordinarily, rejected third-class mail is thrown away by the post office, but rejected third-class mail with a "Return Requested" notice on it is returned to the sender, who, having list-cleaning in mind, will presumably remove the name. The man who has devoted all this energy to having his name removed from a list will have the comfort of knowing not only that he has been removed but also that he has cost the mailer eight cents—probably as much as the list owner has made from his name in four rentals.

WHY anyone would ever want to go to all that trouble just to get off a list is a mystery to people in the list business. The only consequence of being on a list, after all, is receiving mail, and a survey taken by the A. C. Nielsen Company for the Direct Mail Advertising Association a few years ago concluded that eighty-five per cent of the population had "no general dislike of direct mail." (The D.M.A.A. tends to see things on the bright side; the eighty-five per cent included people who "like some, not all" and people who "don't care one way or another.") Representatives of the direct-mail industry would never dispute the notion that it is rather difficult for an adult American to stay off mailing lists. They emphasize that an American is on a list from the day he is born (or, if he happens to make one of the prenatal lists, from quite a few days before he is born). If the American is Shapiro's friend, he may argue that he has some ownership rights to his name, and that they are being violated by the people who rent it out. "Names are not captives," the Lewis Kleid advertisement says. "They can't be fenced in. They are not secret or confidential. Names are found in phone books, directories, voting lists, auto registrations, newspaper clippings, and many other places." How can there be a violation if, as Arthur Martin Karl has said, "there is no such thing as a virgin name"? It is constantly stressed that commerce in names is a normal part of American life and an important part of American business—and, to an increasing extent, it is. Bernard Fixler, of Creative Mailing Service, has said, "People who criti-

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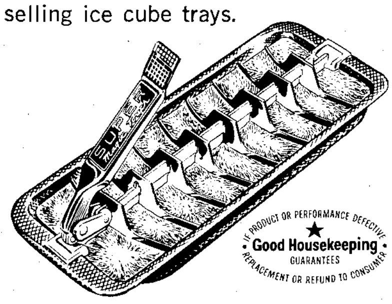
Simply flip the lever on your "Magic Touch" all-aluminum tray for instant ice cubes...thanks to the patented release lever and "R-95" Non-Stick Finish. Honeycomb® aluminum pan freezes faster too. Your favorite store carries "Magic Touch", America's best selling ice cube trays.


If product or performance defective, Good Housekeeping guarantees replacement or refund to consumer

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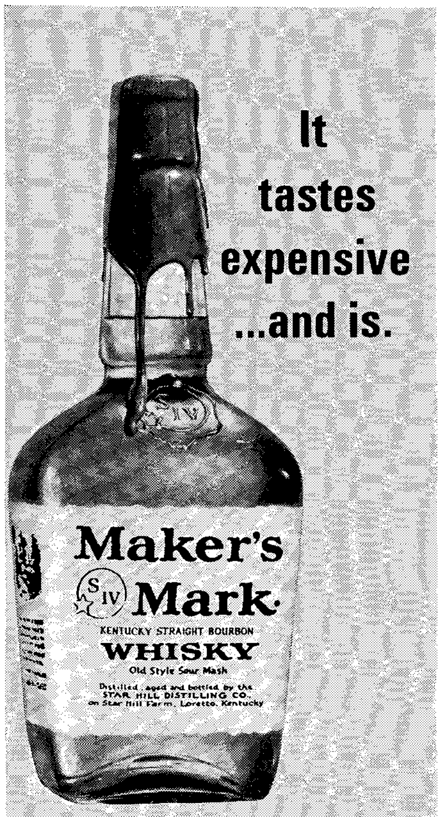
It tastes expensive ...and is.
Maker's Mark
S IV
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKY
Old Style Sour Mash
Distilled, aged and bottled by the STAR HILL DISTILLING CO. on Star Hill Farm, Loretto, Kentucky

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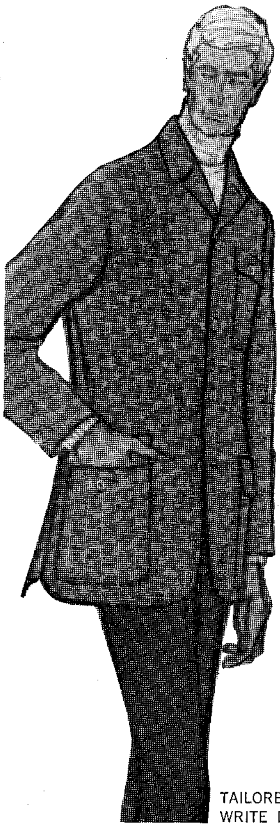
cize direct mail don't realize what kind of country we're living in; it's *based* on advertising and selling." Although the list business itself has been almost ignored by the public, those engaged in it are reminded of public resentment against the mail it produces every time there is a reference to "junk mail"—a phrase that they find extremely unappealing as a description of the source of their livelihood. Boyce Morgan, of Kiplinger—one of the few people in the industry who speak as if any of the resentment could be created by the way lists are rented and traded—has been particularly concerned about finding a way to avoid the duplication caused by the common practice of using a number of lists for one mailing. "It is perfectly possible for a prospect to receive a dozen identical Kiplinger solicitations within a few days of each other, or even on the same day," Morgan once said in a speech before the Hundred Million Club, a Manhattan direct-mail organization that was originally composed of mailers who sent more than a hundred million pieces of mail every year. "And make no mistake: when this happens, that Kiplinger mail is pure, unadulterated 'junk' to the recipient." There is, however, a widely held theory in the field that duplication is not only harmless but probably beneficial. The *Reporter of Direct Mail Advertising* has quoted Lewis Kleid as saying, "Irrespective of the irritation factor, most mailers argue that duplicates can be a plus if mailings to similar lists are staggered to insure that recipients will not receive two or more identical pieces on the same day. . . . The recipient who ignored the first letter might be impressed by the second or third impact."

Many people in the industry believe that attacks on direct mail can often be traced to fear of economic competition on the part of the newspapers. Discussing the role of newspapers not long ago, Henry Hoke, Jr., publisher of the *Reporter of Direct Mail Advertising*, said, "I hate their guts." Hoke and other defenders of direct mail immediately answer any newspaper article that gives suggestions to the anti-direct-mail guerrillas or that dwells on the fact that the post office loses several hundred million dollars a year delivering bulk-rate third-class mail—meaning that the guerrillas are paying taxes to subsidize the mail they are doing their best not to receive. The offending newspaper is likely to receive a letter from a congressman who appreciates the role of the direct-mail industry in the free-enterprise system and who will re-



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of fashion beats
along Piccadilly
as well as on other
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You can see it
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We are enthusiastic
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SPORT JACKETS FROM $95 TROUSERS FROM $37.50

TAILORED BY S. SIMPSON LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND. FOR NAME OF NEAREST DEALER,
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Modesty

There is something appealingly anachronistic about this. The round collar and small placket and long smooth sleeves, all edged with narrow lace. The shape. The crisp light wool hopsacking, all lined. Its self-respectful, well-brought-up air causes gentlemen to ask your father's permission first. Foggy Blue, Persimmon, Indian Corn, Pea Soup. Sizes 6 to 16.

About thirty dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York 10018

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mind the editor that the post office loses less money delivering a piece of third-class mail than a piece of second-class mail—a class that includes newspapers. When Philip Weld, publisher of the Beverly, Massachusetts, *Times*, offered to send interested readers an "I Hate Junk Mail Kit"—an episode that is occasionally referred to in the direct-mail press as "the ugly Beverly, Mass., affair"—Henry Hoke, using the tools of the trade, mailed his counterattack to every home in Beverly, every United States senator and representative, every retailer in Beverly, and six hundred editors of "retailer-oriented trade magazines." ("We're indebted to John Jacobs, of Mailways of New England, Inc., Manchester, N.H., who contributed the Beverly names from his 3½ million occupant names in New England," Hoke wrote.) The unkindest cut was that no list broker approached Weld about renting the list of the people who had sent in for the kits.

One reason the direct-mail industry reacts so quickly to public criticism is that it is particularly dependent on the good will of public institutions—Congress, the Post Office Department, the Census Bureau, the various government departments that serve as sources of lists. Even the legislature of a single state could disrupt a nationwide business, such as compiling the motor-vehicle list. The current governmental crisis in the industry is the Post Office Department ruling that after January 1, 1967, any bulk-rate third-class mail that is not Zip Coded will go at the third-class piece rate of four cents instead of the third-class bulk rate of two and seven-eighths cents. Although the large lists are already Zip Coded, some mailers are expected to decide that a number of lesser lists—particularly premium lists ("These people sent three PET DOG FOOD LABELS plus $2.00 for either a dog tag or collar embossed with the name of the pet") and lists that are rarely rented—are not worth the expense involved in adding a Zip Code number to each name, and some people believe that the volume of third-class mail will probably decrease for a while.

The more characteristic crises concern legislation. The list business always seems to be under threat of some proposed piece of restrictive legislation that is unlikely ever to become law. Pornography is usually the intended target. Congressional hearings that are of interest to the list business seem to consist mainly of testimony by the Citizens for Decent Literature or the

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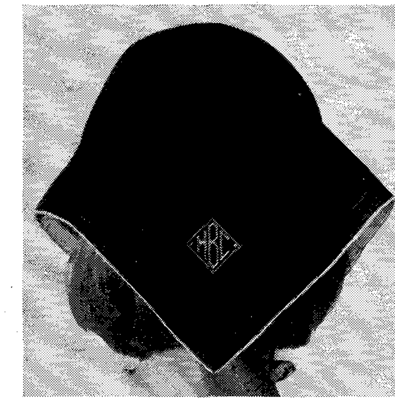

Hand-monogrammed kerchief conceals hair in rollers, protects from wind. Sheer cotton with white hand-rolled hem and 3 letter monogram. 24" x 24": Navy, red, copen blue, yellow, black, beige, white, turquoise, jungle green, orange, rose, or brown. Underline initial of last name. $3.95 ppd. Send for free brochure.

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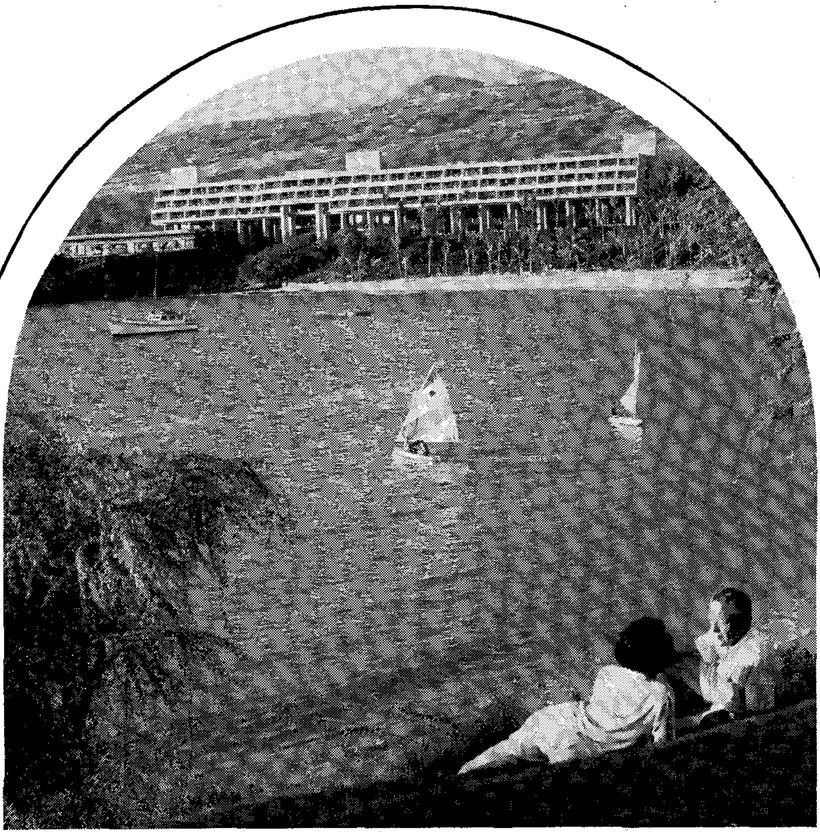
National High School Program to Obtain Freedom from Filth. A bill introduced by Congressman Glenn Cunningham, of Nebraska, and passed by the House would make it possible for anyone who receives a piece of mail (or whose child receives a piece of mail) that he considers "obscene, lewd, lascivious, indecent, filthy, or vile" to arrange with the postmaster to have his name removed from the list responsible for directing the lewdness to his door. "The reason that I came upon this scheme was that when my boy was a Boy Scout, aged about fourteen, he took a Boy Scout magazine," Cunningham said in committee hearings. "In the magazine there were advertisements, and there was one which said, 'Start a stamp collection. Send twenty-five cents for various types of stamps.' He did this. He sent the twenty-five cents in and got his stamps—a legitimate transaction. No argument about that, and most children start stamp collections between the ages of twelve and sixteen. About two years later, he started getting this obscene type of advertising through the mail." Another bill, also aimed at pornography, would make it mandatory for list brokers to register with the government and furnish information on their transactions.

It is customary for the sponsors of such legislation to emphasize their admiration for the established direct-mail industry and to make it clear that they are interested only in foiling the purveyors of filth. Despite these assurances, the direct-mail industry (as well as the Post Office Department and the American Civil Liberties Union) regularly testifies in opposition to bills like the one introduced by Cunningham. The president of the D.M.A.A., Robert DeLay, flanked by representatives of respectable publishing houses, arrives at the hearing carrying a copy of the D.M.A.A. Code of Conduct and a list of the distinguished corporations that have won the D.M.A.A. Gold Mailbox Award. He points out that smut peddlers do not deal with legitimate brokers but with each other, and that legislation would permit any crank to disrupt the operations of a section of the economy that is responsible for some thirty billion dollars in sales annually. On one of these occasions, DeLay said, "To kill a few cockroaches in the cellar, as it were, these bills would set fire to the entire house of American business."

The State of New York, where a good part of the list business is situated, provides at least its share of legislative



"There we were, on our second honeymoon in Hawaii..."

Talk about romance. What could be a more perfect setting? Gentle island breezes . . . a sparkling crescent beach washed by the blue Pacific . . . whispering palm trees. Days filled with relaxation, fun and adventure: swimming, sunning, sailing, snorkeling . . . playing tennis or shooting 18 holes of golf on a spectacular seaside course . . . riding, hunting game on the vast Parker Ranch . . . or simply visiting Hawaii's famous Rainbow Falls, fern tree forests, ancient temples, volcanoes. Nights are gay with gourmet dining, moonlight dancing, island entertaining. This is the life at Hawaii's new Mauna Kea Beach Hotel.

Mauna Kea is impressively spacious with handsome public rooms, wide corridors, airy courts. Your attractive room offers a spectacular lanai view. Year-round rates from $43 daily for two persons including breakfast and dinner.

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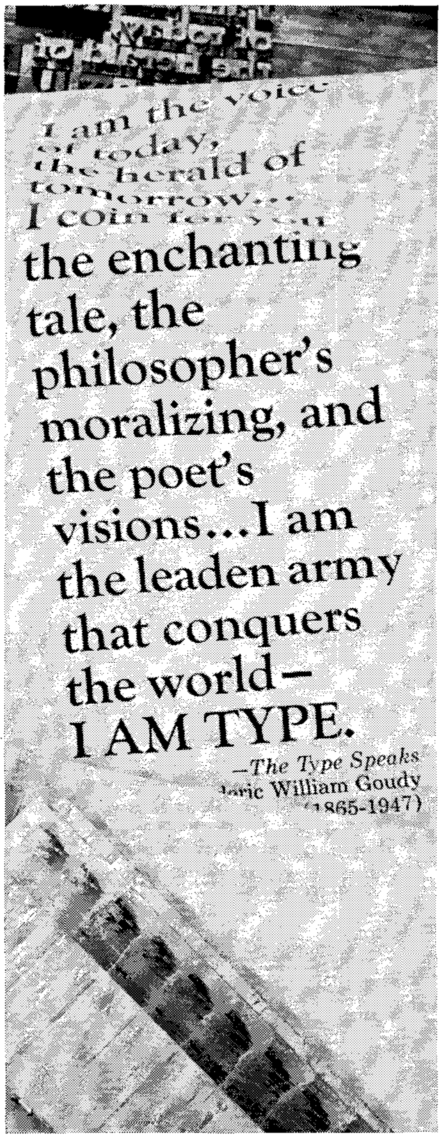
I am the voice
of today,
the herald of
tomorrow...
I coin for you
the enchanting
tale, the
philosopher's
moralizing, and
the poet's
visions...I am
the leaden army
that conquers
the world—
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ILLINOIS: Illinois State Journal • Illinois State Register • Aurora Beacon-News • Elgin Courier-News • Joliet Herald-News •

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threats. Two years ago, a New York assemblyman introduced a bill that would end the practice of selling the state's motor-vehicle registrations to the highest bidder. After a small outburst of editorial approval, the bill was more or less forgotten. More recently, a bill was introduced that would prohibit a bank or a brokerage house or any other firm that has a traditionally confidential relationship with its customers from renting out their names without written permission. The bill is unusual in that it actually questions the practice of renting and trading names. Discussion of direct mail—whether in legislatures or in newspapers—usually concerns only the mail itself. Newspaper stories discuss "junk mail" and "the sanctity of the mailbox," but they rarely raise questions about the ownership of names. The Direct Mail Advertising Association has not had A. C. Nielsen take a survey on what percentage of the population has "no general dislike" of the fact that someone is making money from renting out their names, or what percentage would consider this perfectly all right as long as the owner of the name received a percentage of the price. No one has proposed legislation that would require a company to inform its customers that their names will be rented out—so that a reader who is invited to vote in the *Playboy* Jazz Poll would do so with the understanding that *Playboy* will then rent out his name, or a camera owner who sends films to be developed at the Minox processing laboratories would know that Minox is advertising that such transactions keep the addresses on its warranty list up to date and therefore more rentable. No one has suggested that the application for an American Express credit card should contain a footnote saying, "I understand that if the information I have listed above demonstrates an acceptable credit rating, American Express will use that fact as a marketing aid in renting out my name," or that the Book-of-the-Month Club coupon should be changed to read, "I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying these three books, and I am aware of the fact that my name may be traded to *Time*, the Weekly Newsmagazine."

People in the direct-mail industry would undoubtedly argue that such disclosures would be harmful to business, and in the past such arguments have been successful. Congressman Morris Udall, of Arizona, once introduced a short-lived bill that was much more threatening than the Cunningham bill—it would have permitted a recipi-

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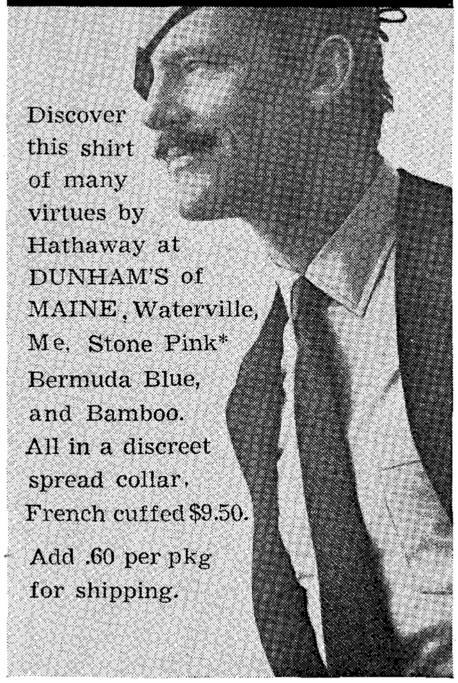
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of many
virtues by
Hathaway at
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MAINE, Waterville,
Me. Stone Pink*
Bermuda Blue,
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All in a discreet
spread collar.
French cuffed $9.50.
Add .60 per pkg
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*See page 20

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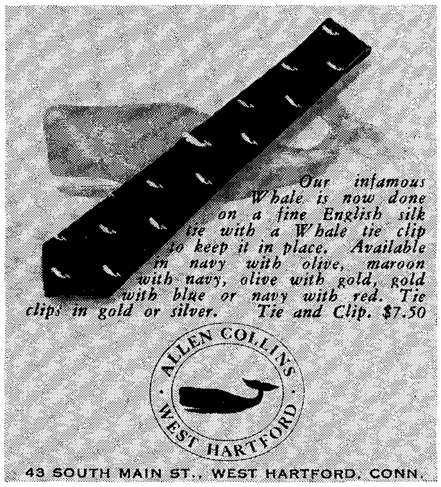
Our infamous Whale is now done on a fine English silk tie with a Whale tie clip to keep it in place. Available in navy with olive, maroon with navy, olive with gold, gold with blue or navy with red. Tie clips in gold or silver. Tie and Clip. $7.50
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NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE...SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER...ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

ent to demand removal of his name from a list if he considered a piece of mail "obnoxious"—and during the hearing on the bill he asked, "Why is it, in this great country, that if some poor housewife or some poor congressman or some poor citizen does not want to be on a mailing list, or does not wish, for any reason, to receive these materials, he cannot simply get off the mailing list by making a reasonable, rational request?" The industry witnesses gave Udall some complicated explanations about the immense expense and confusion that could be caused by trying to remove one name from a list; in summary, they said it would be bad for business. A student of the list business as a concentrate of free enterprise could find the answer in one subhead of the hearing testimony, which reads, "Lists Are Precious Commodities." Udall was impressed with the industry's presentation. "By the time they got through," he recalled recently, "they were saying that fifty thousand people would be put out of work, the economy of the whole country would be damaged, and all the universities and charities of the country would go broke. I told them that all I wanted to do was get off their damn list." —CALVIN TRILLIN

•

A few years ago, Dr. Leakey and his wife were exploring the ancient Olduvai Gorge when they came upon chipped stones and later other signs of human encampments. Their findings, later verified by carbon dating, set back man's existence on this earth by about one million years.—*Oakland* (*Calif.*) *Tribune.*

Those Leakeys! Always poking around!

•

New England's investor-owned electric companies are engaged in a concerted drive to lower rates for all classes of electric customers throughout the six-state region, Dunham said.

Backbone of the effort is the new "Big 11 Powerflop" of new, efficient generating plants.—*Waterville* (*Maine*) *Morning Sentinel.*

The backbone with the crumbled vertebrae.

•

A SOLEMN THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Albert R. Broccoli, producer of the James Bond films, quoted in the Chicago Daily News*]

"Why is Bond so popular? I don't know. One critic said we offer sadism for the family, and I liked that. But mostly it's been timing and luck. And the Good Lord watching over us. He's been the real producer behind us all."

How the martini got its first name

People have kept calling for one gin by name. As a matter of taste. In the martini, nothing else matters. Just that identifiable taste. It was created by the Burrough family in London, long before the martini was invented. They still taste each day's distillation. Still number and keep a record of each bottle. To make sure martini men get the excellence they call for in the Beefeater martini.

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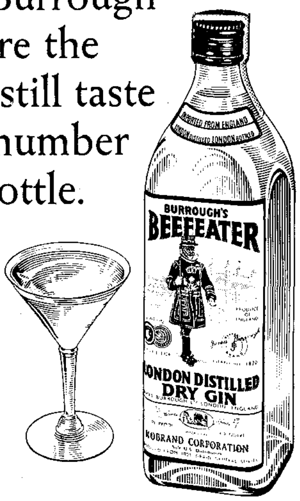
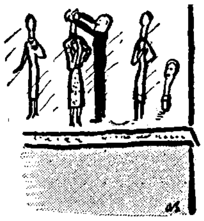


ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

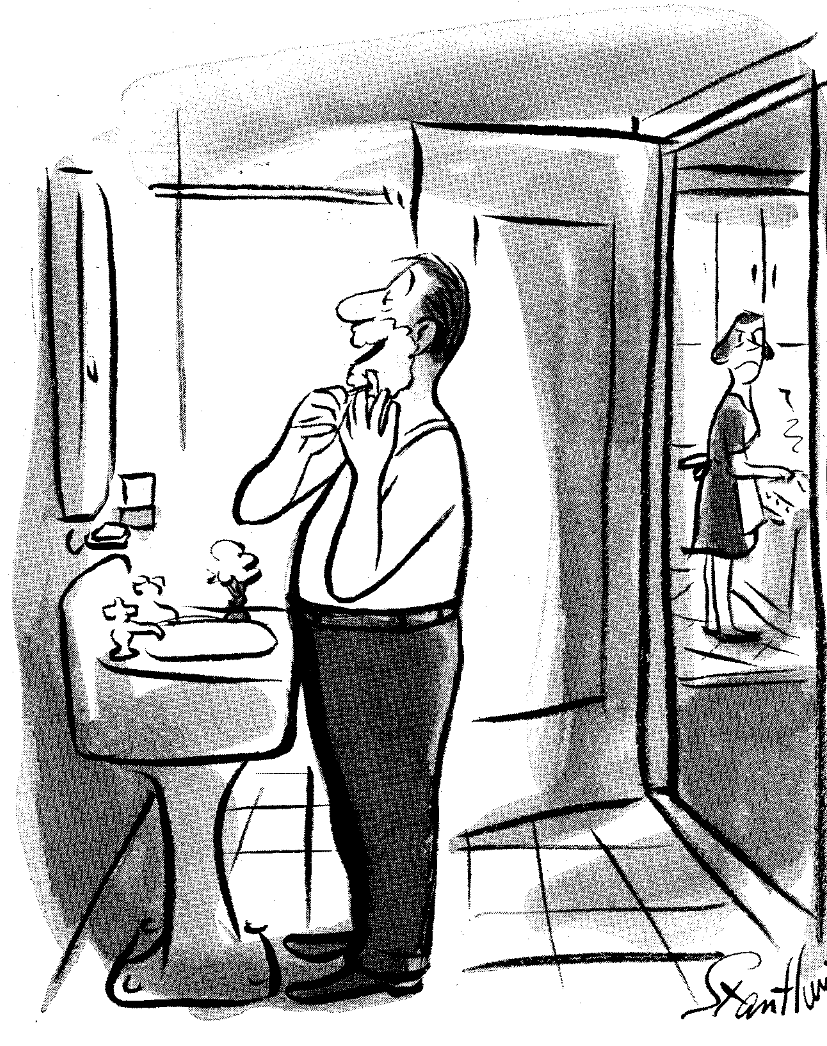
FEMININE FASHIONS



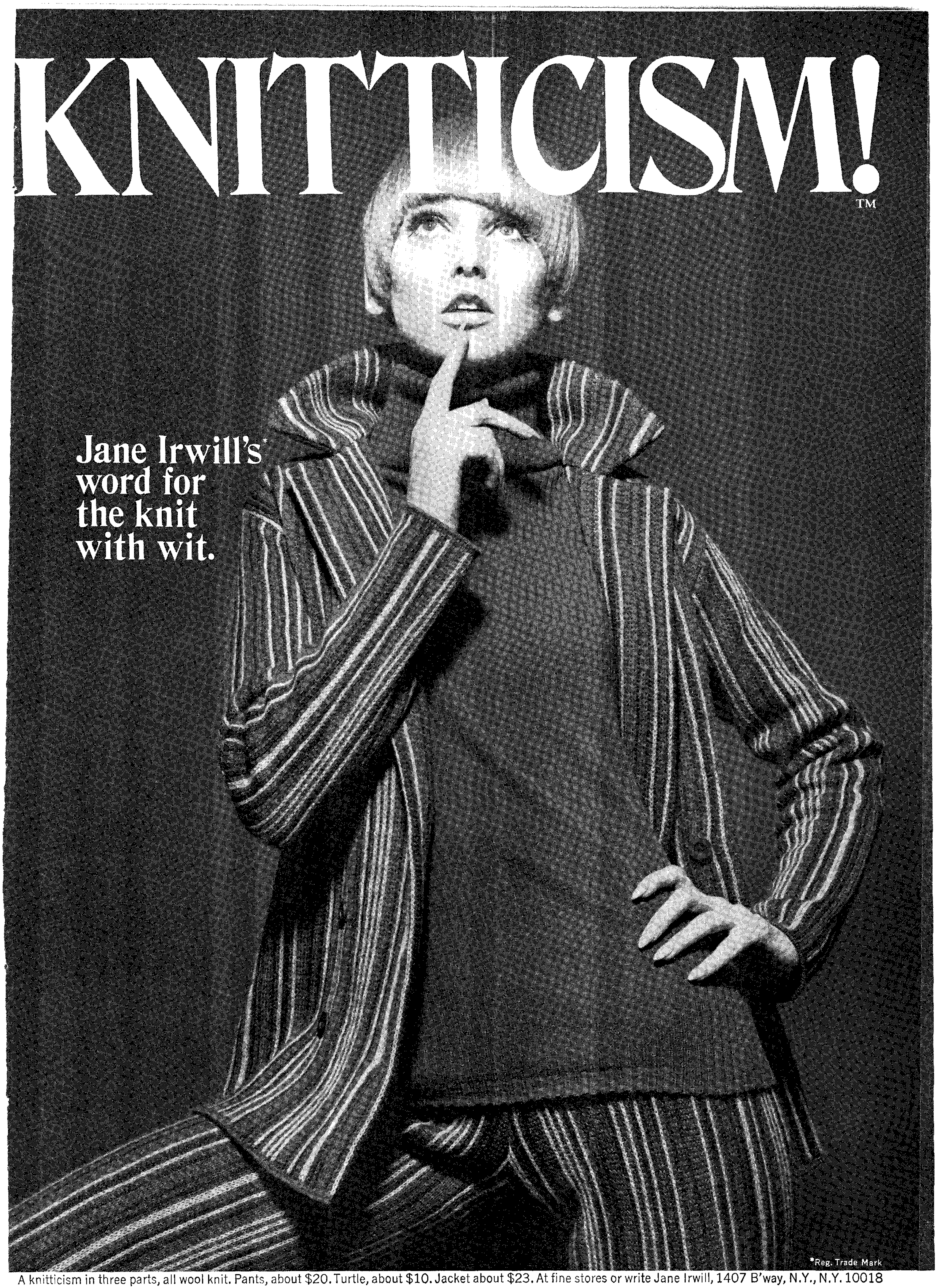
COMFORT and ease in clothes have been almost universal for a considerable time. Considering all the beltless versions of the chemise, or the shift (I don't know which of the two words is a euphemism for the other), it may be said that the item has become a virtual uniform. Those who love this effortless style can take heart (at least momentarily), for there is as yet no indication that it is soon to be subtracted from us; easy-falling dresses are around in quantity. This abundance is, though, no excuse for letting the waistline go to pieces just because for the time being it is largely invisible. Everywhere among our ready-to-wear caravansaries, there are dresses that look like an elongated masculine shirt, with long sleeves and buttoned cuffs and a little bit of puckering below a very high yoke, and they are for every time of day. Geoffrey Beene, Donald Brooks, and Bill Blass are among the eminences who have been working on this pattern. And there is Dominic, of the firm of Talmack, who has made this style dramatic in black and white. Study, at Bergdorf, his dress of white wool with wide black satin lapels and cuffs and a three-buttoned shirtband, also in black satin, down the front. Not only that; there are black satin flaps on the way-down pockets. Brooks has done one (I saw it at De Pinna) in purple or orange petit-point wool, with a band collar and a mass of self-covered buttons below it, and with horizontal pockets that graze the knees; $145. We also have the tent shape, which is more of the same comfort and ease, and handsome enough to persuade us to stop mourning our lost waistlines. Blass has committed a tailored beauty in gray Glen plaid with patch pockets in front (Bonwit Teller). Tents can be coats as well as dresses, and can flare, from a point fairly far up, either forward or at the sides or all the way around. This tent shape has managed to produce some fine cape backs for several of the coats. A prank of this sort is Beene's topper tunic of black-and-white houndstooth wool over a straight skirt. The front is plain and the back is buttoned. It was at Lee Hano's (she's in business at 698 Madison Avenue, near 62nd Street) and Altman's when I went visiting.

Another thing that is clear is that the conventional two-piece suit-and-blouse or suit-and-overblouse has had its day, and high time, too; we don't really have in-between-extremes temperatures anymore. Wherever I have wandered, I have seen jacket-and-dress ensembles and even more coat-and-dress pairings. The trouble here, though, is that so many of these ensembles *sound* just alike—sharp, turnover collars and double-breasted buttons on the coats, and inverted pleats below back belts to give the concoctions swing, and with these the familiar little sleeveless Nothing of a dress. It has got so that the mere sight of a now-and-then lapel on one of them refreshes you like a week in the country. Seymour Fox is one master of the style who can execute it with a slight Difference, which nevertheless should be seen rather than described.

More obvious variety is to be found among the tailored ensembles. Tiffeau, for whom my vociferous enthusiasm has raged for years, has evolved a lot of ensembles with either a long coat or a trim jacket. One involves a vertically ribbed and contrasting sweater top with a modified turtleneck that curves gently over the collarless neckline. It appears in a number of shops—Altman, to name one—and in a number of color schemes. And Lord & Taylor is not the only one to own Tiffeau's coat and skirt of white tweed with a big, irregular navy-and-caramel plaid on it. The gentle little turtleneck that is part of the deal is navy, and the whole outfit hangs straight; $350. I hope that I have not misled anyone into thinking that there are *no* out-and-out suits around, for there are. My favorites in this group wear fencing-jacket tops, which cannot be left unbuttoned even in casual moments. One is an Originala, a firm glorious in every field this fall. It crosses from one shoulder to the other under its pointed collar and is fastened by invisible snaps down one side. Lord & Taylor is among its admirers, and so is Bonwit, which shows it in bright-red gabalane, a very heavy wool that succeeds in looking like linen. All hands, by the way, are using the heaviest possible wool, includ-



"'Oh, I've got plenty of nothin' and nothin's plenty for me.'"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Jane Irwill recommends washing in CKC Cold Knit Compound.

Frank Gallant, New York

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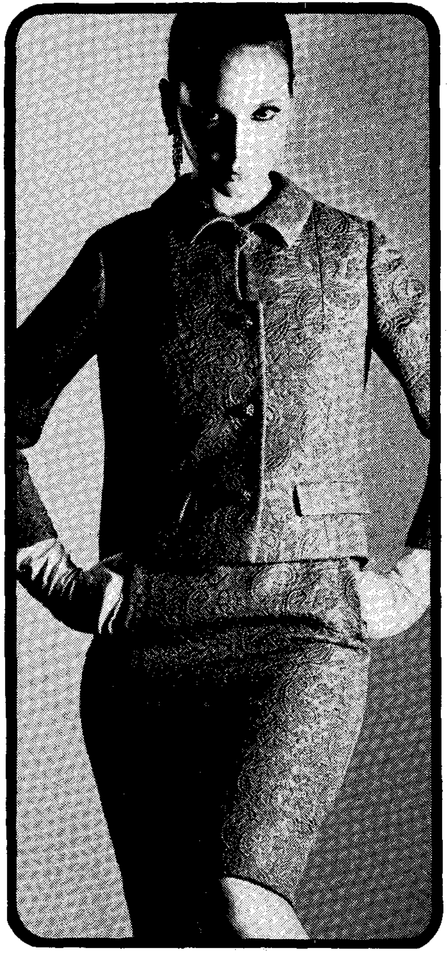

Frank Gallant

ing suit-weight jerseys for dresses. (Haven't they heard about central heating?) A new entry is "dry" wool, which is crunchy and, when it is fingered, lives up to its name. But to get back to Originala and the fencing jacket. The skirt with it has two folds, front and back, that widen toward the hem. A Dior-New York venture into fencing jackets (this was spotted at Lord & Taylor) comes in a white cloth of covert type; there is a standup neck, a snapped side closing, and a wide front panel on the skirt. Oscar de la Renta has gone so far as to incorporate the invisible side closing into a dress at De Pinna—of violet wool with a soft standup collar and long sleeves.

Ben Zuckerman, one of my ideals, continues to turn out his perfectly tailored dress-and-coat ensembles, but this time he has gone ahunting into ensembles that are decorated with fluffy furs, such as lynx and fox, and I must report that I cannot go along with him. I did like, though, the box jacket he did for De Pinna—beige wool, with sable making the deep round collar and the cuffs. I got nostalgic for Jean Harlow, but not very much, at the sight of Zuckerman's simple coat of white gabardine with a collar and a tuxedo front of blue fox. (Saks is one of its keepers.) I'm afraid that this kind of thing doesn't look at all like 1966.

As for dresses in general, there is a strong tendency toward very narrow tops, with set-in sleeves and a clinging effect at the bosom; below that, the dress usually swings outward down into the almost inevitable A-line skirt. A Beene effort at this is shown at Bergdorf in a big black windowpane check on white wool, quite snug at the top and with an inverted pleat down the front starting above the stomach. One of many beautiful John Moore bias dresses is round-necked and sleeveless, with jutting shoulders (Altman and Rosette Pennington). Again, there is tightness at the top, partly because of a curving-up seam high on the chest, but then the whole commendable thing drifts easily down into a three-yard-wide circular skirt. Mme. Grès should look with care to her laurels. Really ingénue is Kiki Hart's fascinating little honey in a dark-red mixing of silk and wool with three bunches of grapes substituting for frogs down the bosom; $90. Pennington, Bergdorf, and Karshan (24 East 64th Street) are in her entourage. And the utmost in swirl is, inevitably, the cape, which Trigère is doing as triumphantly as ever. One magnificent offering of hers I encountered at Bergdorf—fleece with

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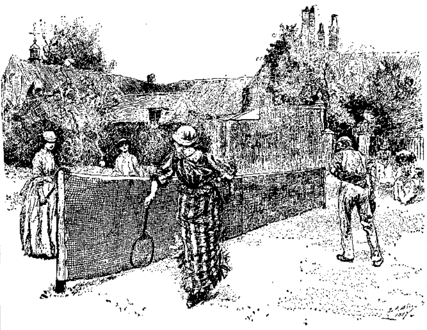
"AN AFTERNOON BOUT AT TENNIS"



This wonderful hand-colored print after an 1887 drawing by Abbey is a must for the tennis buff. Limited edition. Framed handsomely in 1⅛" antique black and gold frame. Overall framed size 14 x 17". Price $30.00, plus $1.25 shipping charges. Unframed print $15.50 postpaid. Small brochure showing other tennis and golf prints free on request.
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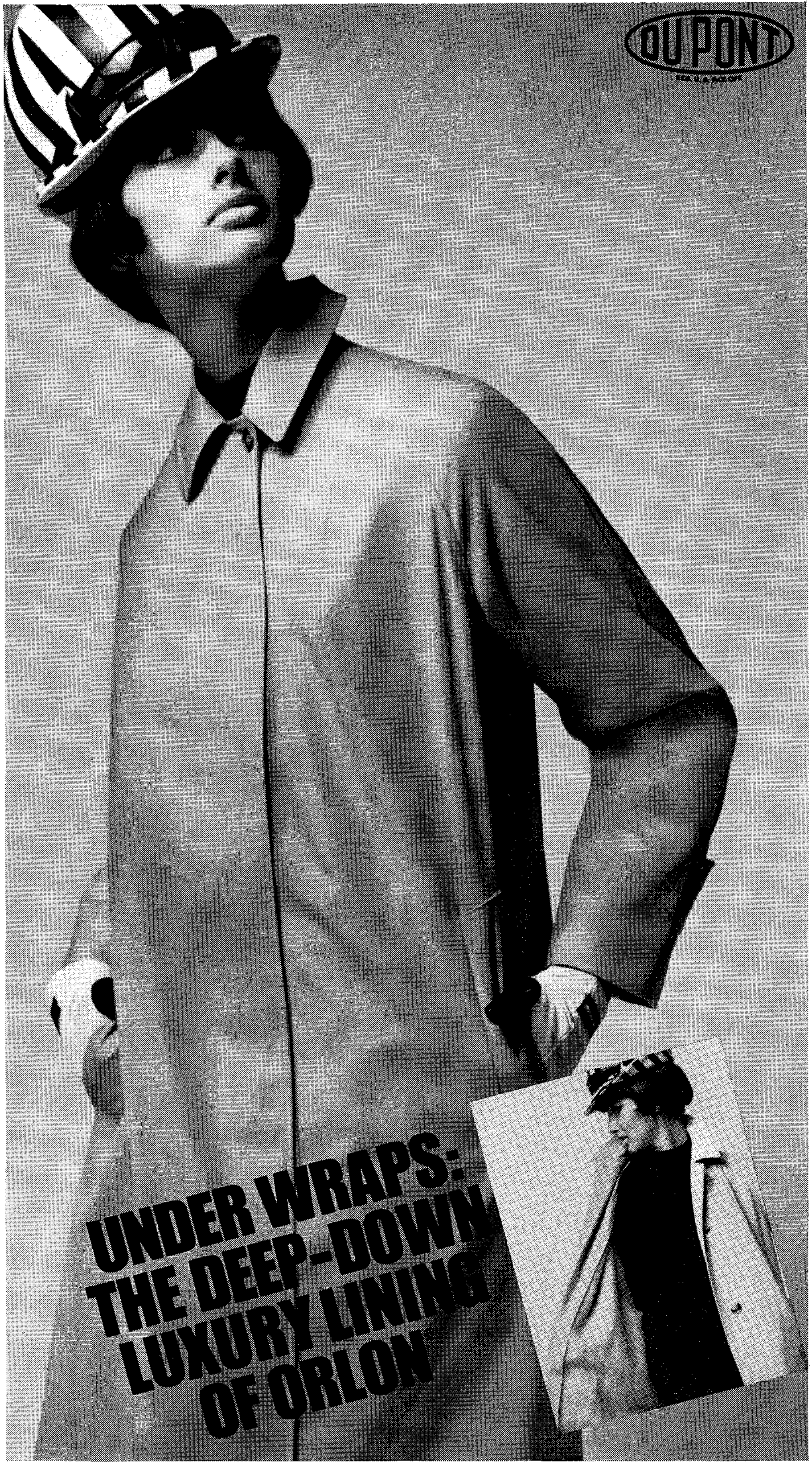
a checkerboard design one and a half inches square in charcoal and white. Beneath it is one of her Trigère-and-nobody-else simple dresses of white wool with the checkerboard making the hem. If I may not coin a phrase, it is to swoon. Let us move on, however, to the swirl combined with close-to-the-waist lines. (You can't be stocky *every*where in your façade, unless you plan to be overwhelming.) Altman likes redingotes, as is proved by a Beene ensemble whose coat is of black wool—slender but noticeably indented at the waist, with a band collar that stands away from the neck. Another Altman job is Laird-Knox's coat of black dry wool with fuzzy wool on the lapels and a fitted waist. The dress that is part of the ensemble has seams curving inward at the middle. Altman's, too, is a sharply fitted Originala suit of wool with a satin bow under the collar. The skirt bears a circular panel front and back to make the indentation amidships more pronounced.

There is zoom—if not swirl—in several Lord & Taylor coats, such as Dior-New York's enchanter in red double Melton cloth with dolman sleeves and a neckband that is split in front; an inverted pleat down each side of the skirt gives the thing a considerable amount of come-hither. Originala's prize contribution to Lord & Taylor is practically a cape, for its dolman cut allows it only a teeny bit of sleeves; the back is an emphatic cape. This I viewed in a pale-beige wool on which black grosgrain provided the piping and the eight single-breasted buttons. Still, no one can beat Trigère for flair (a poem as well as a dictum). In evidence, I offer her coat of cherry mohair-and-wool whose military collar, split in front, stands away a trifle from the neck. Godets glide down the body and then swerve briskly outward. Good show! If the look must be even more military, inspect what Seymour Fox has done for L. & T.—in black double gabardine with brass buttons at the outer ends of the epaulets and with more buttons starting below the shoulders and slanting inward to both sides of the waist. Once more, there is an inverted pleat—below the back belt—to give this coat verve.

Nobody, now that I think back on it, showed me a Dr. Zhivago coat—nobody, that is, except Adolfo, the mighty milliner, who is doing the thing, ankle length, in a style more princesse than military, and to order. The French collections around town, both ready-to-wear and custom, are where the Zhivagos are found, but they are

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*



SHERBROOKE winterizes the balmacaan. Gives it inner resources of the plushiest kind: a pile lining of warm and weightless *Orlon®, tucked inside a poplin shell that's crisped with Dacron®* and protected from stains by ZePel® fabric fluoridizer. Which is about as many advantages as any one coat can have. Beige, navy. 5-13. About $33.† Also available without zip-out lining. About $26.† At Lord & Taylor, New York, Bala-Cynwyd, Jenkintown, West Hartford, Westchester, Garden City, Manhasset, Millburn, Falls Church, Chevy Case. Coat shown: shell, 65% Dacron* polyester, 35% cotton. Lining, 100% Orlon* acrylic: backing, 100% cotton.

*DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT FABRICS OR FASHIONS SHOWN. †SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST. HAT BY ADOLFO II.

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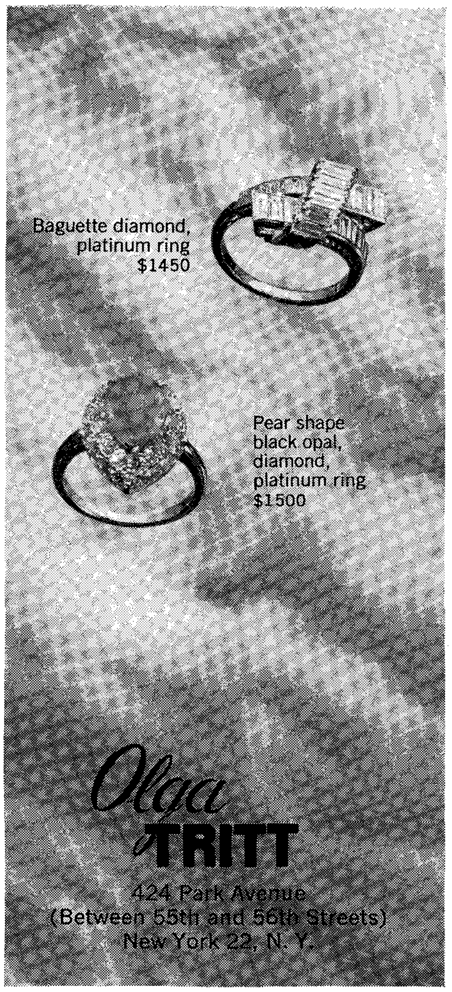
often cropped at the customer's request. One more cosmic note is to be appended, and this has to do with the length of skirts and a feeling I have about the future: I have a nagging hunch that women should not acquire a very expensive outfit unless it is one that can be lengthened.

ALTMAN'S, the first stop on this tour, now that I have delivered myself of the sweeping (not to say swirling and zooming) generalities, is a place you may as well come along to, for it is easier by far to show you than to narrate what John Moore is up to with his splendid fluid silk or wool crêpes, which—let it be said—should be black unless the torso under consideration (and under cover) is likewise fluid and willowy. Try, for one, his red crêpe dress, sleeveless and with a bateau neck, that flaunts a flying cape at the side back. Other presentations of his are so oblique, what with the panels swinging out from the sides, that I am dumfounded. With admiration, that is. After all, I never got an architectural degree at school.

ON the fourth floor at Bonwit's is a coat in savagely printed and diagonally striped wool—brown or black on white—with matching buttons set on a slightly diagonal line. In keeping with the current fashion, it is snug at the top and flaring below, and the cost is a merciful $145. Galanos, always an employer of heavy wools, is represented (we are now on the sixth floor) by a very high-waisted coat with welt stitching all over the pleats and the edges; the hue is taupe. An inverted pleat descends the back; in front, there's one, placed low, down each side. Galanos does not describe easily, either; I shall simply say that, aside from their weightiness, his clothes are moderately heavenly.

LEE HANO is proud of a sporting proposition that has come to her from Blass. It commences with a fairly long fly-front jacket in beige wool; a white pullover sweater with a small turtleneck and a panelled skirt (this in charcoal jersey) complete the sequence. I think anyone would be at home anywhere in this, as well as in a short, collarless Tiffeau jacket of gray wool with shirt cuffs. Beneath this lurks a dress of gray flannel, all seams that arch in toward your lissome body.

LORD & TAYLOR'S suit department, which has always been fond of short, heavy overcoats over suits, is still



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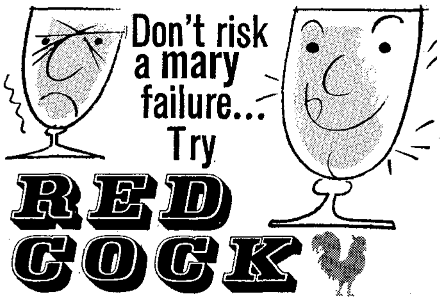

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fond of them. (They accentuate the nimbleness with which we get in and out of minicabs.) Many are done by Monte Sano. One in pearl-oatmeal gabardine is quite bulky. It has a crossed closing, and there are six buttons down each side. The suit it covers is of the same stuff. In the dress department there are quantities of Galanos productions. Two of them are special. One is a jacket of red double wool crêpe with a sort of Gothic arch on the midriff, to go with a dress, looming high and narrow, of the same goods, that has a round neck and two buttons just below it; the other is a coat dress with a narrow, very deep neckline, a fly front, and slight outward folds at the sides of that front.

Saks Fifth Avenue's Park Avenue Room, which looks after young, young, young things who would never even consider being sick, sick, sick in the way they array themselves, comes close to fanaticism about the skills of Donald Brooks. One example of his work is a yellow-chartreuse outfit starting with a jersey dress that has a slight standup collar and a deep, jagged yoke. This, too, is snug around the bust, above a slight A-line; $160. With it goes a cotton velvet raincoat in yellow shades with a black batik pattern all over it. The neckline of the dress emerges mildly above it; $290 all told. The deal also comes in reds. Rudi Gernreich is using a Helanca stretch fabric for travel or just plain throwing oneself about; our feathered friends supply the patterns thereon. One small gem bears a peacock-eye design. It's a long-sleeved shift with a high turtleneck collar that is to be crushed down as you choose. Another is all pheasant feathers. Tights in matching patterns can come to the aid of both of these.

It is now a well-known fact that many a dress can (and does) do double duty at the office and, not very much later, at the discothèque. It is likewise a well-known fact that sometimes, though, even we heathens get dressed up for a ball, or whatever. If all goes well, you should be hearing from me shortly about the gallivanting clothes of this season. They are not as hallucinogenic as they were a year ago, but—and this is not a contradiction—they are much more interesting.

—Lois Long

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DOUBT

I STOOD, one summer afternoon at my grandparents' house in Maine, looking through a screen door onto the scarred wood of the front porch and beyond it at the dusty pines and parched blueberry brambles on either side of the oyster-shell path that led down the hill to the dock. The day, windless and pale, moved only in the disembodied noises of small waves on the rocky shore and in the muted shouts of people in boats. Everyone had gone out to sail except me, and I hesitated before the screen door, giving an air of importance to my loitering, so that NeeNee, my nurse, wouldn't hurry me upstairs for my nap. The scene before me was imbued by the quiet unreality of quivering heat waves, and I fixed my attention on the fine wire mesh of the screen, longing to evaporate—to avoid taking my nap in the stuffy third-floor room with all of life outside, in boats, and only my nurse and me inhabiting the tepid vacuum of a huge house empty in the afternoon. With my eyes focussed upon the screen, the world beyond seemed even less real, and I felt it was possible to achieve unheard-of feats, there in the stifling front hall, with the spurious dazzle of the screen in front of my eyes and the faded day outside. Possible to fly, to breathe under water, to imagine myself forty . . . And so, transfixed like an insect to the shining, infinitesimal cubes of wire, I fell into the waking swoon that, with me, always preceded necessity—nap-taking, or getting ready *quickly*, or behaving nicely in the presence of grownups.

Suddenly, there were voices—not my nurse's single drone but the reassuring sounds of my grandparents, the pillars of my reality. They came up the oyster-shell path, and my grandfather said with impressive authority, in answer to a question of my grandmother's, "I doubt it."

"Doubt." An adult word. I must wait for the right moment to use it. I am the youngest of all the children in this house except for my brother, and he doesn't count. Sally and Dicky don't know "doubt," I am sure, and neither does Tito or Buffy. They certainly will pay attention to me when I use it. Sally and Buffy will let me play and giggle with them at the boys, and Tito will stop Indian-twisting my arm. I will wait until they ask me a question and then I'll say, "I doubt it."

THE next morning sparkled. The sky, a deep blue, threw the far-off Camden hills into splendid relief, and

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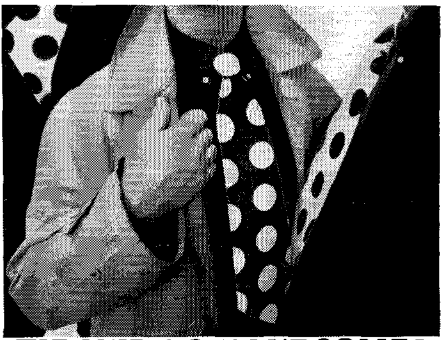

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the ocean, smooth as ice, glided about the contours of sailboats at mooring and past the swaying sea grass under the dock, where it lapped with the gentle spank of a flat palm. Sally, Buffy, and I were in a rowboat, taking turns demonstrating our technique as rowers, and gathering up from the blazing sun an almost intolerable amount of heat to heighten the joy of our first plunge into the water.

I rowed, carefully feathering the oars and thinking about "doubt," my new word, not knowing what it meant but confident of its adult credentials. Sally sat in the stern trailing her fingers through the rippled wake. Buffy sat in the bow holding a piece of seaweed in the water and watching its ramified design. Dicky and Tito, sitting on the dock, already in trunks, practiced knots and threw crab apples at us.

Sally turned around and said, "Let's go in. I'm dying to swim."

I held the oars out of the water, and the rowboat slowed, stopped, and began to turn slightly in the pull of the tide.

"O.K.? Let's go swimming now. Are you going swimming, Fatty?" They called me Fatty as a joke because I was so thin.

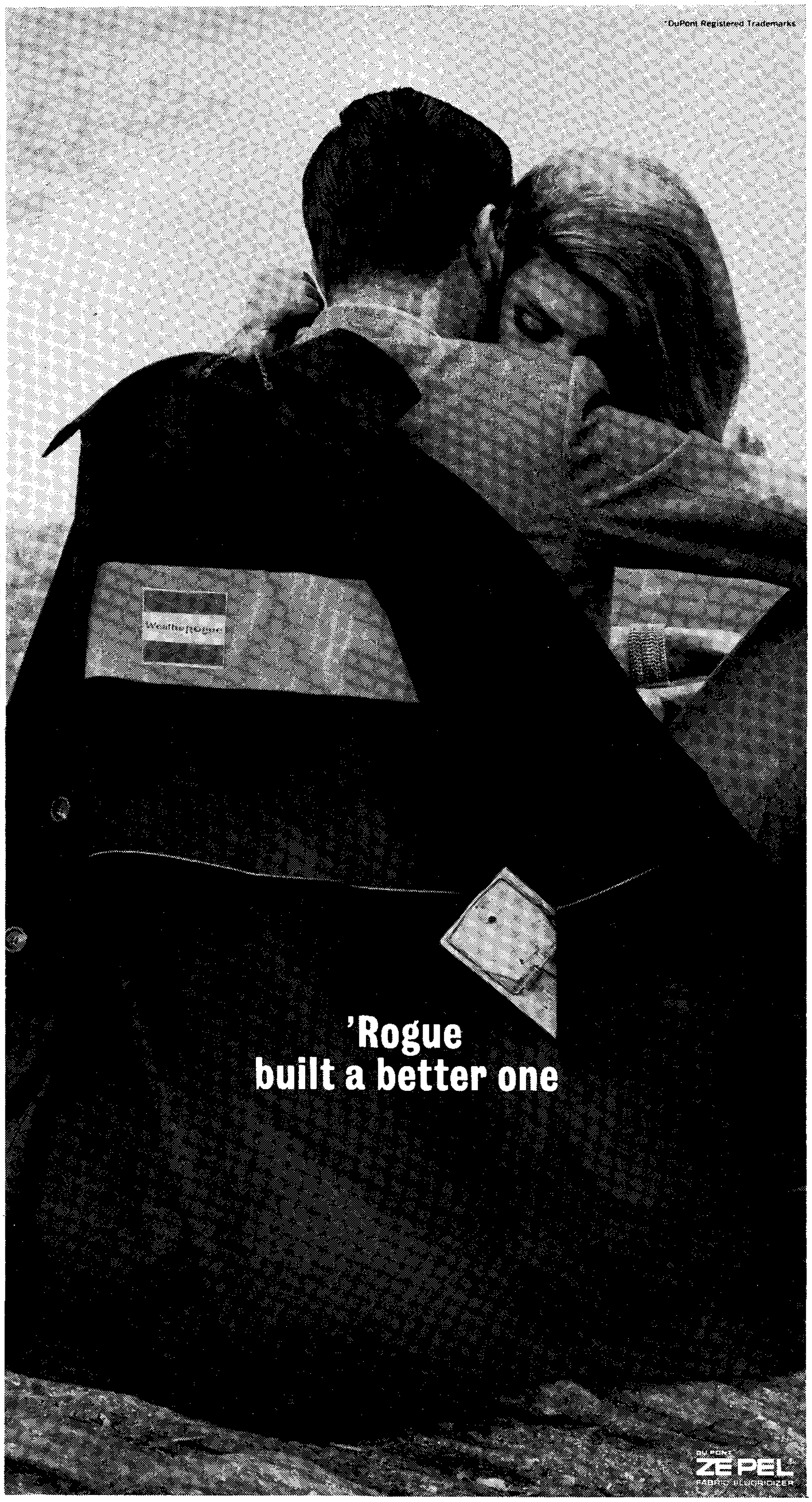
"I doubt it."

"You don't want to? Well, we do, so let's go in."

I rowed them in to the dock, and sat down on the warm planks in my shorts and jersey while Buffy and Sally rushed up to the house to change. Dicky ran across the length of the dock, leaped into the air, hugged his knees to his chest, and made a tremendous splash as he hit the water. Tito dove, did a belly flop, and came up howling. They splashed and ducked each other, yelling and laughing in their hoarse, breaking boy voices. Sally and Buffy raced down the oyster-shell path barefoot in their frill-bottomed bathing suits, shrieking in mock pain as bits of shell pricked their feet. My little brother came after them in his enormous orange life jacket, followed by NeeNee, who sat next to me at the foot of the gangway and asked me if I wanted to swim.

Imprisoned by my utterance, miserably aware that the word I had thought so adult had failed to astonish anyone, wondering vaguely if "doubt" meant "no," since its effect was the same, yet loath to relinquish the word and my ownership of it by admitting that I longed to swim, I looked seriously at the water-darkened dock and repeated, "I doubt it."

—DEBORAH PEASE



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

A PLACE TO LIVE

ONE evening some time ago, I went to dinner at the apartment of a friend—Celia Green, I'll call her. Mrs. Green lives in a large, well-kept building on Eighty-ninth Street near Park Avenue, and she is very fond of her living quarters, which are light and airy, contain six rooms, and rent for a reasonable sum. There were half a dozen people at the dinner table, and one of them remarked on how pleasant the apartment was. Our hostess, a vivacious blond woman in her forties whose activities include raising several children and following a career as a voice teacher, said, "Well, one of my pet beliefs is that to be happy you have to like the place you live. I've been in this building for ten years, and it's nice and quiet, with a fine view of little gardens in the rear. It has a dandy superintendent, everybody knows everybody, and my kids are within walking distance of school." Another guest, who is a Negro, commented that it was too bad everyone couldn't find such a pleasant place to live, and this led us into a discussion of discrimination in housing. In the course of the conversation, Mrs. Green told us that for several months she had been working for a volunteer organization called the Committee on Civil Rights in Metropolitan New York, whose purpose was to help Negroes and Puerto Ricans to get housing. She explained that if, after inquiring about an available house or apartment, a Negro was turned down by the landlord and suspected that he had been refused because of his color, he could call the C.C.R.M., which would send a white person to the building as quickly as possible. The white person, called a checker, posed as a bona-fide applicant and was usually told he could have the house or the apartment. Under the state's fair-housing laws, which made such an act of discrimination a crime, the Negro home-seeker was then in a position to file a complaint with the New York State Commission on Human Rights or the New York City Commission on Human Rights (the City Commission usually worked faster, she said). If discrimination was proved, the landlord could be forced to rent or sell to the applicant who had been discriminated against. I asked what the penalties for landlords were. "If the landlord doesn't comply, he can be fined five hundred dollars or given a year's imprisonment, or both," Mrs. Green said. "A broker can have his real-estate license suspended or revoked."

As I was leaving that evening, I asked my hostess if, someday soon, I might accompany her on one of her assignments for the civil-rights organization, and she agreed. Around noon on the following Wednesday, she telephoned and suggested that I meet her at a nearby subway station in ten minutes for a trip to 200th Street, in the Bronx. I arrived, a little breathless, and she explained the case as we rode along. The young woman who really wanted the apartment, she said, was a single girl, whose sister had got an apartment through Mrs. Green's organization last year. It seems preferable not to identify either the home-seekers or the landlords with whom Mrs. Green dealt, so the girl will be called Deborah Fulton. Mrs. Green told me, "I haven't yet met my Negro partner, but I'll assume as much of her identity as I can. At the same time, I'll stick as close to the truth as possible. I will use my own name and my real address, and I'll give a check on my own bank as a deposit—I'll stop payment later. But I'll say that I found out about the apartment the way my Negro partner did, that I earn approximately the same amount of money, and that I'm single. Miss Fulton, who is a social worker, earns seven thousand dollars a year, and she saw an ad for the apartment—three and a half rooms renting for a hundred and thirty-five dollars a month—in last Sunday's *Times*. She went to the building early Monday evening and asked to see it. The superintendent said she couldn't, because the lights were disconnected. She insisted that there was enough daylight left to see by, and he finally let her in. She looked at the apartment, told the super she wanted it, and offered to make a deposit. He said he was not authorized to accept a deposit from her, because the building was under new management. Yesterday morning, she went back. First the super's wife said the apartment was locked, her husband was away, and she didn't have the key. Miss Fulton tried the apartment door, found it unlocked, went in, and flicked a light switch. The lights went on. Then the super appeared and told her he didn't think the apartment was available. She telephoned Earl Management, which runs the building, and spoke with a Mr. Goodman, who told her he would let her know right away whether

"Be happy on your own time, Henderson!"

or not the apartment was already rented. He didn't. Today she phoned the C.C.R.M., and they called me."

Mrs. Green went on to tell me something about her experiences with the C.C.R.M. "I enjoy playing a part, because I was trained as an actress," she said. "I was the grandmother in 'Tobacco Road' in stock when I was nineteen, I spent a winter being sawed in half in a magic show, and in another show I came out of a hat as the Statue of Liberty. I always make a big thing of looking at an apartment, because the Negro has so often not been permitted to see it, and I want to be able to report on everything—how many closets it has, the condition of the walls, floors, and fixtures, the layout, and so on. I usually say to the super, 'This is what I really want, as long as you paint it.' He'll *always* agree to paint for me, and he'll *never* agree to paint for a Negro. Then I ask about leaving a deposit, and usually we go to the super's office or apartment and he calls the owner. The super usually says over the phone to the owner, 'I have a *very nice* tenant here,' which means I am neatly dressed, employed, Christian—and white. My mother's family came from England in 1650 and my father came over from Ireland during the potato famine, and I look ordinary and so Gentile. Probably the owner wouldn't mind if I was Jewish, but being Christian is a plus. I'm totally non-controversial, and I've *never* been refused."

I asked how she explained to a superintendent why she wanted to move from her present excellent address to the presumably less prepossessing neighborhood where her Negro partner was seeking quarters. She said, "Well, I tell them that my mother has come to live with me—and that's perfectly true, she has—and that caring for her has increased my expenses so much that I have to have a lower rental."

A few minutes later, we reached our station in the Bronx, and as we headed for the building where Miss Fulton had sought to rent an apartment, my companion said, "Fast action is very important in these cases. We don't want to give the landlords time to rent to someone else."

The apartment house in question was large and quite new, and within we found a pink tile lobby with pink woodwork and wallpaper and a fancy marble-topped table below a mirror. Mrs. Green rang for the superintendent. A thin man in a leather jacket came out to the lobby, and Mrs. Green told him she was answering an ad in the previous

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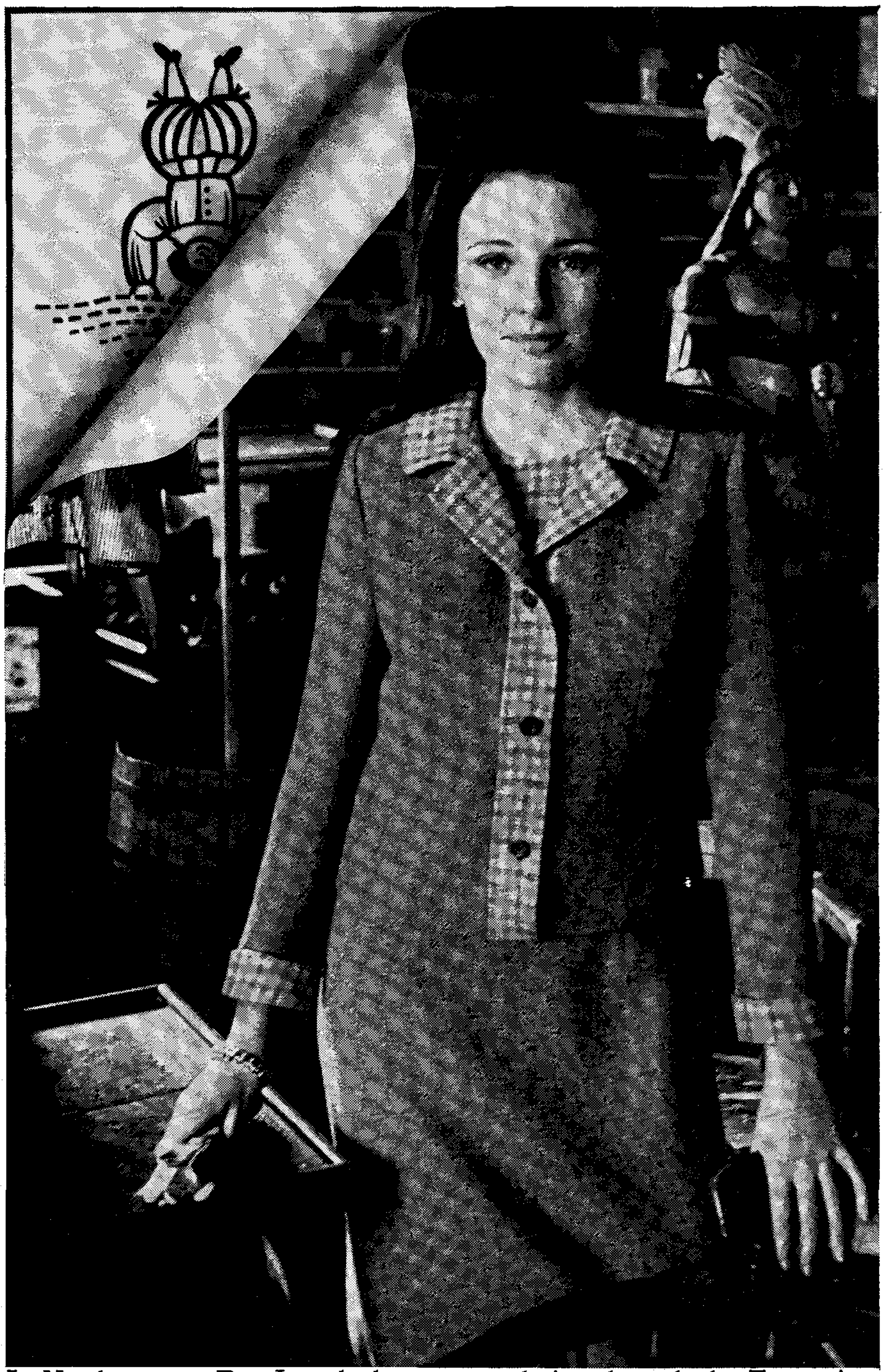

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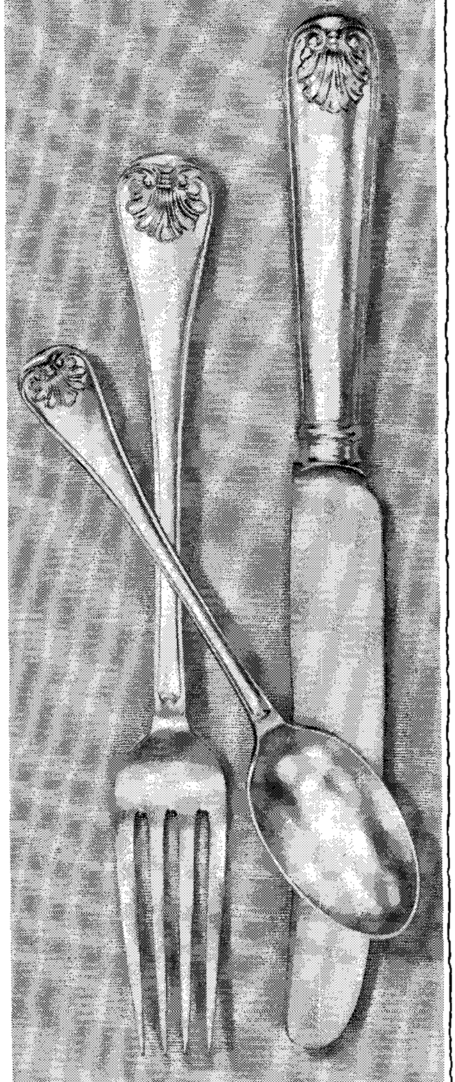

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Sunday's *Times* for three and a half rooms renting for a hundred and thirty-five dollars a month. He led us at once to a vacant ground-floor apartment and ushered us in. Mrs. Green stepped inside every closet, peeked into a wall oven and a refrigerator, tried out an air-conditioner in the living room, peered through the windows in the bedroom, and kept up a running commentary. "This would be just fine for me," she said. "This is really very nice. I'm just trying to visualize how to arrange my furniture. Can I leave a deposit?"

The superintendent, whom I shall call Mr. Luigi, said, "Somebody's coming this evening, but I told them, 'The one who's here first gets the apartment.'" To Mrs. Green, he said, "If you sign a two- or three-year lease, we will let you have one air-conditioner and free gas. As soon as you sign, we'll paint and do the floors."

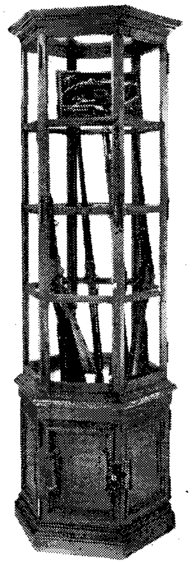
"Would a ten-dollar deposit be all right?" Mrs. Green asked.

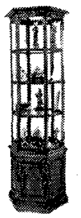
Mr. Luigi said it would.

Mrs. Green said she was overstaying her lunch hour and had better call her office, and Mr. Luigi directed her to a telephone booth on the street corner. There she dialled the number of the C.C.R.M. and asked for the housing secretary, Miss Jean Kawesch. When Mrs. Green emerged from the booth, she was shaking her head. "Deborah Fulton was told this morning that the apartment had been rented," she said. "Miss Kawesch has instructed me to put down a deposit. My receipt can be used as evidence when Miss Fulton files her complaint."

We returned to the building, and Mr. Luigi took us to his apartment, where Mrs. Green filled out an application for a lease and handed it to him with a check for ten dollars.

On our way back to the subway, we stopped at a lunch counter for coffee. Mrs. Green said, "When I first started out as a checker, I thought, in my innocence, that I could just say to a superintendent or a landlord, 'Look, there is a Negro woman who is neat, decent, and able to pay as much rent as I am. Please give her the apartment instead of me.' I tried this several times, and as soon as I said the word 'Negro' they stopped listening and started shouting. It was always the same. I'd be escorted out, usually before I could finish the sentence. Everybody gives lip service to integration, but in this work you learn to accept reality, which is that private housing is *not* open. I still get butterflies in my stomach when I go with a Negro partner





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to confront the landlord. I get mad and scared at the same time. Some of these landlords are such monsters! You have to know when to be tough, and when to be nice and not show your anger. You learn to keep your cool. That way, you can often save time and get the apartment for the Negro right then, without taking the case through to the city Human Rights Commission, which, when it's necessary, holds a formal hearing, hands down a judgment, and then, if a landlord fails to comply with it, refers the matter to the courts."

When I said goodbye to Mrs. Green a short while later, she promised to let me know how things went for Miss Fulton, and two days later I got another call from her. She sounded excited. "We're going to have a confrontation with the landlord this afternoon," she said. "At two-thirty, I have an appointment at the office of Earl Management with Mr. Goodman to sign the lease. He doesn't know it, but Deborah Fulton and someone from the Investigations Division of the City Commission on Human Rights are coming with me. If you'd like to meet me at the C.C.R.M. office at two o'clock, you can join us."

When I arrived at the C.C.R.M. headquarters, in a building on West 57th Street, Mrs. Green was already there. She introduced me to Miss Kawesch, a slender, dark-haired white woman, and to the enforcement investigator from the Commission, a tall young Negro named Vernon West. Miss Fulton was to meet us at the Earl Management office.

"We're going to confront Mr. Goodman with Celia's evidence," West said. "I went to the Bronx this morning to see the apartment, and questioned the super. I want to get that apartment for Miss Fulton, but even if I do, Earl Management is still guilty of discrimination. There are nine other vacant apartments in that building, and to keep the management from continuing to discriminate someone must say, 'Look, you're guilty,' and rap its knuckles."

In the lobby of the building where Earl Management had its office, a stunning Negro girl, smartly dressed in a gray knit dress, walked over to us. It was Miss Fulton. "I'm a little nervous," she said. "Let's go!" The four of us took an elevator to the Earl Management office, and Mrs. Green gave her name to the receptionist and said she had an appointment with Mr. Goodman. The girl wrote something on a piece of paper and slipped it be-

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hind a glass partition. "Mr. Goodman will be with you in a few minutes. He does not wish me to call him now," she said.

We sat down on a long, curved couch facing a blown-up photograph of the East River and the Manhattan skyline, featuring the United Nations. Mrs. Green told me that after our visit to the apartment she had phoned Mr. Goodman, who had confirmed the fact that the apartment was available and assured her it would be painted. At three o'clock, a middle-aged man wearing black-rimmed glasses stuck his head out of a doorway and said that he was Goodman but that he had "a deal on" and couldn't see us. He had planned to turn us over to another man, he said, but the other man was tied up, too. Would we wait, he asked, or would we rather come back another time? "We'll wait," West said.

Goodman disappeared, and West said, quietly, "I'm not usually kept waiting. I'll wait until three-thirty, and then I'll go back to my office and send him a telegram telling him to come to Commission headquarters for a conciliation conference. If he doesn't respond, we'll send him a second telegram, and then serve him with a subpoena. Our purpose is to obtain the apartment for Miss Fulton as soon as possible, so we want to get his version. Then we'll say, 'Why don't you give this lady the apartment?' Landlords usually give in—especially when they've been caught."

Miss Fulton said, "But if this stretches out, do I have to stick with it?"

"No, you don't," West replied. "But I'd hang on, unless you're under pressure."

"I'm living with my sister, and my furniture's in Connecticut," Miss Fulton said. "I'd like to get settled soon."

At three-thirty, West stood up and handed his card to the girl at the desk, and we followed him out to the elevator. "As long as Celia didn't get in to see Mr. Goodman and tell him she doesn't want the apartment, the deposit is valid and he can't rent the apartment to anyone else without a lawsuit," he said. "It's hard to believe that a man in business would keep us waiting an hour and not have someone else see us."

On the street, Miss Fulton said, "I think I will stick with it, since we've taken it this far. I was so naïve. When that super told me he couldn't show me the apartment because the lights were out, I didn't think too much about it. But when I went back the next

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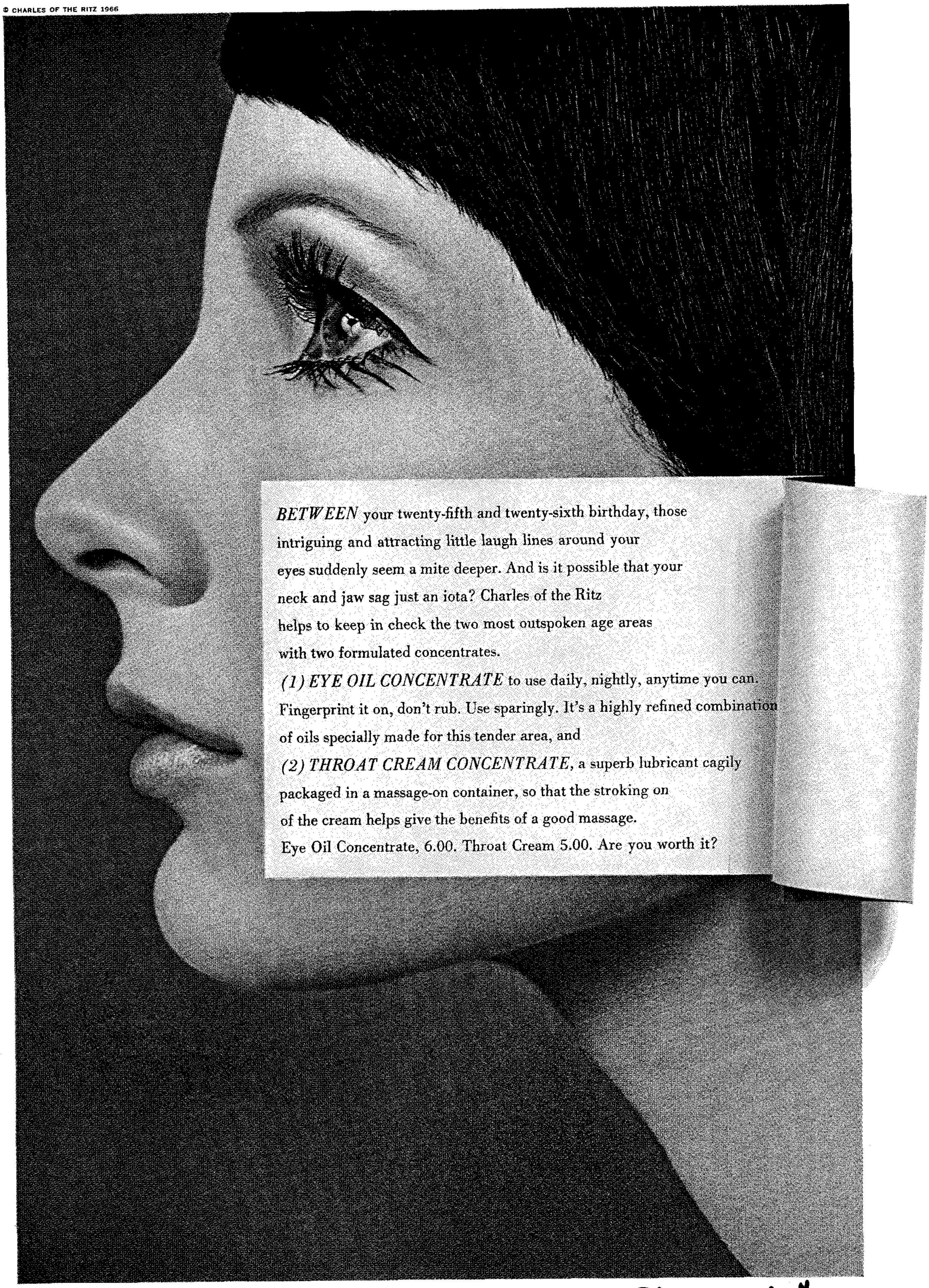

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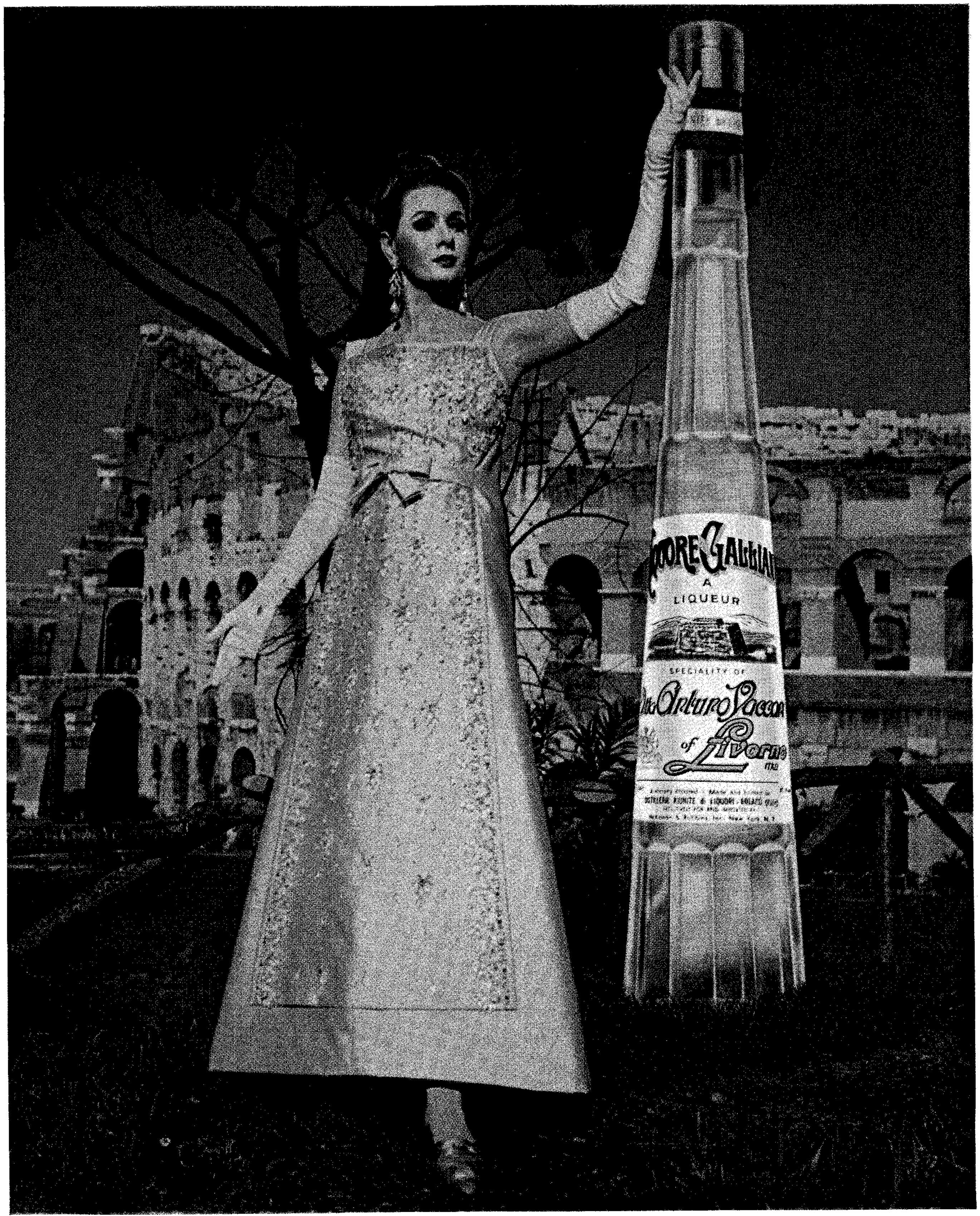

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morning, he said that if I looked a little more, I might be able to find an apartment 'in my own area.' Then I remembered that a super had played that same light trick on my sister last year when *she* was looking for an apartment."

Goodman replied to West's telegram, and the conciliation meeting, in the headquarters of the New York City Commission on Human Rights, at 80 Lafayette Street, took place just a week after Mrs. Green and I had paid our visit to the apartment house in the Bronx. The meeting was held in the office of Jacob Wittner, chief of the Investigations Division, and when I arrived, Mr. Wittner was reading the complaint aloud. The room held about eight people, and seemed crowded. I took a vacant seat against the wall beside Mrs. Green. Goodman was slumped down in a chair beside Wittner's desk; he had his hands over his stomach and was twiddling his thumbs, and there was a deep frown on his face. Miss Fulton sat stiffly upright, facing Mr. Wittner across his desk, her legs crossed and her arms tightly folded against her crisp white blouse. She sat up straight as Wittner read the final statement of her complaint. "I am a Negro," it said. "I charge that respondent refused to rent the apartment to me because of my color, in violation of the Fair Housing Practices Law of the City of New York."

When Wittner had finished reading, he took off his glasses, rubbed his eyes, and faced Goodman. "Would you like to add anything to the record?" he asked.

"I have difficulty understanding the facts," Goodman replied.

"That's why you are here," Wittner said gently.

Still slumped in his chair, Goodman began a long recital of his troubles. The building was in foreclosure, he said, and the only application for a specific apartment had been for one upstairs. When Miss Fulton called him, he went on, he had asked her if she had seen the ground-floor apartment, and she said she had not. At this, Miss Fulton turned squarely around in her chair and smiled at Mrs. Green. On Wednesday, Goodman continued, Luigi had told him about Mrs. Green's application for a lease, but Luigi had never mentioned Miss Fulton, or said that any Negroes had applied for apartments. Furthermore, Goodman said, although Luigi could show apartments, quote rents, and take lease applications, he had to "refer everything to my office." Five minutes later, in reply to

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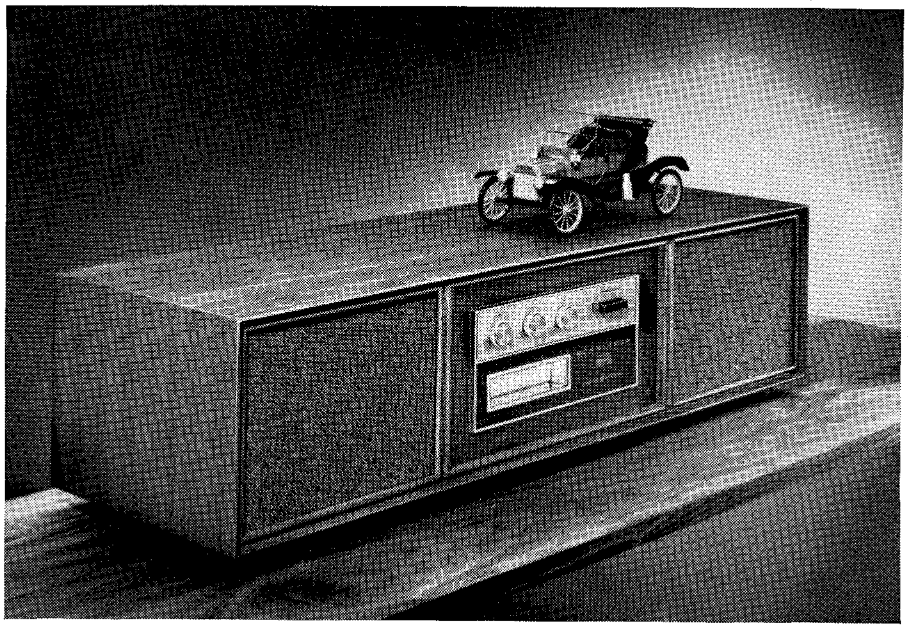

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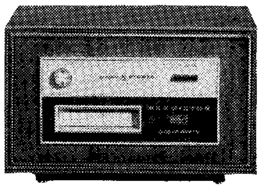

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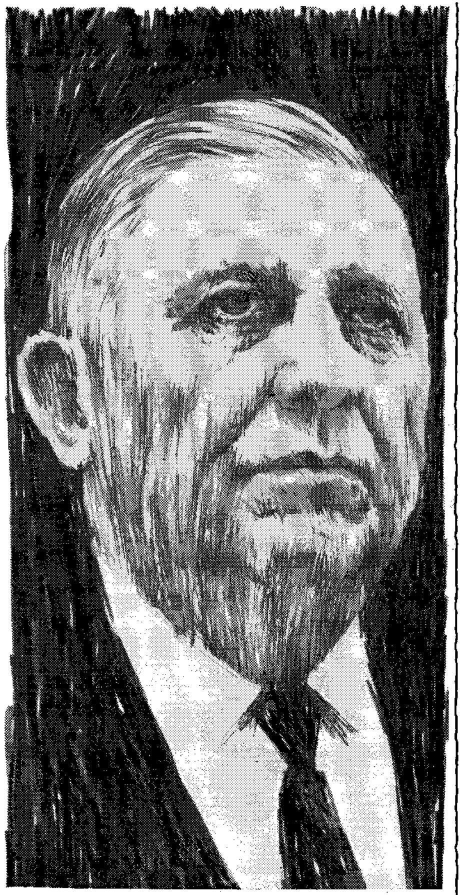

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a question from Wittner, Goodman agreed that Luigi was following "his regular instructions" when he accepted Mrs. Green's deposit.

Wittner thereupon held up a hand and turned to Miss Fulton. "What did Mr. Luigi say when *you* asked about putting down a deposit?" he inquired.

"Mr. Luigi told me he could no longer receive applications, because there was a new management, and he told me to look 'in my own area,' " Miss Fulton replied.

"Did you understand what he meant by the words 'in your own area'?" Wittner asked.

"Well, *that* happens to be my area," Miss Fulton answered. "I live with my sister just a few blocks away."

Wittner said, "Mr. Goodman, it appears that Mr. Luigi did not act the same toward the Negro woman as he did toward the white woman."

"This is very distressing," Goodman said.

"You are bound by what he does," Wittner said in a flat voice.

For the first time, Goodman stirred in his chair. "We are not bound by what he does. He has no authority to rent the apartments," he said in a loud voice.

Wittner looked directly at Goodman and said, "It is my job to make a determination as to whether there is a complaint. I don't have to, if you go with the two members of our conciliation staff who are sitting here, and enter into a satisfactory agreement."

A man and a woman sitting near me in the back of the room stood up and were introduced to Goodman. He suddenly rose, and followed them from the room. After ten minutes, one of the men returned and beckoned to Miss Fulton, and she, too, went out. Five minutes later, she returned, a strange smile on her face. The apartment was hers.

Mrs. Green and I rode uptown on the subway with Miss Fulton. "We ended up on a friendly note," she told us. "Earl Management is willing to rent the apartment to me, and Mr. Goodman will tell me when to come in and fill out the application. He still has the right to investigate me, but even if he says he's found something wrong, I've made up my mind to go on with it. He also has to state in writing to the Commission that hereafter all persons will be treated by his firm equally, without regard to race, creed, color, or national origin, and he has to send a note about that to all the people renting apartments for the management. He's going to give me the same treatment as

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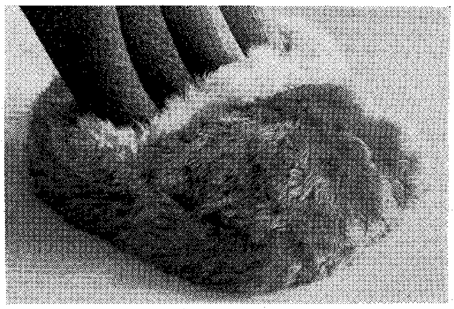

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you, Celia. You know—the floors, and painting. I'm supposed to let the Commission know when I get the apartment."

Miss Fulton told us that she is one of five sisters, all college graduates, and comes from North Carolina, where her mother still lives. Two of her sisters, one of whom is blind, are teachers, and she herself is taking night courses toward her Master's degree at Columbia University while working at her regular daytime job. "My father is dead," she said. "He and my mother had a combined restaurant and grocery across the street from a teachers' college in my home town. My mother is very strong, and I want to be like her. She had no opportunity for an education, and wanted all of us to get one. You know, because of what I've been going through, that's all we've been discussing at work," she continued. "I have a friend who says we have to take a stand on one side or the other, but I don't see why there has to be either white or black supremacy. I can feel the change in myself. I want us to be able to work things out."

Nine days later, Celia and I were back in the lobby of the building where Earl Management has its office, waiting to meet Miss Fulton. The company was refusing to paint, so Miss Fulton had not signed the lease. She arrived looking glum, and suffering from a bad cold. "Right after the hearing, I came here to Mr. Goodman's office," she told us. "He handed me a lease application and said to bring it back as soon as I could, so I filled it out before I left. I asked the girl at the desk if I should leave a deposit, and she said no. When I got back to my own office, I called Mr. Goodman, and he said he couldn't accept my application for a lease, because I hadn't left a deposit, and because I hadn't filled in my exact salary. The rule of thumb is that one week's salary should equal one month's rent. I had put my salary down in round numbers, and when he checked with my employer, she did the same thing. So I said I would bring in my employment contract. Then he said that at that low rent he couldn't paint or do floors, and that the super had promised these things to Celia without authority. So I called the Commission, and they said we should get his promise to paint written into the lease. If the landlord paints for one tenant, he has to do it for the others, and, if necessary, the Commission can find out what was done for the other tenants."

When we had been shown into Mr. Goodman's office, Miss Fulton said,

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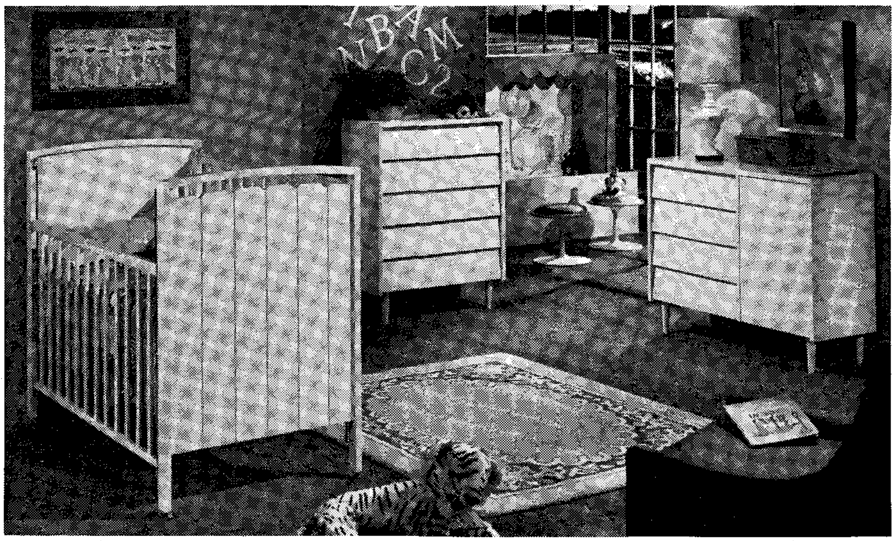

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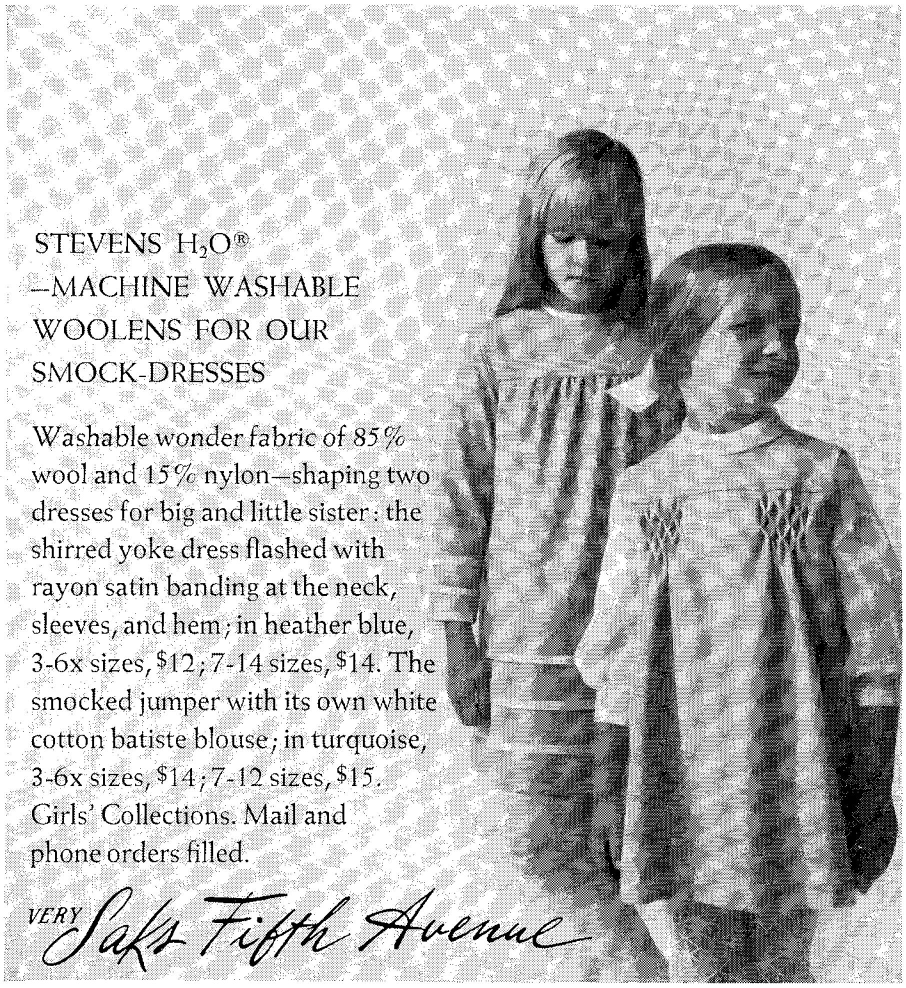

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"Mr. Goodman, is this standard procedure, that you don't paint?"

"No. Circumstances differ with each apartment," he said.

"What I don't understand is, why just me?" Miss Fulton said.

Mrs. Green interrupted. "May I refresh your memory, Mr. Goodman?" she said. "On the telephone, you told me that if I would bring in the colors I wanted, you would turn them over to the maintenance man."

"I don't have any recollection of that, but, be that as it may, it's not a very important matter," Goodman replied. He pursed his lips. "However, perhaps I could use my good offices with Luigi to get him to paint, if Miss Fulton pays for the paint. As for the floors, they cannot be in such poor condition."

S
P
Judith Shahn

"It's not sanitary to come in and live on someone else's dirt, and that still means *I* have to buy the paint," Miss Fulton said. She sounded tired.

"This rental of one hundred and thirty-five dollars is far below the prevailing rent in the building," Goodman said.

"Why, I know there were apartments upstairs for a hundred and forty-eight dollars, *and it only makes sense if* the rent's cheaper on the lobby floor," Miss Fulton said.

Mrs. Green said, "Let's be frank, Mr. Goodman. You don't have any Negroes in that building. You have already been before the Commission. You would have painted for me and you won't for Miss Fulton. Since we've gone through so much already . . ."

"It's foolish to go through a long battle," Goodman said sharply.

"It's a moral issue. I'm prepared to fight," Mrs. Green said.

"In the meantime, Miss Fulton will have no apartment," Goodman said. "This way, she could go in immediately."

Suddenly, Miss Fulton said, "O.K. I'll take your word for it. As it stands now, I'm to buy the paint." She sneezed and blew her nose. "I've been taken down the river so often, but I'll try again. I have that much faith."

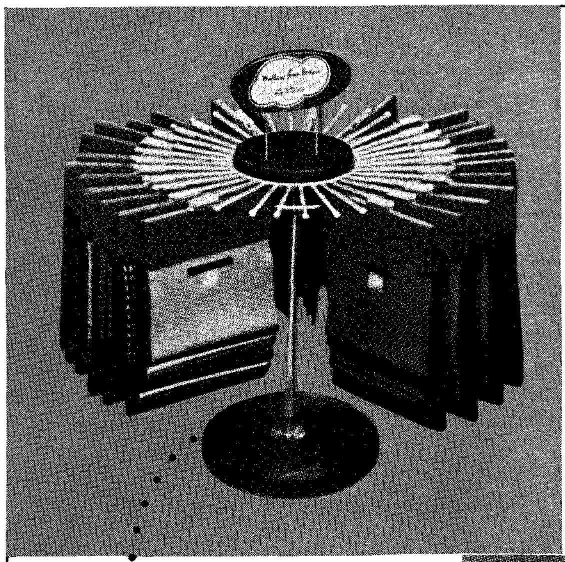
Goodman handed her the lease, and she signed both copies. In writing a check for the first month's rent and a month's security—two hundred and seventy dollars—she made a mistake, and had to tear it up and write another. Mr. Goodman asked for her employment contract, and she handed it to him. When he objected that it was only a copy, she shook her head and said that her employer would not permit the original to be taken from the office. He handed the copy back, said, "Thank you. Good luck. Go to Mr. Luigi," and turned away. As we left, I noticed that the white girl at the switchboard had been replaced by a Negro.

Deborah Fulton moved into her new apartment the following month, and when she had been there a week or so, I called her to see how she liked it. "I enjoy it, yes—it's nice," she said. "I don't go out of my way to talk to the other tenants, and they don't make any gestures toward me." She told me that Luigi had done such a terrible job of painting that she was thinking of having the apartment painted again. She had paid for the paint, as she had agreed to do. The floors had not been done.

I asked her something I had been wanting to know ever since that last session in Goodman's office. "Why did you give up the fight over buying the paint and having the floors done when those things had been promised to Celia and everyone was prepared to fight it through if you gave the word?"

"Why, I was sick and tired of it, really," she said. "I was just sick and *tired of the whole thing.*"

Mrs. Green invited me to accompany her on her next call, which concerned a Negro schoolteacher, Miss Doris Wright, who wanted to buy a house and who had seen a real-estate agent's ad in the *Times* for a two-family brick house for sale near Mount Eden Avenue, in the Bronx. She had immediately called the agent, and he had urged her to come right up. When they met, however, he refused to make an appointment with the owner for Miss Wright to see the house in question. Instead, he showed her several other houses, and finally he told her that the house she was interested in had been sold. She called the C.C.R.M. and asked that a checker be sent out to determine whether this was so. Mrs. Green and I met the real-estate agent, a thin man with a small mustache whom I shall call Mr. Barker, at his Bronx office, and he immediately drove us to the house that Miss Wright had been unable to see. It was part of a row of identical two-family brick dwellings, of the sort that usually house a tenant on one floor and the owner on the other. It had a two-car garage in the rear basement, and the asking price was twenty-six thousand nine hundred dollars. We went through the house,



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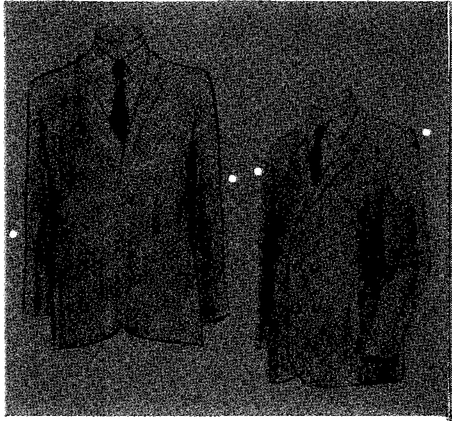

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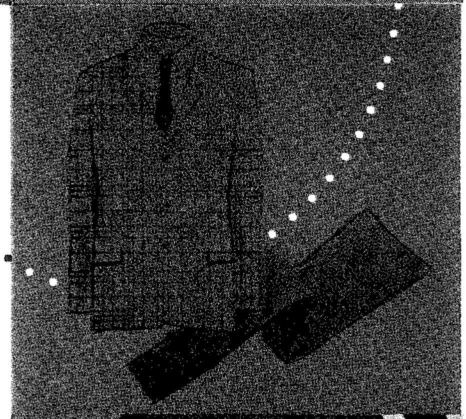

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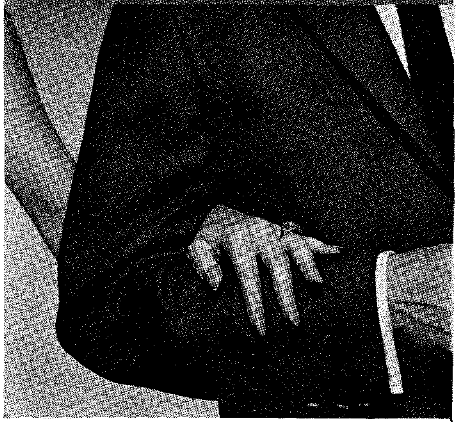

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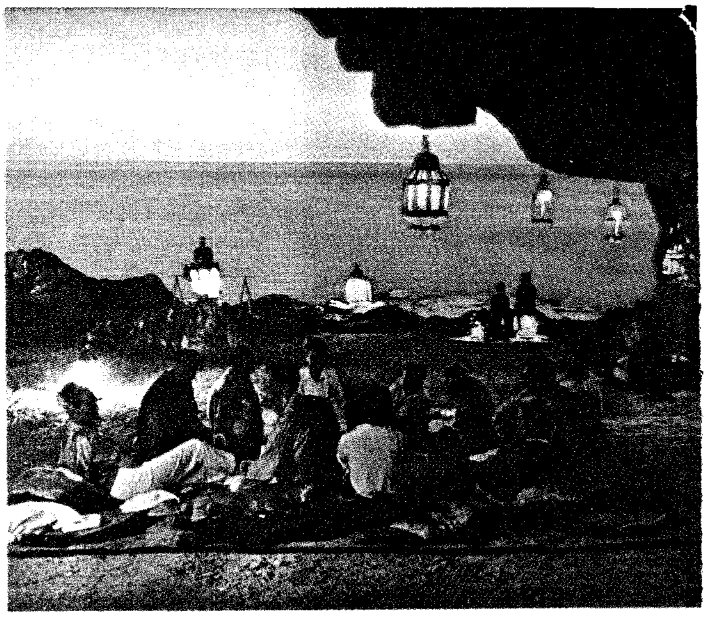

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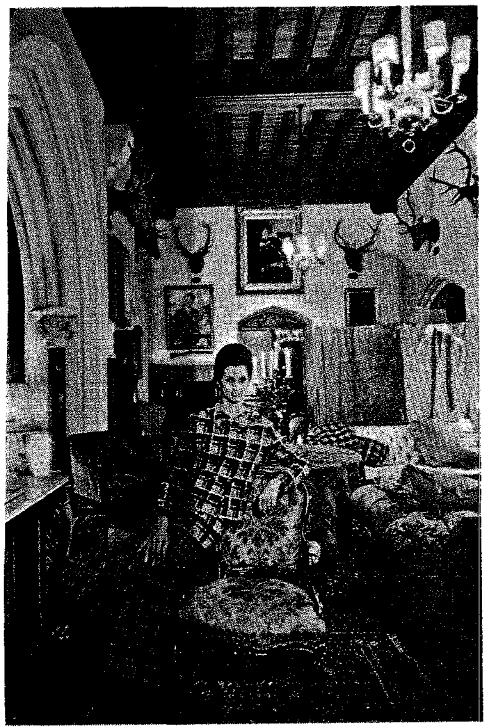

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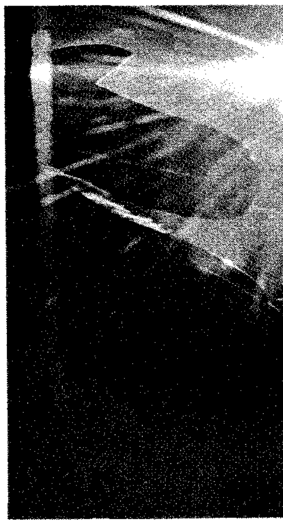

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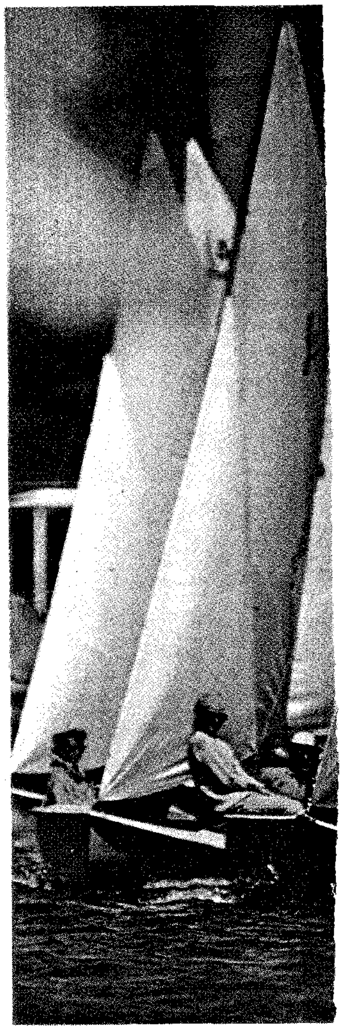

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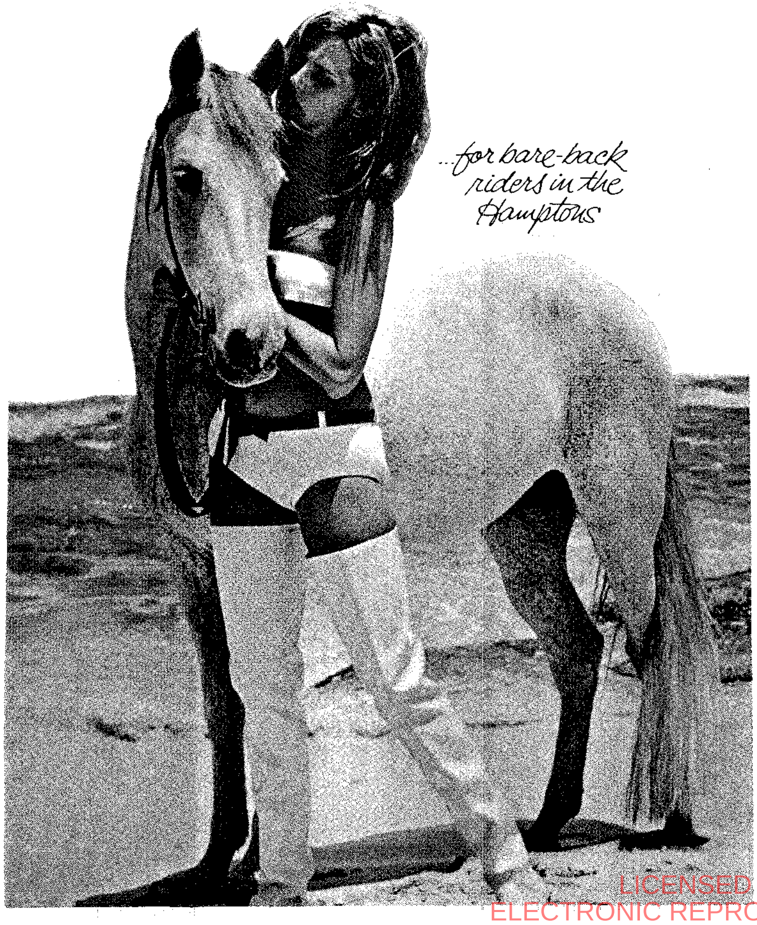

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and when we were back in Mr. Barker's car, he ran his tongue over his mustache and said, "It's a good buy, a good price, and it's exclusive with me."

"Well, Mr. Barker," Mrs. Green said, "I have come to the conclusion that it is better to own your own house than to pay rent."

He had started the car, but at that he shut off the motor and turned around in his seat. "Mrs. Green, are you prepared to make a down payment? Tell me if you are really interested." He repeated eagerly, "Tell me if you are really interested."

"I'm a little doubtful about space," she said. "I'm thinking about my mother. I would need the apartment downstairs, too."

"If you need full possession, the tenant has to go," he replied quickly. "If you are ready to talk, we can talk."

Mrs. Green said she would have to go home and think about whether the house met her needs.

Early the next morning, she called Barker and made an appointment for three that afternoon at his office. Miss Wright met us at the nearest subway station at two-thirty. She was a very pretty light-skinned young woman, fashionably dressed in a black suit, a bright-orange scarf, and high black boots. She told us that she came from Chicago, where her father was in the real-estate business, and that she taught children with brain injuries in special classes set up by the New York public-school system. She wanted to buy a house partly as an investment, she said, but also to live in, with a younger brother.

"I'll go in first, and tell the agent the house is not for me but for you," Mrs. Green said. "You wait five minutes and then come in. I hope you don't mind waiting."

"Not at all," Miss Wright said. "Do you know, the minute he saw me, he said that house had been sold. I said, 'Now, just a minute. I can't believe you could close a deal that fast,' and he said, 'What! You don't believe me?' I said, 'Frankly, no!' "

"We have to remember our goal," Mrs. Green said. "In your case, the goal is to see that house, so that you can find out whether you are even interested in buying it."

Barker's office consisted of two small rooms—a front room containing a desk and three straight chairs, and a back room that was a small dark cavern filled with filing cabinets. His welcome was, if anything, more effusive than before. As soon as we were

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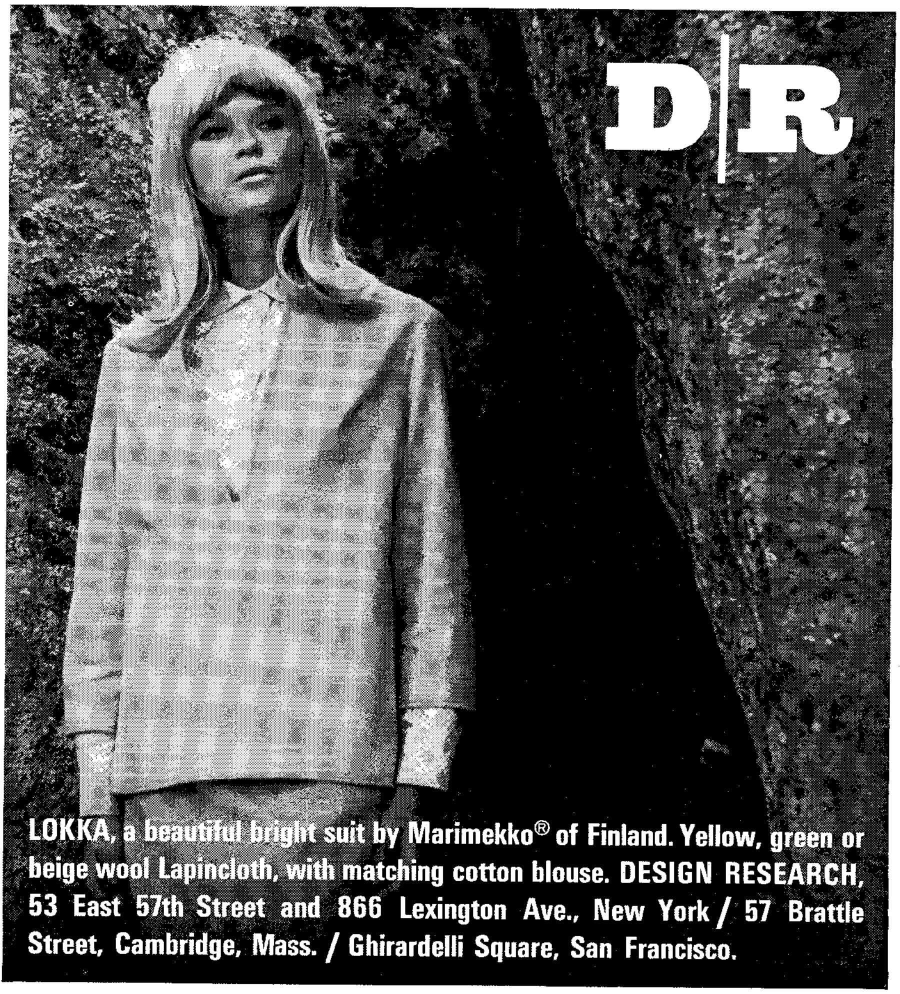

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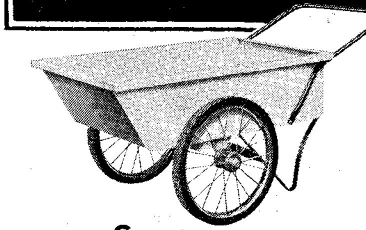

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seated, Mrs. Green said, hurriedly, "I think I ought to tell you right away, Mr. Barker, that I'm not the person who wants this house. I am a civil-rights worker, and it's for Miss Doris Wright."

Mr. Barker turned ashen, carefully touched his mustache with a forefinger, and slowly opened a folder on his desk. Speaking carefully, he said, "It was a different house that Miss Wright came to see. What a coincidence! It was the house next door to the one you saw. I had just sold it when she came in. I have the bill of sale to prove that it was a different house."

Mrs. Green said soothingly, "I can imagine that there may have been some confusion. There are all kinds of misunderstandings."

"Can you imagine? Miss Wright took offense!" Mr. Barker said. "I'll show you the bill of sale. As a matter of fact, Miss Wright was very rude." He stood up abruptly and hurried into the back room, where we could hear him open a file drawer and then slam it shut. He came back and sat down, mopping his forehead. "The contract isn't here now. It's in the process of mortgage," he said. "That house I showed you came in right after the house next door had been sold. The house next door to the one you saw was the house Miss Wright asked about."

Mrs. Green leaned forward. "Well, then, Miss Wright will be able to see the house you offered me, since it's available," she said. "Miss Wright will be along any minute. Can she see it?"

Mrs. Green and Barker looked at each other steadily for a moment, in total silence. Then he said, "Is that what it is?"

"That's what it is," Mrs. Green said, very firmly.

The door opened, and Miss Wright came in. She nodded curtly to Barker, and at that he seemed to wake up. He rushed forward and gave her the same effusive greeting we had received. He said, "Why didn't you call me, Miss Wright? I would have *shown* you the other house. What a strange coincidence!" He pointed his finger at her in a scolding manner, whereupon she moved back and stood staring at him impassively. "The houses are right next door to one another, and I'm happy to show you—I'd *like* to show you—the other one. I am not holding back!"

He drove all three of us to the house that Mrs. Green and I had seen the day before. The owner's wife, who let us in, looked startled when she saw Miss Wright. She started to say something, but she was forestalled by Barker, who

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put his face right up to hers, and said loudly, as if she were deaf, "Mrs. Schwartz's house *next door* has been sold! They have applied for a mortgage. *Next door!*" When we went around to the garage in back, we found the owner himself there, washing his car. Before we were near enough for introductions, Barker shouted, "You know, I just sold the house *next door!*" Back in the car, he told Miss Wright that the asking price was twenty-six thousand nine hundred dollars. She said she wanted to think it over and would be back to see him within two days. "Are you going to bring a deposit?" he asked. "I hope so. If you are, I'll be very, very happy to accept it."

After we had left Mr. Barker, we stopped for tea in a drugstore, and Mrs. Green said, "I think I ought to tell you, Doris, that on the way to the car, after we left the house, Mr. Barker said to me, 'I certainly would never practice discrimination, but what do you do when the owner refuses to sell to certain kinds of people?' I said to him, 'Mr. Barker, you simply tell the owner that that is against the law!' "

Miss Wright looked thoughtful. "I like that house," she said. "I do like it. The living room and dining room are fine, but the bedrooms are awfully small. I'm living in Park West Village, in a sublet, paying two hundred and ten dollars a month, and I'd like to get settled. But that house really hasn't enough space."

Mrs. Green told her that Barker had said she was rude, and she sniffed. "When we were alone, *he* was quite insulting toward me," she said. "I was looking for a two-family brick house, and instead of the one that was advertised, which was the one we just saw, he took me to a horrible stucco one, much farther out. 'Isn't it lovely?' he said, and I said, 'No, it's not.' It was thirty-six thousand, and I told him it was not worth it. He then began trying to find out how much I could afford to pay, and I said, 'That is no concern of yours, if I have the money.' Then he said, 'How much cash do you have?' I said, 'That's not your business. I will determine what to put down when I see a house I like. I don't feel I have to discuss that with you at this point.' I told him the house we had seen wasn't worth more than thirty-one thousand, and he said, 'Have you enough for a down payment?' I said, 'Sir! I don't have to discuss that, but I am aware that the down payment should be one-fourth of my annual income.' Then he asked me if I was a broker. I said I was not. 'You're awfully young,' he

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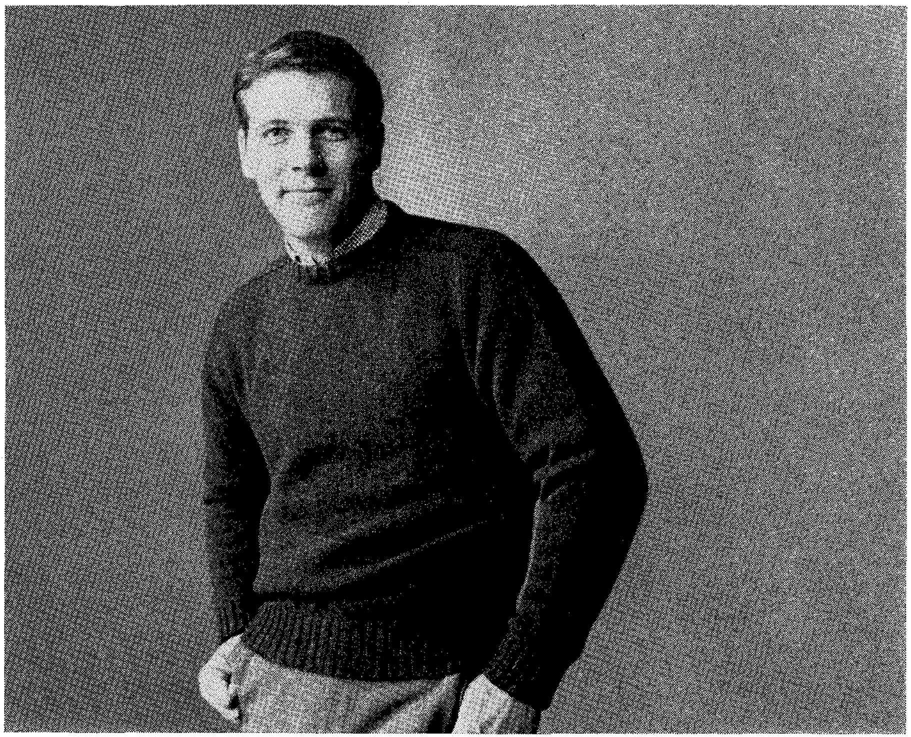

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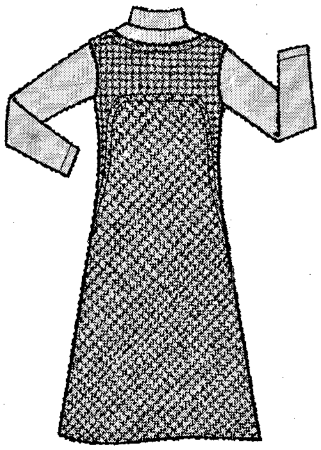

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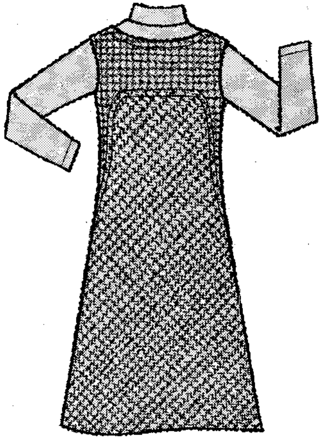

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said. 'Do you want it for investment?' And when I said I didn't have to discuss *that* with him, he asked why I was taking such an attitude. I said, 'I don't have any attitude. I'm just positive,' and he said, 'You don't even smile.' "

"What did you say to him then?" I asked.

"I said, 'There's no reason to smile, or to laugh, either, in this situation,' " Miss Wright replied.

A COUPLE of weeks later, I visited Miss Kawesch at the C.C.R.M. office. I asked her what had happened in Miss Wright's case, and she said that Miss Wright had gone back to see Barker, and they had discussed taxes and a mortgage, but she had finally decided that she didn't like the house well enough to buy it. "Sometimes I ask myself why the burden must lie on each individual Negro who meets with discrimination to make a complaint and use his time and energy to get the equal treatment that is his right to begin with," Miss Kawesch said. "What is the basis of the discrimination? His black skin. When we first started this work, we had a very simple checking system, with the Negro and the checker going out together. The white person would go ahead to see if the apartment was available, and, when it was, would come back and tell the Negro. Five minutes later, when the Negro went in to inquire, the apartment would not be available. We had to resort to entrapment because the landlords—and the supers, who are the landlords' surrogates—lied so much that it was all but impossible to establish unequivocal proof that there had been discrimination. I'd be glad not to entrap landlords, and I'd be glad if our kind of service wasn't necessary. But if we didn't put down deposits, the apartments would be gone by the time the complaint was filed with the Commission."

Miss Kawesch ran a hand through her hair. "A person who believes that he has met with discrimination doesn't have to come to an organization like ours," she continued. "He can go directly to the city or state Human Rights Commission. And he doesn't have to prove discrimination but only allege that he thinks there has been discrimination. It's up to the Commission to prove or disprove the veracity of the complaint. But there are plenty of cases in which the Negro lost out on the apartment because the landlord had rented it before one of the Commission's investigators could

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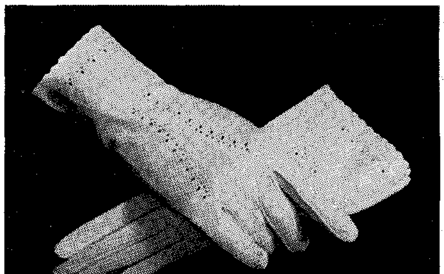

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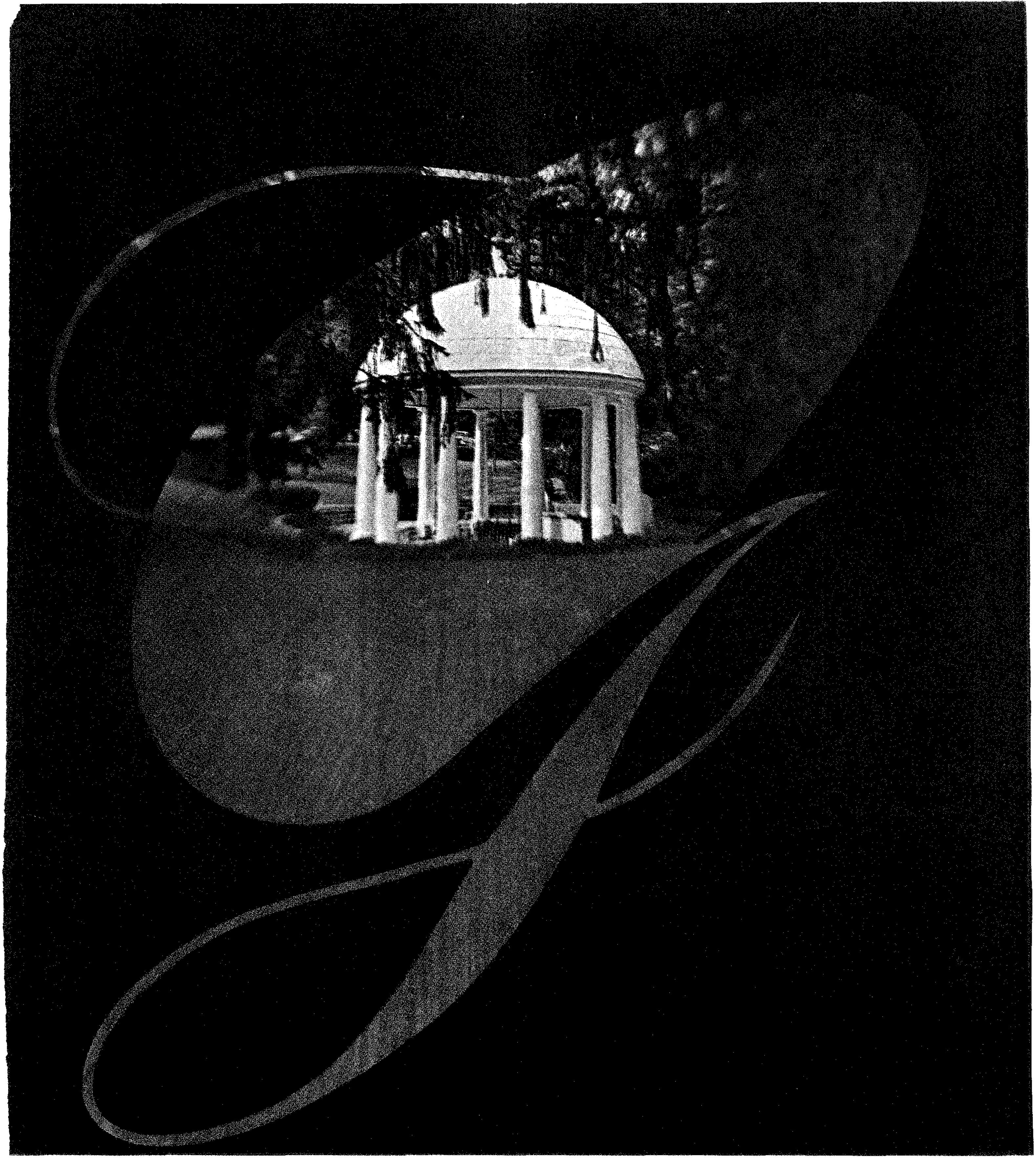

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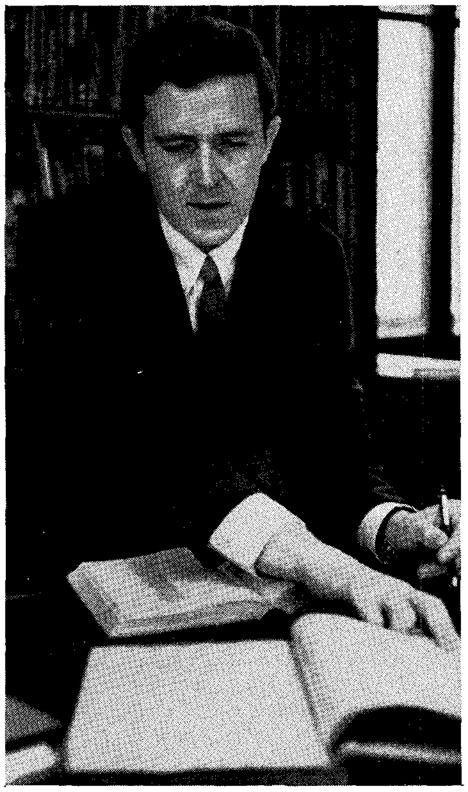

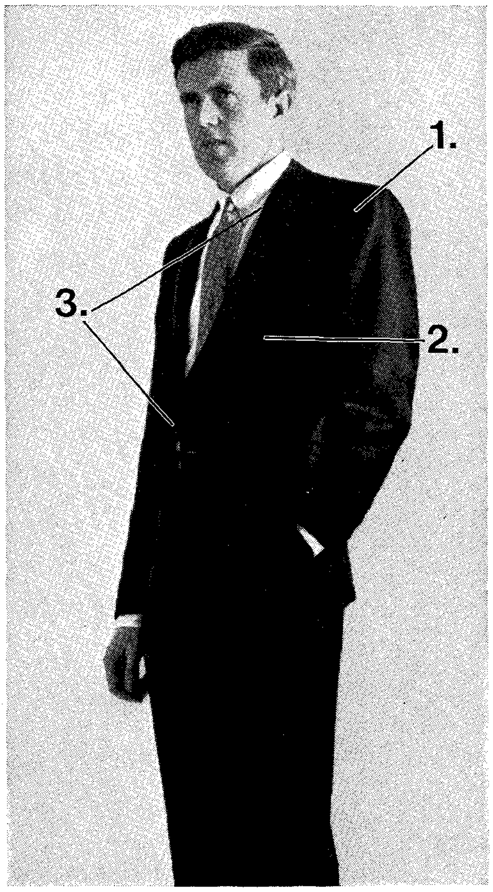

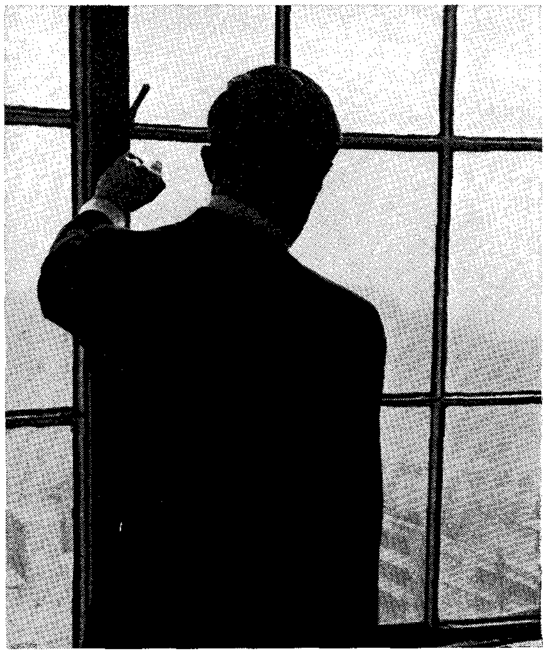

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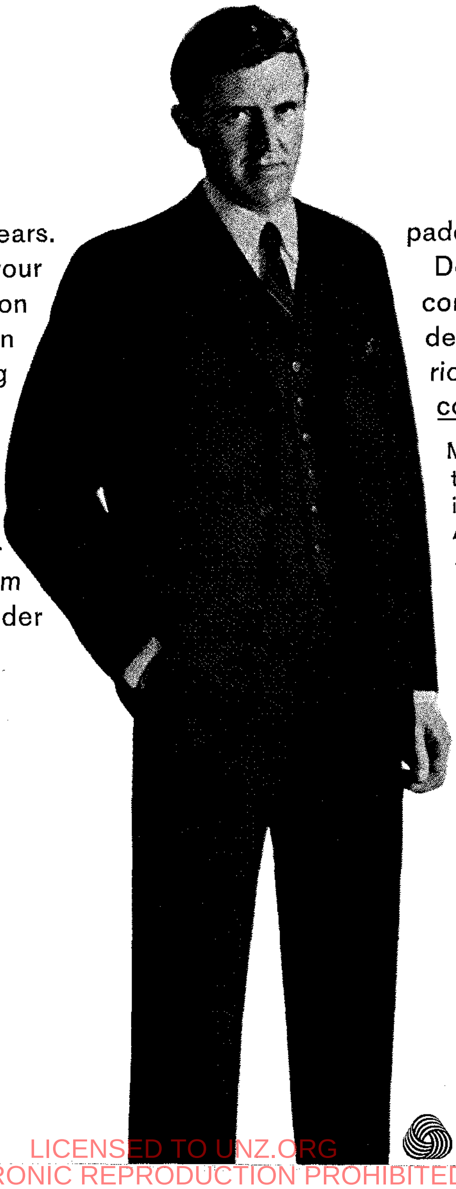

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Miss Kawesch went on to tell me that there were a number of private fair-housing organizations in various parts of the city doing similar work, and that there was a project called Operation Open City, run by the local Urban League, which had received a large grant from the New York Anti-Poverty Board for the purpose. Partly for this reason, the C.C.R.M. was soon planning to close its office, and many of its volunteers were transferring to the community fair-housing groups or to the Open City organization. She told me that the C.C.R.M. had been the first body doing this kind of work, having begun in 1949 as a volunteer study group in civil rights. Its first investigation was directed at discrimination in restaurants on the East Side of Manhattan. Forty-two per cent of the establishments investigated were found to treat Negro patrons unfairly. C.C.R.M., by sending out teams of white and Negro couples at a time when an increasing number of anti-discrimination laws were coming into effect, was instrumental in eliminating discrimination from public eating places in New York. Then, in the early nineteen-fifties, the

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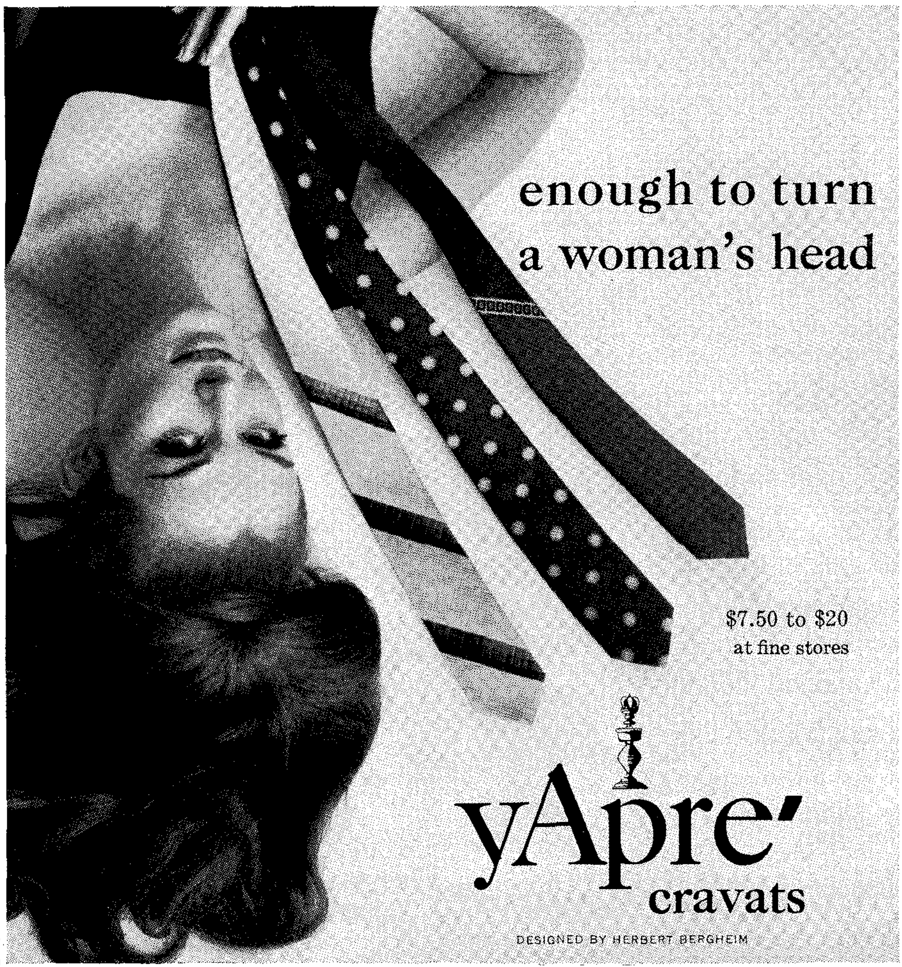

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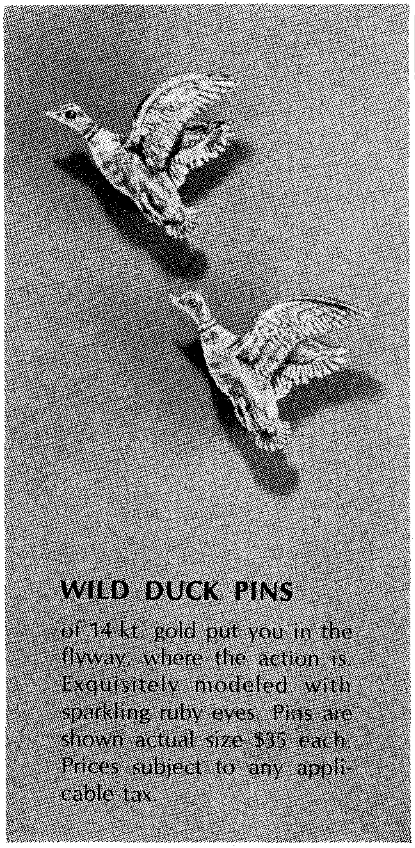

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organization turned its attention to the more complex problem of housing. Its studies indicated that in non-Negro areas eighty per cent of the real-estate brokers openly practiced discrimination, and that the remaining twenty per cent were not apt to rent to Negroes, either. In 1957, when the city's Sharkey-Brown-Isaacs bill became the first law in the country prohibiting discrimination in almost all private housing, the organization began to evolve its white-and-Negro partner system.

I asked what income brackets most of her clients were in. "People coming here have usually had an income of between four and six thousand dollars a year," Miss Kawesch said. "The number of families with incomes below four thousand we have been able to help has been nil, because of the lack of low-priced housing. We have never conducted an apartment-finding service, although we have directed people to housing when we have heard about it. I have told them that the basic problem is not being a Negro but finding the right apartment at the right rent. I have developed a special briefing technique. I say, 'This is a box with four sides.' " She made an imaginary box with her hands on the desk. " 'The first side is the money you can spend. The second is how much time you have. Do you have two weeks, or can you wait a year? The third is the area. Will you look in all areas all over the city? And the fourth is what I call "the specifics." Do you need an elevator? Can you be two flights up? How far from the subway? Facing north, east, south, or west? And so on.' Then I say, 'If there can't be any variations, forget it. On one of these four sides you must have flexibility.' Usually there is none in money, because that's being stretched already, so it has to be in area, time, or details. I tell them that if they do find a place and run into trouble, they should tell the super that there is a law against discrimination and that a complaint can be filed. If that doesn't work, I instruct them to get in touch with us immediately."

The telephone rang, and I listened as Miss Kawesch went through the very routine she had just outlined to me. "Five rooms for a hundred dollars?" I heard her say, finally. "Can you possibly manage to pay more than that? No? I'm afraid that won't be easy to find, and I'm sorry I can't suggest anything right offhand. Let me know how you make out." She groaned when she hung up. "What can you tell people?" she said. "It's a scramble to get whatever apartments are available

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on the private market, and being a Negro just makes one more obstacle."

THAT same day, I had a call from Mrs. Green. Not long after I left the C.C.R.M. office, it seemed, a Mrs. Pearl Jackson had called about a six-room apartment in a large building near Claremont Park, in the Bronx, that she knew was for rent for about ninety-five dollars a month. When she went to see the superintendent of the building, he had appeared surprised and had told her the place was rented. Mrs. Jackson, her husband, and their six children were living in a four-room apartment in the same neighborhood, and were desperate for more space. Because the rent was unusually low for such a large apartment—the building was rent-controlled—Mrs. Green had been dispatched at once. The superintendent had readily shown her the apartment, had said she could have immediate occupancy, and had accepted a ten-dollar cash deposit, giving her a receipt for it.

"We haven't wasted a minute," she told me. "Mrs. Jackson and her husband came right down to the office and filed a complaint, and I'm meeting the super and the landlord up at the apartment building tomorrow at four. Mr. West and Mrs. Jackson will be there, too."

All the way uptown on the subway the next afternoon, Mrs. Green kept exclaiming about the apartment she had seen. "I haven't met Mrs. Jackson yet, and she hasn't seen the apartment, but I know it's just right for her. It's beautiful! Wait until you see it!"

Our first stop was the four-room apartment where the Jacksons were then living, on a short block called Carter Avenue. Cars and trucks roared by on the Cross Bronx Expressway just beyond the end of the street, along which was a row of old apartment buildings and broken-down houses with yards overflowing with garbage and junk. Next door to Mrs. Jackson's building, we stopped to stare at a burned-out frame house whose contents had spilled through the broken windows and open doors to cover the ground in front with stove parts, iceboxes, a broken baby carriage, an old mattress, an overstuffed pink chair upside down, a card table with two legs sticking up, and, in the middle of everything, a child's toy horse with a red saddle. The few poor trees on the street had rags and papers caught in their branches, and in the top branch of one a bicycle tire moved fitfully in the wind. Mrs. Green pointed to an ironing board lying in the middle of the street. "The

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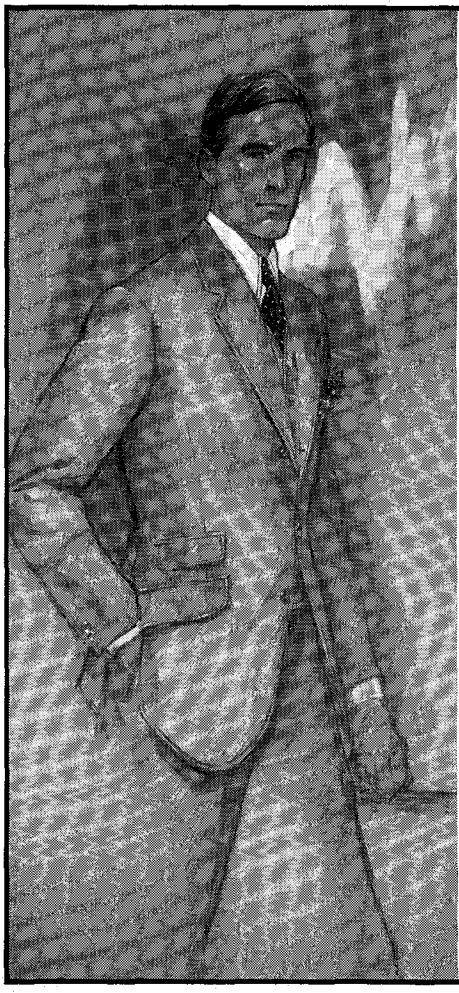

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Sanitation Department certainly hasn't been through here lately," she said. "Can you imagine an ironing board in the middle of the street at Eighty-ninth and Park?"

We went into the Jacksons' building, climbed one flight, and knocked on their door. It was opened by Mrs. Jackson, a rather heavyset woman of medium height, whose hair was brushed back and held by a rubber band, and who was dressed in a black sweater and a brown skirt. A boy and a girl not more than a year old, and obviously twins, clung to her, and as she invited us in, she leaned down and scooped the girl up into her arms. As we walked down a tiny hall into a pocket-size living room, a boy of about twelve came forward and shook hands. Behind him was a slightly younger boy, a small girl, and a little fellow of about five. There was just enough space in the living room for a couch covered with a plastic sheet, two armchairs, a small end table, and a TV set.

Beyond was a bedroom containing a double bed and two cribs, past which a narrow lane of empty floor space permitted access to the next room—an even smaller one, furnished with two double-decker bunks. The kitchen was so small that, Mrs. Jackson said, the family had to eat there in shifts. The whole place was immaculate, and so were the children.

"How in the world do you keep everything so neat and clean, Mrs. Jackson?" Mrs. Green asked.

Mrs. Jackson replied, with a sigh, "You can believe me, it's a job. But I have my children trained to help. One boy does floors, all four of the big ones can iron, my girl does the bathroom, and the twins keep all of us busy picking up the things they've pulled down."

"I saw the apartment around the corner yesterday, and even though it was a dark day, the light was pouring in," Mrs. Green said. "It's a good apartment. It has four almost equal-size rooms, which could be bedrooms, and a living room, and a kitchen big enough for all of you to eat in together."

"You can believe me, I need the space," Mrs. Jackson said quietly. "It sounds good."

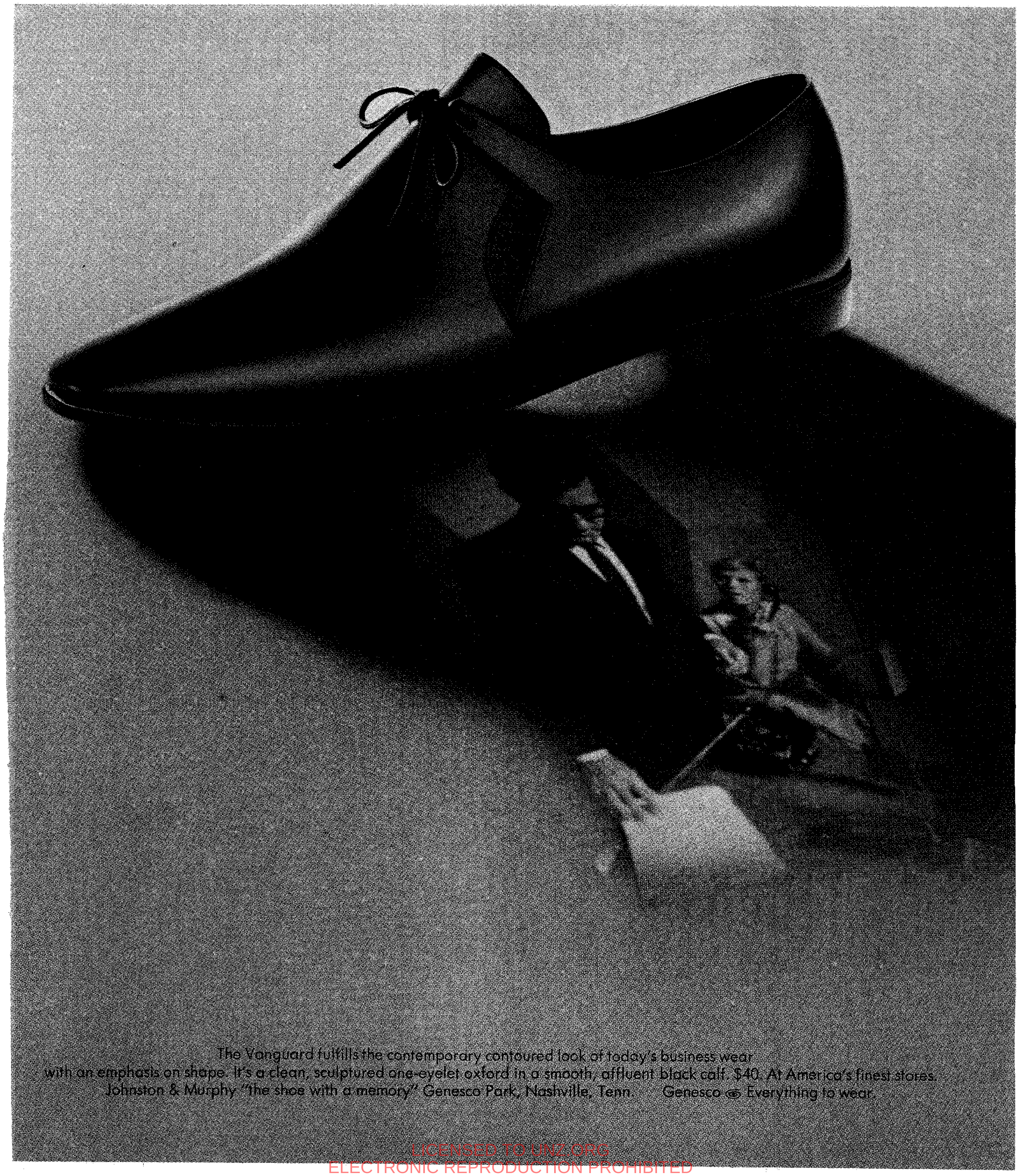
At that moment, West arrived. It was arranged that since Mrs. Green was expected at the other building to sign the lease, she and I would go ahead. West asked Mrs. Jackson, "Have you seen the apartment?"

She shook her head. "My husband heard from a friend who makes regular deliveries in that building that the apartment was empty, but he told us they didn't have colored over there. A cabdriver we know was telling me about C.C.R.M., so when the super refused to let me even see the apartment, I went to the cabdriver's wife and got the C.C.R.M. number and called. We pay forty-two ninety-eight a month here, but we can afford to pay more, if we can just find something bigger. My husband's a skilled repairman, and he earns a hundred and thirty-eight dollars a week, working six days. He's from Virginia and I'm from Baltimore, and we've lived here ever since we came to New York, eleven years ago."

As Mrs. Jackson was putting on a coat and assigning chores for the children to do while she was gone, Mrs. Green and I started out. A couple of blocks away, we came upon a grassy park with big playgrounds and many trees. It could have been in a different city from Carter Avenue. Our destination was an apartment house built on the side of a hill, directly across from one corner of the park. We climbed a long flight of steps and entered a tiled lobby. The building, we could see, was not new, but was well kept up. The superintendent, a middle-aged man in a red plaid shirt, whom I shall call Mr. Farber, came to the door of his apartment when we rang, and a moment later we were joined by the owner, Mr. Vitcz. He was a small elderly man with a heavy accent, who was wearing a large overcoat and seemed to be ailing. My friend, who is something of a linguist, greeted him cheerfully with a Russian phrase, and he responded in Polish. They both laughed, and Mrs. Green praised the appearance of the building.

"Since 1928 I've owned this building," Mr. Vitcz said. "I built it myself. You are lucky. It has forty-two apartments and usually nobody moves—not even from this basement apartment." We walked halfway down the long flight of steps again, to a little landing, and, passing through a small archway, came to a single door. This was Apartment 1. Because of the slope on which the building stood, the basement was high above the street level at this point, and this apartment was isolated from the others. Vitcz pulled out his keys, and as he unlocked the door he said, "You got yourself a nice apartment."

We walked in. The sun was flooding through the rooms, which were large, with high ceilings and parquet floors. Several large pieces of furniture left by a **Johnston & Murphy** shoe is a success story, a decisive move, the chairman's approval, a feeling of satisfaction, and the pride of watching it all clicking into place just as you had expected it to



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Product of U.S.A. Bols Liqueurs, 40-78 Proof, Erven Lucas Bols Distilling Co., Louisville, Ky. ©1965 the previous tenant stood in the living room to our left as we entered. Mrs. Green stopped in the hall, faced Vitcz, and said quickly, "Let me explain something to you, Mr. Vitcz. This apartment is not for me. It's for another family, a Negro family."

Vitcz wheeled as if he had been shot. "*What?* A *Negro?*" he screamed. "No, no, no, no! No niggers! No niggers! *No!*"

"They were told the apartment was not available," Mrs. Green said, in a steady voice.

"They can't have it!" he shouted.

"I'm from a civil-rights organization. This is a very lovely family," Mrs. Green said.

Vitcz seemed to shrink inside his overcoat. "I've got two deposits on this apartment," he whined. "One is from across the street. What shall I do?"

There was a knock on the door. Mrs. Green opened it, and Mrs. Jackson walked in, followed by West. Mrs. Green said, "This is Mrs. Jackson, who came here yesterday hoping to see the apartment, and this is Mr. West, from the New York City Commission on Human Rights. The thing is, Mr. Vitcz, when I came, I was given the apartment."

Vitcz ignored Mrs. Jackson and West. He continued, in the same whining tone, "My dear lady, I told you my story and you told me yours. Mr. Farber, here, never told me he had your deposit. I would have taken the apartment myself if I had known it was empty."

West pulled a complaint form from his briefcase and began to read it. It ended with the charge that Mrs. Jackson had been the subject of an unlawful discriminatory practice relating to a housing accommodation because of her race and color.

"Why don't you give me the paper?" Vitcz demanded. Then he shouted at Mrs. Jackson, "You saw this apartment *after* it was rented!" He glared at the superintendent, who looked dazed, and then he said loudly, "I want to tell you something. That apartment was rented across the street to a woman. I took fifty dollars already."

"Who was it?" West asked.

"What's her name?" Vitcz asked the super, who opened his mouth and closed it again without making a sound. "What is it? Admony, or something?"

"What about the receipt?" West continued quietly.

"I didn't get a receipt," Vitcz whined. "If anything happens, I'll call you and see what I can do for the

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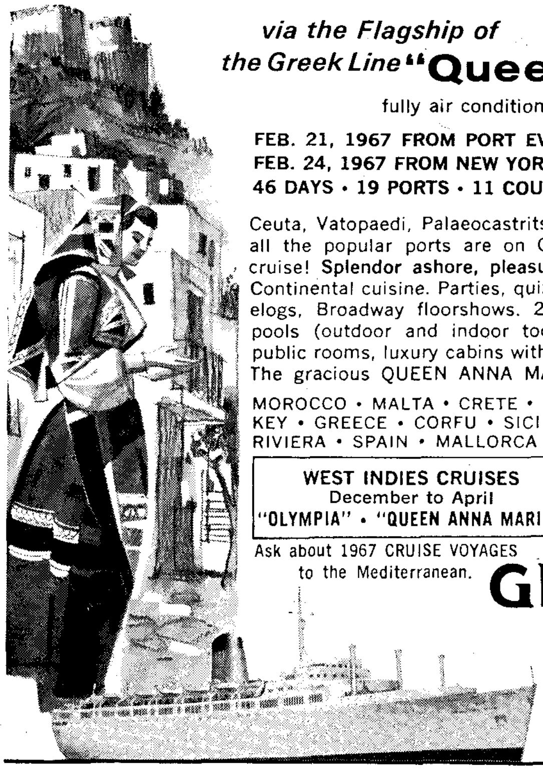
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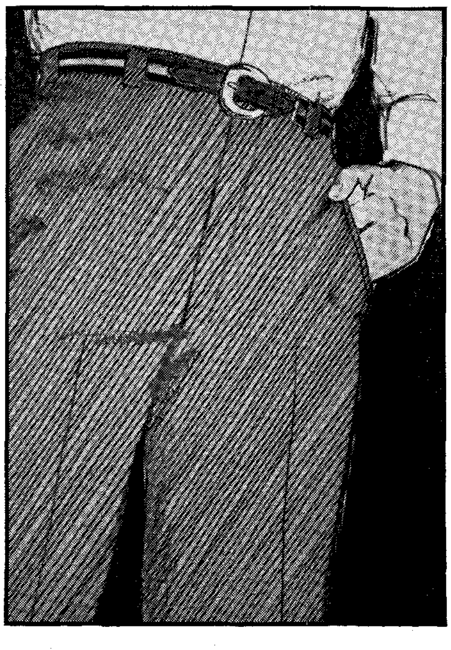

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missus." He looked at Mrs. Jackson closely for the first time. "How many people you got?"

She said very slowly, "I've got six children. My husband is a repairman."

"I worked ten years with Negroes," he whined. "I'm not against them. You meet me, and we'll talk."

Mrs. Jackson said, with great dignity, "I have nothing to do with it. I have turned it over to the New York City Commission on Human Rights."

"I have to get in touch with the other person," Vitcz said in his whining voice. "You want me to come with a lawyer, to prove it?" Mrs. Jackson just stood there looking at him. After a moment or so, he went on, "The apartment is not for rent yet. I have to fix it."

West stepped forward. "I have a subpoena here ordering you to appear at the office of the City Commission on Human Rights to be examined under oath about this complaint. Please bring all books and records pertaining to the complaint with you, including the applications for leases on all the apartments in the building."

He handed Vitcz the subpoena, and the old man threw it from him as if it were a live snake. It bounced off a radiator onto the floor. "Why do you make this monkey business?" he cried. "Why do you make this monkey business just to get someone into the apartment? I show it to lots of people!"

"Then why don't you let Mrs. Jackson see it?" West replied. He picked up the subpoena and handed it back to Vitcz, who threw it at the radiator again. West said, "Mr. Vitcz, if you refuse this, you will be in contempt of court and will have to pay possible damages, and the court may order a permanent injunction against your renting the apartment at all."

Vitcz looked around at our silent group. Suddenly, he capitulated. "I'll give her the apartment," he said, and, looking at Mrs. Jackson, he added, "There's nothing to talk about, lady."

"I have the money for the rent," Mrs. Jackson said.

"I'll see what it is, and then I'll take it," Vitcz said. He was speaking now in a normal voice.

West said, "Are you willing to accept a deposit? Will you put it in writing?"

"I'll take it. I'll take her money," Vitcz said. "When the husband comes over, I'll talk to him. I'm a sick man. If I find everything's good, I'll take it."

"Why don't you show Mrs. Jackson the apartment?" West persisted.

"Where do you live? Can you pay

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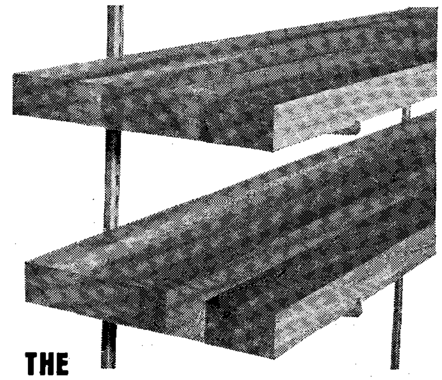

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the rent? How much does your husband earn?" Vitcz asked Mrs. Jackson.

Mrs. Jackson said, "He makes seven thousand dollars a year and I have the rent, plus one month's security, with me." All this time, she had been standing just inside the front door. Now she walked in, a little hesitantly. Her face was glowing.

"Do you like it?" Vitcz asked.

"From what I see, I like it," Mrs. Jackson said.

Vitcz turned to the rest of us. "You can come in, but not him," he said, nodding toward West. Then he said to West, "I'm not refusing anything, so you better go home." West quietly followed us in anyway.

"My children are well trained," Mrs. Jackson said, turning in a complete circle in order to see as much as possible from where she was standing. "You won't be sorry."

"If you'll be good, I'll be good," Vitcz said.

"I'll guarantee to replace anything they destroy," she said.

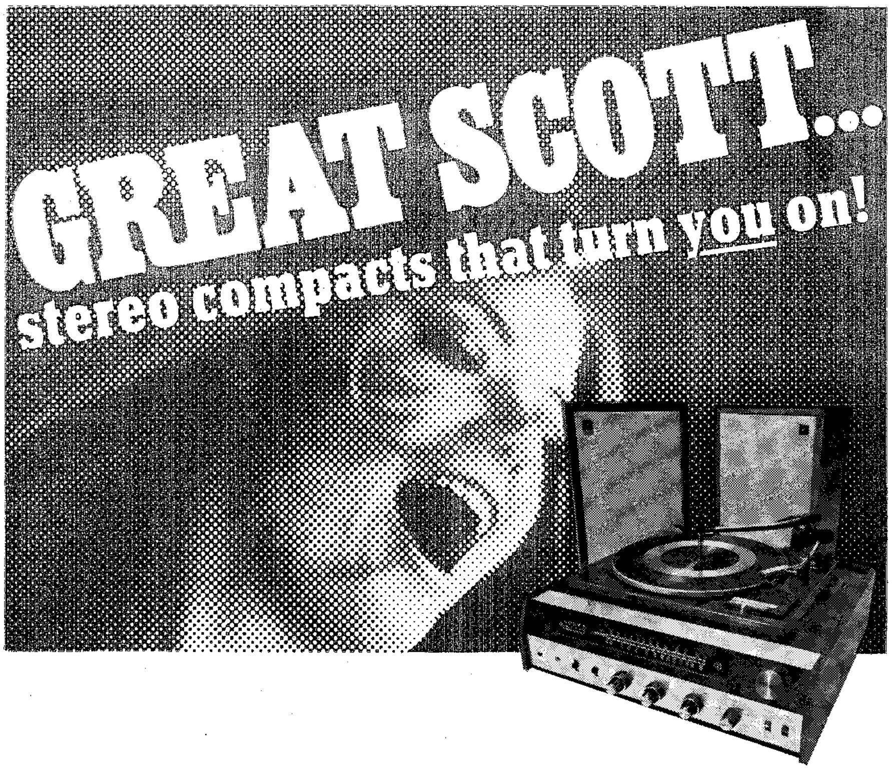
Vitcz asked Mrs. Jackson if she was prepared to sign the lease, and when she said she was, he told her to come into the kitchen. They both sat down at a table that had been left by the previous tenant. Vitcz told her that the rent was ninety-four dollars and seventy cents, which, with a month's security, brought the first payment to a hundred and eighty-nine dollars and forty cents. Mrs. Jackson opened her purse and drew out a packet of bills. She had brought five twenties, eight tens, and nine ones, and when she started to count, I could see that her fingers were shaking. She was very quiet and deliberate, but she made two unsuccessful attempts to count the bills and then handed the packet to Mrs. Green, saying, "Please check the amount for me. I don't know if I'm nervous, or what, but I can't count straight." She fumbled through her purse for the forty cents, and Mrs. Green supplied it. "My pleasure," she said.

"I'm a good landlord," Vitcz said. "You check to see if everything is all right. If you need a refrigerator, it's four dollars a month extra. I redo the apartment every three years." He gave Mrs. Jackson a receipt for her money, handed her the lease forms, and told her to take them home for her husband to sign.

West, who was making notes, asked how many apartments there were in the building.

Vitcz said, "Do you want to buy the house?"

"No," West replied, unsmilingly. "I



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need it for my records. I'm not trying to force anything. I want to see that this lady gets an equal opportunity. Are there any other colored people in the building?"

"Some Puerto Rican. We rent to whoever has money to pay," Mr. Vitcz replied.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Jackson had timidly started to walk through the rest of the apartment, followed by Mr. Farber. "I'm so thrilled I don't know what to do," she said, in a voice scarcely above a whisper. She walked into a bedroom facing the park. "Here's another room!" she cried. "You don't know how I feel!" She opened a closet door and peered in. "How many closets are there? I'm really nosy!" she said. She went back into the living room. "Oh, I'm telling you, I love these floors!" Mrs. Jackson exclaimed. "I can get my husband to refinish them. And with a little paint he can make this a beautiful room!" She walked into another bedroom. "Look! Look!" she said. "A walk-in closet! Isn't that *tremendous*?" She turned around and put her hands out toward the super. "I'm just thrilled with this place," she said.

"Sure. This is a beautiful apartment," he replied.

"I train my children very young to keep things tidy," she said, and told him how old all of them were, counting them off on her fingers. "All my children are in school but the twins."

The superintendent said, "If you want some of this furniture, you can stay now and look it over. There's a full dining-room set, and some tables, and the kitchen table and chairs, that were left here. Whatever you want."

Mrs. Jackson gave him a positively radiant smile, and he suddenly smiled back. "I believe in neatness and cleanliness," she said.

At the door, when we were leaving, Vitcz said to Mrs. Jackson, "Let me give you some advice. Don't keep your kids outside. And don't bring in your friends."

We walked down the long flight of steps in silence.

Out on the street, West raised a warning hand. "Don't get too happy until the lease is signed," he said. "Get that lease back to the landlord as soon as possible, Mrs. Jackson, and move in as fast as you can, so I don't have to chase after Mr. Vitcz with that subpoena. It's not that I'd mind, but I just want to see you move in and get settled. You have a right to live there."

Mrs. Jackson nodded, thanked us, and said goodbye. The rest of us boarded the subway. West observed,

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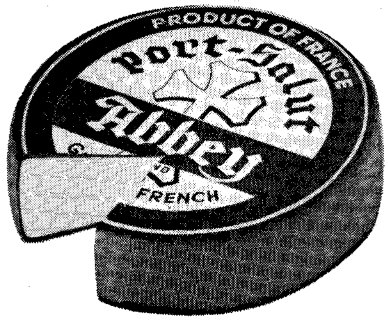

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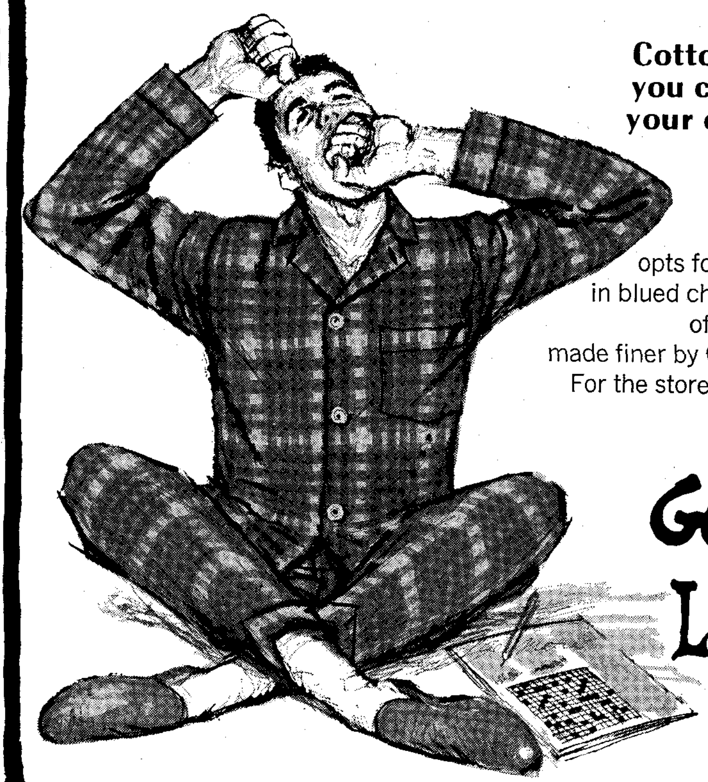
"It's the team approach. Suppose our Commission were not in existence. She would not have been able to go through that by herself. Vitcz said he would give her the apartment only when he knew he'd wind up downtown if he didn't. I would have liked the landlord and Mrs. Jackson to sign that lease right then, and get everything settled. Vitcz hasn't put his John Hancock on it yet. I tried to get her to pressure the guy, but she couldn't. I hope she comes back with that lease, and with her husband, tonight."

It turned out that West was unduly gloomy, for Mr. and Mrs. Jackson went to the building together the next day and signed a two-year lease, and they moved into the apartment at the beginning of the following month. The Commission on Human Rights had not finished with Vitcz, however. He was asked to come to the Commission's office to answer the charge that he had violated the fair-housing-practices law of New York City. He arrived at the meeting with his lawyer, who stubbornly maintained that the landlord had not known of the vacancy in Apartment 1, because the previous tenant had moved out in the middle of the month. Vitcz then confused matters by insisting that he had taken a deposit from "a person across the street." He agreed, however, to fulfill the conditions that the Commission imposed on him, as it had on Earl Management, before it would dismiss the complaint: to write a letter to the Commission promising never to discriminate again; to instruct the building superintendent, in writing, not to discriminate; and to forward a copy of these instructions to the Commission. Only after he had fulfilled these requirements was the complaint against him marked closed.

One day not long afterward, I stopped in to see Wittner, and found him almost hidden by piles of manila folders on his desk. He explained the purpose of the Commission's requirements. "When we feel discrimination has taken place, we are interested in getting the apartment for the complainant, but we are even more interested in getting compliance with the city fair-housing law, because New York City is a party to the complaint," he said. "Hundreds of applicants from a minority group may have been discriminated against by a landlord, but the person who comes to us has been the first to complain. We don't want to give a person who practices discrimination the feeling that because he gave the complainant the



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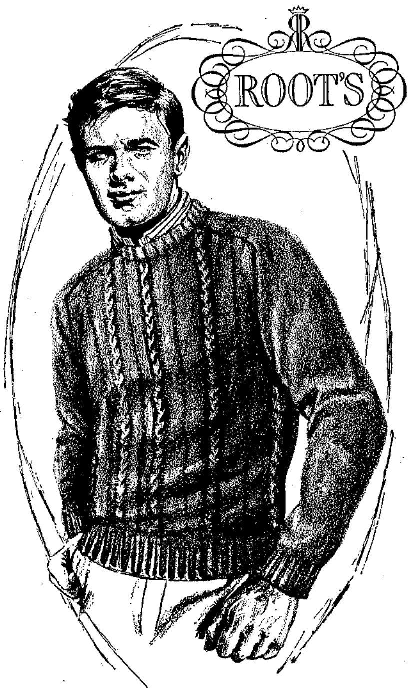
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apartment he's off the hook. He's never off the hook. As far as the size of our staff permits, we watch him thereafter, and we expect him to comply with the law. And, incidentally, while one of our cases is pending, if a landlord refuses to keep the premises in question off the market for ten days, the front door of the apartment is posted with a notice to the effect that anyone renting or buying the accommodations during that period does so at his own risk."

I inquired how the Commission felt about the C.C.R.M.'s entrapment technique, and Wittner said, "We have no hesitation about using any information that is submitted to us in a case, but we won't initiate action. We're very careful not to be considered a party to the entrapment; a government agency must be above that. Please understand me. We don't tell any landlord how to run his business, as long as he doesn't run it in a way that screens people out on the basis of their race, creed, color, or national origin. For example, if the landlord's standard for renting an apartment is financial, and he is using the rule that one month's rent should equal one week's salary, it may be that a would-be tenant has a ten-thousand-dollar judgment against him that he is paying off at twenty dollars a week. His salary then might be one hundred dollars a week, and the rent might be one hundred and twenty a month, and he would not be qualified. The landlord would then be justified in turning him down. But if a discriminatory complaint should be filed by a member of a minority group, we might ask for the leases and earnings of all the tenants in the building to make sure the landlord has applied the same standards to all the tenants, and not used finances as an excuse. We make comparison charts of this nature probably thirty times a year. It creates a lot of work for us, but we do it when we have to."

As I prepared to leave, Wittner added, "Don't think that every complaint of discrimination has merit. We decide in twenty to twenty-five per cent of the cases that there is no cause. Only a very small percentage of our cases ever get as far as formal hearings before any of our fifteen Commissioners. We take just the *really* nasty ones to them. Our main purpose is not to prosecute or persecute landlords but to persuade them to go along with the law."

ONE Sunday afternoon recently, Mrs. Jackson invited Mrs. Green and me to her new apartment. The weather was beautiful, and we lingered

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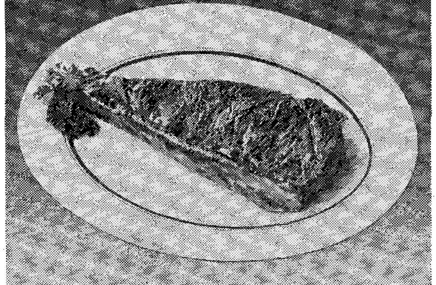
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briefly beside the grassy slope at the corner of Claremont Park before crossing the street to the apartment house. We climbed halfway up the steps, turned into the little archway, and knocked on the door of Apartment 1. Mrs. Jackson came to the door smiling broadly. She had put on weight, but she looked more relaxed, and therefore younger, than she had at our last meeting. As we entered, the boy twin came to the corner of a playpen in the living room and waved to us. The large pieces of furniture that had been left behind by the previous tenant were all in use. One of the children was doing homework at the dining table, and keeping half an eye on a television program. Mrs. Jackson immediately took us on a tour of the place. The apartment was as spotless and orderly as her other apartment had been, but here the space and light revealed her good taste. We admired some attractive watercolors, which, she said, her eldest son had painted and which she had framed and hung on the walls, and we both remarked on how beautiful everything looked.

"These chairs and the sofa were in my other apartment just as they are, but you couldn't really see them, because I had them covered," she said. "I'll be frank with you. I like neatness. My oldest boy and I scraped the floor with sandpaper on our hands and knees, and he polished all the furniture for me. I love everything about this place, and as soon as I have the time, I'm going to make bedspreads and new curtains." She headed for the kitchen, and came back with a tray of coffee and cookies.

Mrs. Green, looking out the window, sighed and said, "What a view! Look at those trees!"

"My kids love it. They're in the park most of the time," Mrs. Jackson said. "There are a lot of things we want to do yet. My husband wants to paint, and buy a new carpet and a new bedroom set. He'd like to make things easier for me. I told him it just takes time."

I asked Mrs. Jackson what had happened when she took the lease back to Vitcz, and she said, "He called us the next day, and we went right over. He met my husband, and he was in a much better mood, thank goodness, and talked very nice, and we signed the lease in his presence. He said that he liked the place kept clean and that he hoped the children wouldn't be rowdy and he hoped we would be happy. He sent an electrician in to repair the fixtures, but we've never seen him

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again. He's sickly and old. The super, Mr. Farber, has been very nice. I see him quite often. He helps me carry groceries in, and take the baby carriage up and down the steps." She smiled. "We haven't had any trouble," she said. "In fact, my husband has heard quite a few nice remarks. A man in the building said he couldn't believe we had so many children, because they were so well behaved, and several tenants I've met outside have complimented me on how well trained the twins are. All the other tenants are white. And there are no Puerto Ricans," she added. "But being the only Negro family in the building doesn't bother me the least bit. The only thing I wanted was my apartment. I am very happy with it, and that's that."
—EDITH IGLAUER

•

RETROSPECT

Her face, hollowed and beautiful as a goshawk's, but
gold-eyed like a lion's, you
may be sure has changed, what

with the children who've grown up
since I last saw her—Sar-
ah . . . Sarah . . . I'd be a Rip
Van Winkle if I went back there;

the dog would have grown old
and not remember, and I,
salt in the beard, half bald.
How long will I keep this shi-

ning coin, printed with her
proud look of twelve years ago,
that buys me only per-
turbation? But I know

how long, and shouldn't yank
the tray out now, where mem-
ory saves, from a sad bank-
ruptcy of face and limb,

these trinkets, souvenirs—
Stan, William, John, MacNeil,
Sarah, the two Joans . . . Here's
to you all. I feel

an east-, a sea-wind leach
my words again, like that
on-shore at Horseneck Beach
the evening we all sat

by a drift fire and poured
good talk and chimneying stars
at the dark, while waves roared
out past the sandbars.

Good, that a sea's chorus
spoke half of what was said;
it wasn't what any of us
planned to happen, that did.
—PETER KANE DUFAULT

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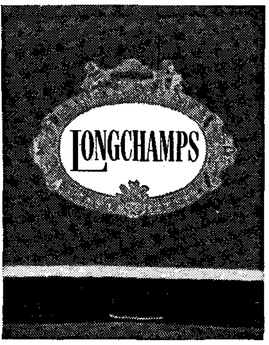

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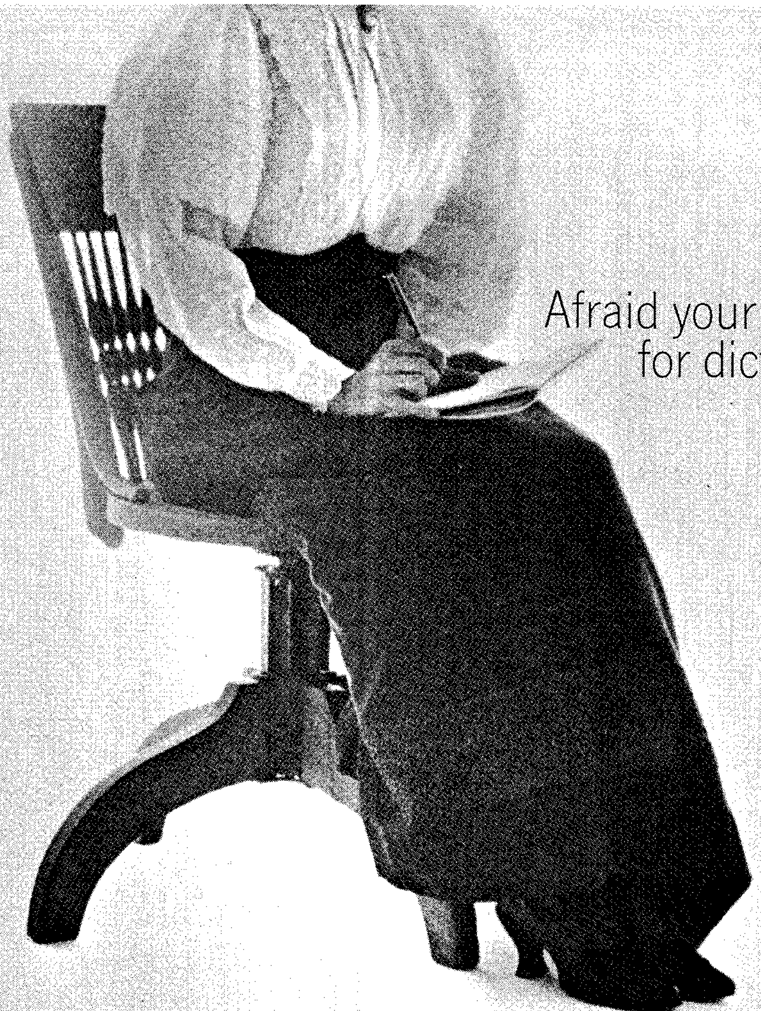

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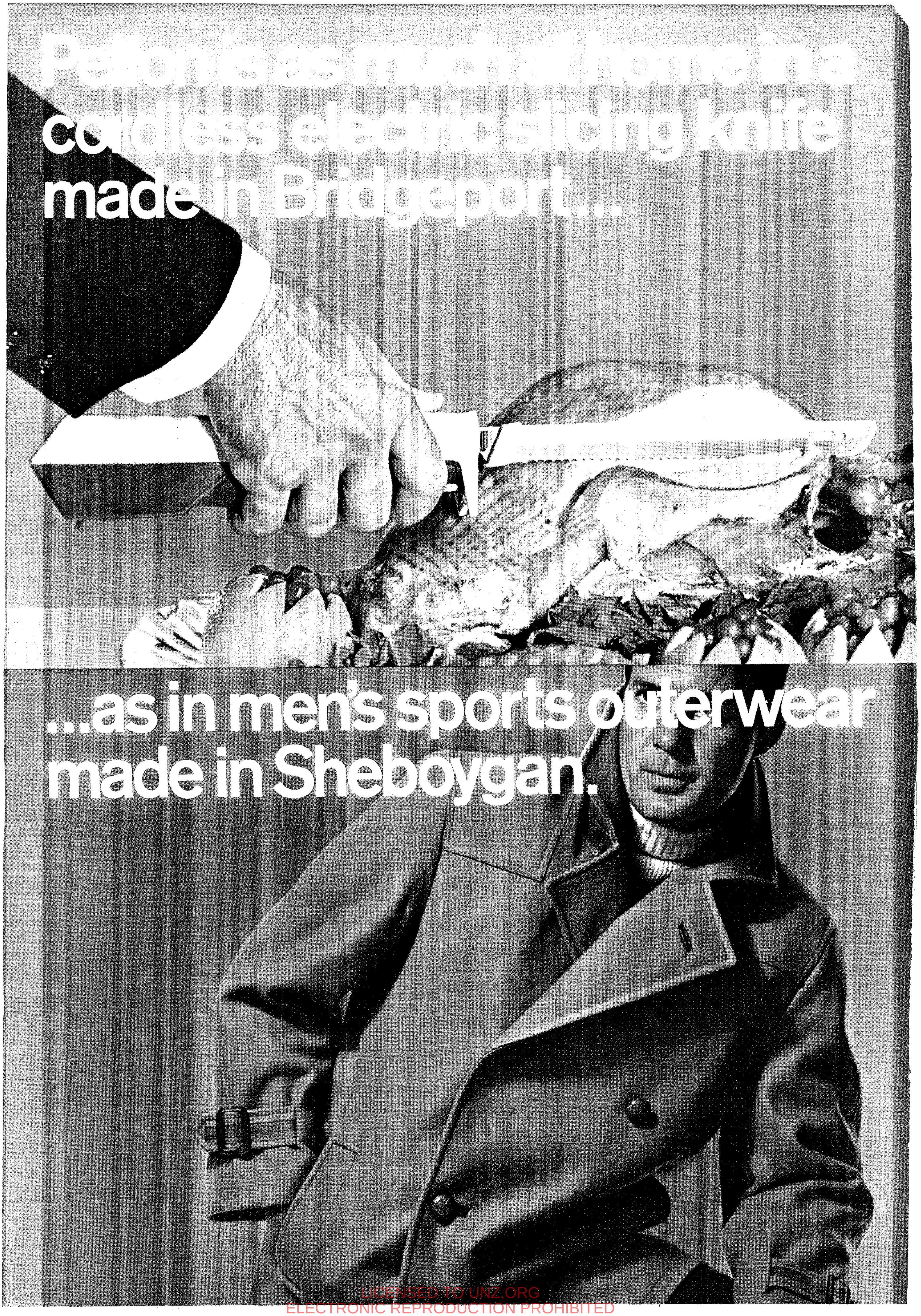
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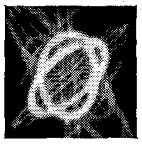

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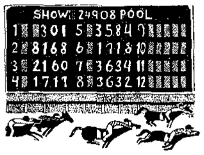

East Side, West Side, all around the town there were big doings last weekend—the Beldame Stakes at Aqueduct, the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City, and the Michigan Mile and One-Eighth at the Detroit Race Course. The United Nations Handicap, which I caught on television, was a thriller; Assagai, who was no better than seventh on the turn for home, got up in the last jump to beat Ginger Fizz by a short head. The Michigan Mile and One-Eighth added another upset to the season's long list; Stanislas, a 21–1 shot, won easily from the favorite, Tom Rolfe. The Beldame was as dull as any other success story; Summer Scandal led by lengths from beginning to end.

There were a dozen runners in the United Nations Handicap, and from a quick start Toulore, a colt from California, bred by Rex Ellsworth, led for more than half of the mile and three-sixteenths over the turf course, with the other runners closely bunched behind him. Approaching the far turn, Ginger Fizz moved up fast on the rail and took the lead, and held it until Assagai headed him. Toulore held on well to finish third. I may sound a trifle premature, but I'd say that Assagai, a dark-bay three-year-old by Warfare, owned by Charles Englehard, is the best horse in the country over turf courses. This was his fifth victory in six tries on the grass. In the sixth, he was beaten by a nose by Ginger Fizz, to whom he gave five pounds. No doubt Assagai will be invited to the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on Veterans' Day, but before that Mack Miller, who trains him, may send him out for the Man o' War Stakes at the Big A next month.

Weight most likely made all the difference in the Michigan Mile, etc. Tom Rolfe, who is small for his age, carried 127 pounds—eighteen more than Stanislas and seventeen more than Selari, who was third. Stanislas, who has done most of his racing in Detroit, is owned and trained by Miss Mildred Kerr.

Summer Scandal, so nimble-footed in the Maskette ten days earlier, merely repeated that performance in the Beldame. In the former race, she finished six lengths in front of Straight

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Deal; in the latter the margin was eight. Lady Pitt, who was third in the Beldame, could do with a rest. Open Fire, who turned in such an extraordinary effort on a sloppy track at Saratoga last month, may not have liked the going at Aqueduct. She finished fourth.

THOUGH Hirsch Jacobs is noted for his occasional and usually successful deviations from orthodox training routine, horsemen were surprised last week when he ran Priceless Gem only three days after she was beaten—something seldom done with a high-strung filly. He did it, he said, because she was behaving as though she wanted to run. He was right. In the Nellie Bly Purse on Saturday at Aqueduct, she made the nine others of her sex look like buggy horses strung out behind her. As you may remember, Priceless Gem was the wonder two-year-old of last autumn, and the winner of the Futurity, in which she beat Buckpasser. Returning to the races in the Prioress Stakes last April, she romped in by six lengths, but she bumped so many other runners that her number was taken down. Shortly after that, Jacobs sent her to one of his farms, because she was so fidgety and was losing weight. Last week, in her first race following her long rest, she looked very fit as she paraded to the post with five colts, but she stumbled as the starting gate opened and never could catch Caligerro. In the Nellie Bly, it was quite another story.

EDDIE NELOY saddled his thirty-second stakes winner of the season (and the season is far from over) when the Wheatley Stable's Bold and Brave beat eight other three-year-olds in the Jerome Handicap at the Big A last week. Understanding was second and Our Michael third. Impressive jumped off at the break the way he did when he was Buckpasser's pacemaker—before he was sold to the Little M Farm. He stepped the quarter in 0:22⅖ and the half in 0:45⅘ over a track still damp from rain the day before, and after that he finished last.

THE Futurity will be run this weekend, and I have no opinion about it. Just put the numbers of the starters in a hat, shake well, shut your eyes, and grab. —AUDAX MINOR

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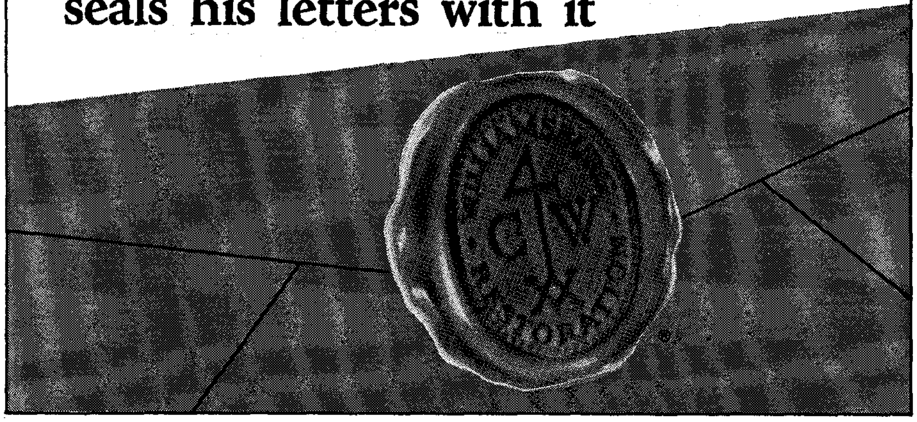

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BOOKS

Four Handfuls of Agrimony, and As Many of Scabious

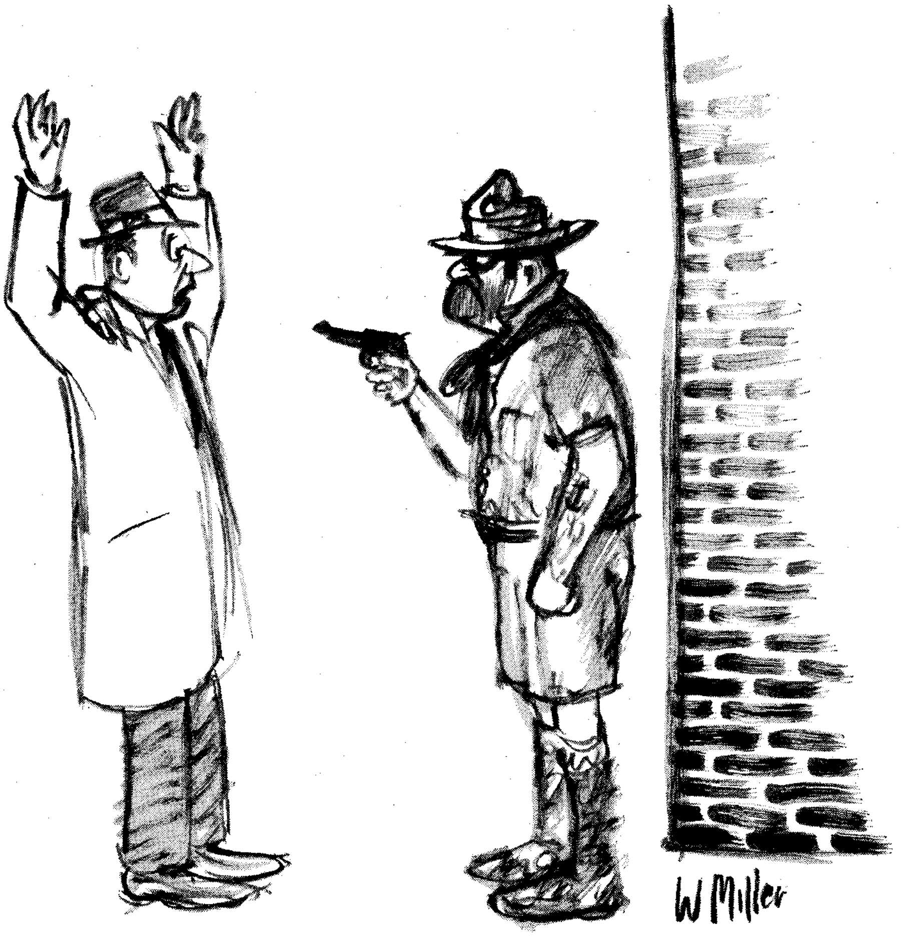
A BEAUTIFUL woman said to me, looking sidewise at the great bush of rosemary, "I see you are dominant in your household."

"Yes," I said. "Perforce. I am a widow."

"In Italy, where I was born," she said, "rosemary grew only where the woman ruled. When I married, all mine died. Now when my husband is angry he tells me to go plant some more, and see."

On such strong sands is built the history of herbs. Thus does it thrive, even in the days of capsuled health-wealth-happiness. Without herbs the pharmacies would falter, now as much as they did ten thousand years ago. Pepper and gentian and the heart-stirring crocus continue to sit with a certain smugness alongside derivatives of everything from petroleum to diamond dust to keep us dominant, at least over adversaries lesser than the opposite sex. Books about herbs flourish always, inextricably bound to the art of cookery, and, thanks to the comparative scholarliness of their compilers, they outdo most of their culinary competitors in good writing and superb illustration—drawn unashamedly from the ancient manuscripts on which they are based. A handsome example of this happy combination of taste, in every sense of that overused word, is Joseph Wood Krutch's "Herbal" (Putnam; twenty dollars), a book already discussed in these pages in a commentary on the topic of gardening. Its editor compares himself, with wry modesty, to Pliny the Elder in respect to the way he has organized and discoursed upon his subject in this herbal—garrulous and gossipy. If he can claim either dubious state, he does so with grace, and he has been helped by a kindred elegance in the typography and the general design and production of the book. Like too many publications aimed knowingly at the holiday trade, the "Herbal" is big and heavy and costly (things of this sort are prime status symbols in modern publishing), but its plates—a hundred of them facing the left-hand pages of Mr. Krutch's knowing and easy comment—are exquisite. They are from woodcuts made by two or three masters of that art to illustrate a huge volume published first in 1544 and then in some fifty editions throughout Europe—Pierandrea Mattioli's "Commentaries on the Six Books of Dioscorides." Dioscorides, a Greek physician, lived during Nero's reign, in the first century A.D., and was therefore a contemporary of Pliny the Elder. In contrast to the old naturalist's highly garbled descriptions of plants and beasts, which fed religious superstition for hundreds of years and kept mythology alive during the Dark and Middle Ages, Dioscorides wrote clear reports on every living thing he knew firsthand in his own practice—its aspect, its medical use. While men tickled their fancies with Pliny's stories of unicorns and jewel-filled toads, the Greek doctor remained a steadfast source of factual information about hundreds of plants—mostly from the Mediterranean, of course—in what Krutch calls a "largely rational" approach to herbal medicine.

The Krutch "Herbal" includes six woodcuts of creatures along with its plants, printed on paper of a soft autumnal yellow-brown instead of the heavy white of the rest of the volume. They are the deer, the viper, the hare, the fowl, the beaver, and the bee, and the reasons for their inclusion are tantalizing and amusing: boiled viper relieves toothache; all hares are hermaphrodites; bees are generated from the decaying bodies of oxen. They seem a natural part of what an anonymous German treatise of the fifteenth century lists as "herbs, animals, and other created things" put on earth to remedy our perilous existence. Mr. Krutch says, with unquestioning confidence, "Closely regarded, every one [of these created things] will be found useful, beautiful, or wonderful." This is the secret, the real explanation of why for centuries people have grown them, and studied them, and experimented with them. Plants, most all of them, are intrinsically *mysterious*. Sometimes they are identified, by a special sort of association, with a thing that is ill; the liverwort, long used in potions to heal the human liver, was once identified with that organ because its leaf was liver-shaped. This identification was the basis of a whole doctrine of medicine—that of the "signature" of the plants used. Related to this



"Why, it's Wally Bates! Have you forgotten that oath we kids all took back in Buffalo, Wally?"

school of reasoning was an occasional experiment in "simpling," or the use of a single herb as a curative—as when a country doctor in England decided that since willows grew in abundance in damp lands, where there was much rheumatism, a brew made from them might help the ailment. Unwittingly, he gave his aching patients salicylic acid, which as a chemical derivative we consume by the ton in aspirin tablets. Digitalis is another modern remedy discovered in much the same way, from a brew of foxglove leaves and stems used to cure the dropsy resulting from heart trouble. Our antibiotics, based on saprophytic plants, were known to Dioscorides two thousand years ago, and for longer than that the herb rauwolfia has been drunk in tea in many Eastern countries as a simple form of the tranquillizers we now take in pill form. Cocaine, quinine, caffeine, codeine, reserpine, ergotinine are all part of any present-day pharmacy, thanks to the gardens of the world and the itch to ease man's pain. Even what we call folk medicine, as we smile superciliously but still buy millions of books about it, can help many of us and certainly do little harm, with such things as its brews of honey and vinegar—which Dioscorides called oxymel, or vinegar honey, and recommended for arthritis, epilepsy, and snakebite! Mr. Krutch, in his preface, makes clear his own feeling, which I share with all my heart, that the current approach to healing is an inevitable part of our life but that herbals and their quaint discourses and their possible cures are "more likely than the modern scientist to impart a sense of beauty and wonder—both of which the scientist may feel, but considers it no part of his function to communicate."

Another book that has done this for some time now, and that, fortunately, was reprinted in 1964, is "Herbs for the Medieval Household," compiled by Margaret B. Freeman for the Metropolitan Museum of Art and published by the New York Graphic Society in Greenwich. It is produced with taste and verve, like the larger and much more expensive "Herbal," and should be a part of any eclectic kitchen library. It includes advice for "cooking, healing, and divers uses," and many quaint and sometimes beautiful woodcuts, both of herbs and of the people who depended upon them in the Middle Ages for health and even life. It is put together with judicious humor, along with very practical information about modern uses of the herbs, and its introduction ends with a sensible plea to the reader to be

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indulgent with both the medieval authors and Miss Freeman. She quotes in protection a herbalist who wrote, of the "notions and observations" in his book, "Most of [these] I am confident are true, and if there be any that are not so, yet they are pleasant."

It is perhaps impossible to write of herbs without this somewhat mystical pleasantness. I have been reading herbals and books of folk medicine for longer than I can remember, and I have yet to be bored by them. There may be a more tangible reason in my own case: Herbs and cookery are part of a whole, just as eating and healing are linked in man's well-being and illnesses. And since for most of my life I have been fascinated by human nourishment, I have also thought and read steadily about its many parts. No one can read a cookery manual without learning, and coming to ponder on, the reasons for herbs and spices in our lives, and from a banal mention of "1 t. vanilla" arises, at least to the inquiring mind and the "curious nose," a growing interest in the reasons.

AND there are herbals that are strictly medicinal. One I know is "The Badianus Manuscript" (Codex Barberini, Latin 241), in the Vatican Library. This saw print in Baltimore in 1940, when it was published by the Johns Hopkins Press. It is subtitled "An Aztec Herbal of 1552," and it is introduced, translated, and annotated by Emily Walcott Emmart, with a foreword by Henry E. Sigerist. In the days of its appearance, it cost a princely seven dollars and a half, but if it is procurable at all, that price would now be merely quaint. Another, but contemporary, handbook—like the Badianus, in a strange way, yet without any aesthetic or literary claims—is "Nature's Remedies, A Popular Treatise on the Chemistry of Herbs . . . Their Curative Powers and Uses in Cosmetics, Culinary Preparations, Wine and Liqueurs, etc.," by J. W. Bell, "Qualified Druggist in Germany and Latvia." It is published in Boston by Branford, known for issuing many reliable gardening books, but my particular edition was printed in England in 1958. This little book has an air of romance, no matter how dry it is, perhaps because of that description of its author. It is written with occasionally humorous terseness: "If a person needs iron, it is manifestly useless for him to chew nails. . . . There is a certain fascination and interest attached to preparing one's own physic," etc. It shows clear, useful cuts of forty-two herbs, from Ash to Yellow Dock. It has

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a recipe for Vodka, which differs from the one for Zubrovka only in its omission of Buffalo Grass: "It must be ice-cold and consumed in one gulp from a small glass not larger than an egg cup. Otherwise, it is nauseous to the taste."

The Badianus is another cup of tea or *aqua vitae*, and more worthy of its impressive scholastic treatment. The list of its contents, which are written in Latin under colored drawings much more naïve than those cut in wood and printed in European herbals, makes clear why it was published by a famous American school of medicine, for, apart from some soothing broths and infusions, all the remedies treat human ills, from dandruff to lightning stroke. The modest physician who assembled his manuscript in honor of his Spanish patron was plainly influenced by Pliny the Elder, with resultant fantasies, but much that he observed in Mexico is still part of the modern pharmacology, and, as in all such collections, there are remedies it is hard to resist quoting. This temptation is a constant tease to me, and in my immediate fight against it I shall limit myself, if possible, to only one recipe: "Trees and flowers for the fatigue of those administering the government and holding public office." Fatigue was considered a serious disease by the Aztecs, and this cure is, in its length and number of ingredients, the most important in the Badianus text. Leaders were believed to be the gods' chosen, and their care was a ritual practiced with fanatical ceremony by doctor-priests somewhat comparable to the heart specialists and abdominal surgeons who now keep watch for us. It is hard to conceive of our wearied chiefs of state submitting to early-morning baths of perfumed herbs and flowers, with the blood of the most ferocious and cleverest of animals added to impart strength and courage, sometimes with a dash of the sympathy soaked overnight from very precious stones, and, when indicated, the brain and bile of unusually canny beasts. On the other hand, this could do little real harm. The doctor adds one of his few gastronomical hints to this important treatment: "A leading man or anyone else, who wishes to obtain this rebuilding of the body, should eat the flesh of a white rabbit or of a white fox whelp, either roasted or boiled."

IT is impossible to prescribe herbs without mentioning the act of eating, since most of them are taken by mouth, and there are always a few near-delicious suggestions in even such

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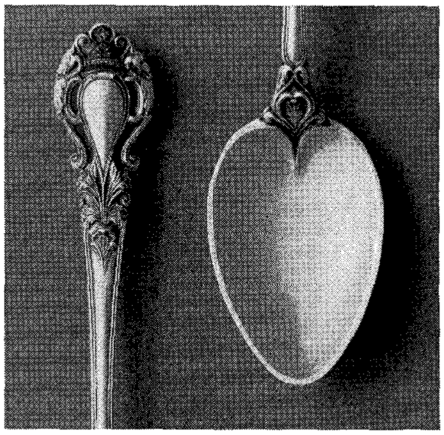

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a strictly medical work as the Badianus: "The flesh of a very pugnacious rooster is to be cooked, which he [a man suffering from "incipient contraction of the knee," whatever that may have been] should eat, and some of it is to be ground with goose fat to rub him with. . . . For heat in the heart the juice made of sweet potato root, a white pearl, a crystal, a very green emerald, a beryl, and a turquoise, the kernel of the water-squash, and ground ears of corn is useful if drunk in water." This suggests a rather gritty and expensive but good soup.

The antidote for such a clinical approach to the pleasures of herbology at table is one that is frankly culinary, and in my own library "Herbs for the Kitchen," by Irma Goodrich Mazza (Little, Brown; 1939), still takes first place, although since it appeared many other good books in the same vein have been published. It is now back in print, as it should be, for it is clear, simple, and indisputable. It is, of course, "Italian," thanks to the union of two national strains that is indicated by the author's name, but in modern Occidental gastronomy there can be no better influence than the Mediterranean, whose lands teem and spout with herbs, where sweet-smelling pungent flowers and leaves and stems lie between the sheets, float in the soups, steam in the sauces, roast within the birds, and lie across the breasts of the meats as well as the tarts. (Once, in Provence, I ached, and a friend filled a tub with hot water and my children ran out to gather armloads of fresh thyme, and then I floated and fumed with it for half an hour, and emerged anew. There, too, we roamed at the last minute for bay leaves and rosemary, to tie around a leg of lamb already salted by the tidal grasses it had been raised on in the Camargue, before we put it on a spit on the hearth. They sent out gasps of flavor as they died and fell away, and left the meat shadowy with subtle, delicious vapors.) Mrs. Mazza's book, for which I feel a grateful respect, talks with the ease of familiarity about olive oil, garlic, dried and fresh herbs, and her recipes are *honest,* as only a true cook will permit herself to leave them—no tricks, no fuss-and-muss. She preaches in "Herbs for the Kitchen" what she has long practiced and taught—"the variety and romance of simple savor."

There are more and more books about savor as such. Some of them are good. Currently, successful merchants of spices and herbs issue what are called house organs, and for a kitchen bibliophile with enough space and patience to

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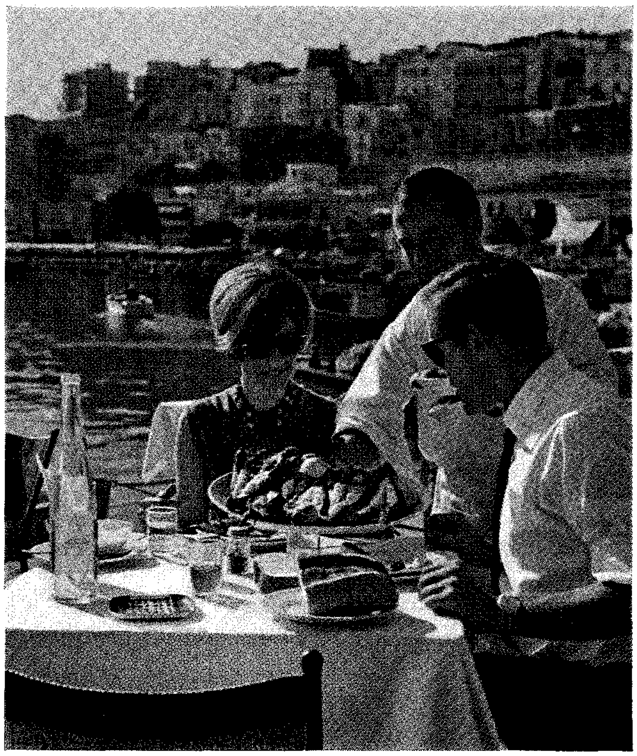

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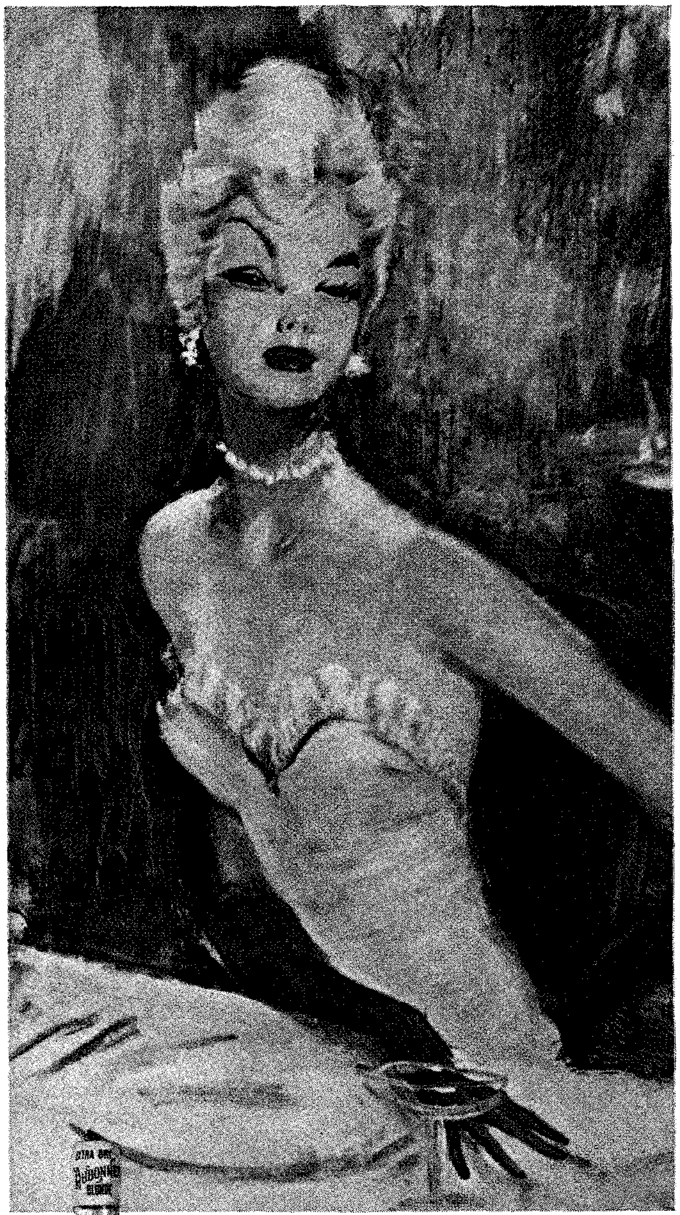

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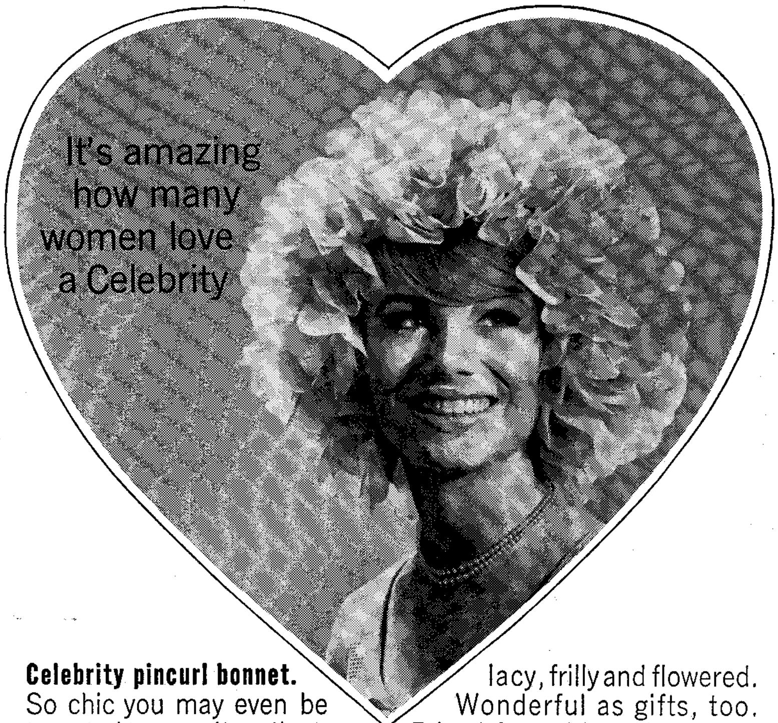
store them and keep them in usable order they are worth collecting. And there is an occasional gem in the increasing stream of culinary publications on the same subject, like "The Spice Cookbook" (David White, New York, 1964; $12.95), by Avanelle Day and Lillie Stuckey. This book has many fine things in it, even though it is fashionably overblown in size and content and unfortunately tepid in its format—at least after the heady woodcuts of the Krutch "Herbal" and the wild colors of the Badianus. Along with some dreadful suggestions for things like Herbed Liver Hash (the book sports a jacket calling it "A Complete Book of Spice and Herb Cookery—Containing 1400 Superb Recipes," etc., etc., which once again rouses my bull-like suspicion of sweeping adjectives), there is its real excuse, and its main claim to distinction in an otherwise unremarkable field—a fascinating discussion of the history and legends of herbs and spices between the two authors, who seem to make up in enthusiasm what they lack in literary style. One can forgive them some of the recipes, and the artist or printer some of the pale, pale genteel vignettes, no matter how horrid on the one hand or how coy on the other, because of the countless tidbits of information in the first seventy-five pages of this current exposé of the great *affaire* between plants and people.

A good curative, to use this word in both its herbal and its medical sense, is to retreat, or perhaps even recoil, a few centuries and read some of "The Closet of Sir Kenelm Digby Knight Opened." (My edition is from Philip Lee Warner, London, 1910, but there may be others.) Digby was an Elizabethan gentleman in the best meaning of that all-embracing term, a confirmed amateur in the world frequented by professionals like Francis Bacon, Ben Jonson, John Evelyn, and even Galileo, but still able to conduct a fine liaison with Maria de' Medici before he was twenty, and to act as diplomatic go-between for Cromwell while going daily to Mass. It is hard to envision people like him in the life of today, but when he lived he was accepted as a normal part of the wildly romantic, passionate, intense pattern. If such people are still born, they must be hiding in the great technological enclaves. He did not have to hide, and he hurled himself constantly and hungrily and with considerable happiness from the court of one queen to another, the studio of one artist to the laboratory of another scientist. He was for all of his fairly long



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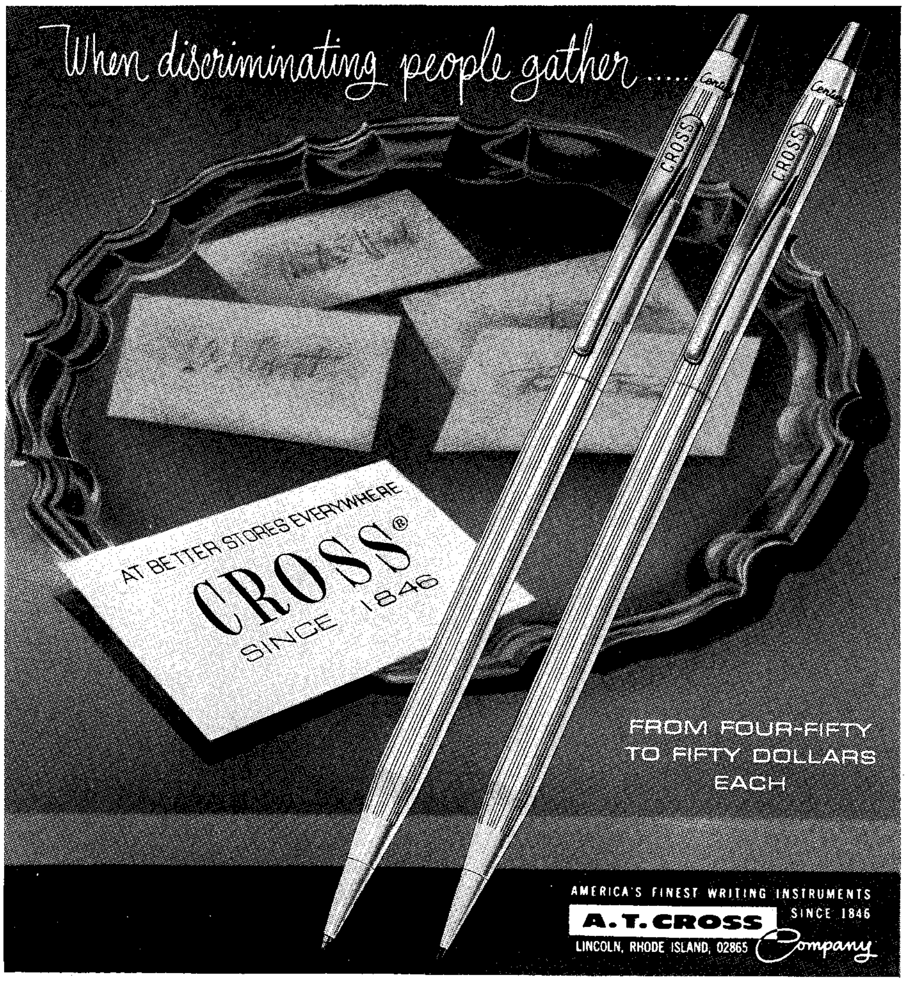

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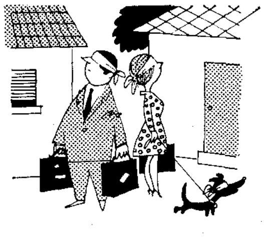
life (1603-1665) a dedicated healer as well as a fastidious cook, and could as easily treat child-bed fevers as make a dainty posset for the Queen Consort Henrietta Maria, who preferred his to all others on a cold night. Later, another Johnson—Samuel, this time—stated that no woman could write a decent cook book. He threatened to turn out one himself. Sir Kenelm beat him to it, at least within the limitations posited by his preoccupation with "healing draughts," and his culinary notations are as absorbing to read now as they were useful when he wrote them. At that time, the lady of a household, usually being the only literate female in it, kept her own book of "receipts," which she read aloud daily to her cook and in time handed on to her oldest daughter. (This custom continued long after the general dissemination of reading and writing, and I still possess my grandmothers' finely inscribed, spotted, faded books, as many Americans of my generation do theirs.) It was rare that a man did this womanly chore, but Sir Kenelm was an unusual man, even in his time. His "Closet Opened" is a portrait I can long gaze on. My interest is in part a sexual attraction—one I do not sense at all for a lady like Ann Blencowe, who kept a much better household manual than he did and for whom I feel both admiration and affection. Digby was that enduring enigma, "a gentleman in the kitchen." There was no gap then, as there is now, between the healer and the cook. A physician knew his teas and draughts and simples, and *concocted* them, as easily as a doctor today scribbles on a prescription blank. Alchemists and chirurgeons alike were as familiar among the pots and pipkins as any scullery wench. And Digby was one of the best of them all, as passionate in his old age about the mysterious healing powers of his famous (and notorious) Powder of Sympathy as about the recipes culled in his youth for Aqua Vitae and other "kitchen messes."

Almost any manual of his time is fun to read, but for me, at least, because I have long doted on him, Digby's "Closet Opened" is the best. As always, I must fight the delicious temptation to quote. How can I resist passing along his timing directions to tell when a cake or a posset is done? In one he says, as a devout Catholic in a political climate hazardous for that spiritual condition, "Whiles you can say the Miserere Psalm very leisurely." Another receipt advises the cook to wait "while your pulse beateth two hundred stroaks." (This instruction was obvious-



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ly directed to a lady or gentleman, since servants could not read, write, or count far in those days of ignorance and prestigious learning.) The Elizabethan housekeeper, head of a teeming compound, must know every*thing*—from how to keep the cooks' hands clean to how to fatten peacocks, free the soot from the chimneys, souse the pigsties, hasten difficult childbirth, brown the top of an omelet with a hot shovel, and "make bisket." He, or most often she, must also know how to preserve all procurable grains, fruits, and especially herbs, so that in the closet, or private office, they would be ready to hand. What is more, an accounting must be kept of all this activity—in script, of course. (One secret of the intensity of life then was its implacable demands upon the people dogged enough to live it.) Digby was dogged enough, and strong. He was also married, at the end of a long, frustrating romance, to a lady who upon autopsy, after her early death, was found to have almost no brain in her head, thanks, possibly, to having drunk viper wine to improve her complexion—one of her husband's prescriptions. She was a sweet, docile beauty, and he loved her, as anyone can see by his "Letters to Venetia," and her amiable disinterest in such things as arithmetic and culinary chemistry may have forced him to assume her natural role and keep her closet for people like me to enjoy. If that was so, I am grateful, even though he put on hermit garb at her funeral and lived wifeless until his death.

Any herbal of Sir Kenelm's day, or before, will make its own music. It is filled with names that are more poetry than science—meadowsweet, moonwort, Ethiopian pepper, bog asphodel. None other, for me, brings quite the satisfaction to several of my senses as does his, in almost every sentence. On one page I notice, sipping his recipes for mead in a pleasurable tipsiness, that there is no use my continuing even the first preparations for it unless "when all is dissolved, an Egg may swim in it with the end upwards." And to make Metheglin, a spiced and medicated Welsh mead that Digby loved to brew and pour into all his friends, I must "boil five handfuls of sweetbriar tops, as much of Cowslip-flowers, as much of Primrose-flowers, as much of Rosemary-flowers, as much of Sage-flowers, as many of Borage-flowers, as many of Bugloss-flowers; two handfuls of the tops of Betony, four handfuls of Agrimony, and as many of Scabious, one handful of Thyme, as much of Sweet-marjoram, and two ounces of

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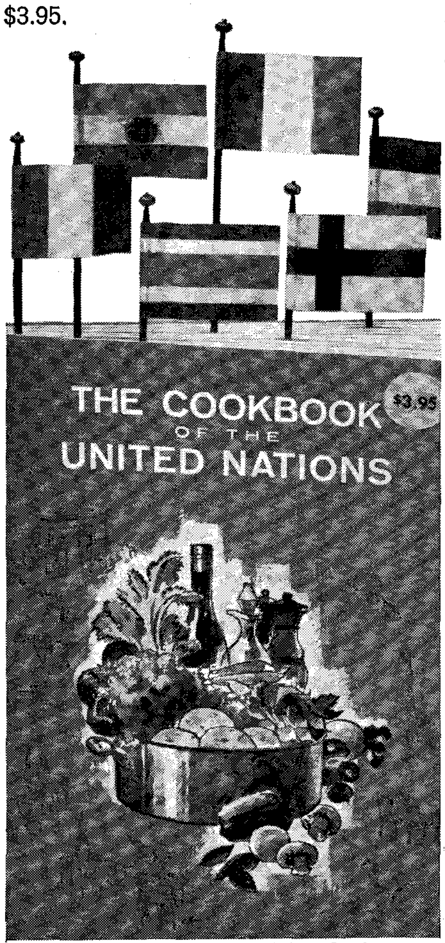
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Mustard-seed bruised. When this hath boiled so long . . ." and I doze in a flowery dream, without benefit of vitamin pills or tranquillizers, my ears rich with the sound of summer bees.

Like any correct household manual, Sir Kenelm's "Closet" has as many ways to fatten chickens and other creatures as there are to cook them, and most of the recipes, such as "To Make a Cake," and "My Lord of Denbigh's Almond March-Pane," are only for enjoyment in these days of packaged "mixes." But how subtly soothing and amusing it is to be told by a man that for an icing "if you please you may add a little Musk or Ambergreece"! How heartwarming it is to read about a "Marmulate of Cherries with Juyce of Raspes and Currants" and be assured that "Madam Plancy maketh this sweetmeat for the Queen."

Yes, *sir!* Let my rosemary die!

—M. F. K. FISHER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SIMON SAYS, by Margaret Ritter (Little, Brown). Simon, rich, quixotic, fey, and talkative, is too self-conscious to quite carry off all the embellishments of the forsaken-and-forsaking personality he has created for himself, but he adds an edge of poignancy to the sadness and romance of this story, which is narrated in cheerful, even tones by the heroine, a young actress named Diana Braden. Diana is the child of a once famous acting team, Helen and Brandon Braden. The various marriages of this couple have provided Diana with a large assortment of half brothers, all of them strangers to her, and she is married to a fascinating but muffled young man who has enormous trouble escaping from the emotional straitjacket his awful mother has him fastened up in. There are many clearly drawn people in this novel, but among them all the most attractive and compelling is a tiny girl named Sarah. The action is set mainly in New York, but there are episodes in many places—Hollywood, London, Paris, the suburbs of New York, and so on. This first novel was worth writing.

THE MENORAH MEN, by Lionel Davidson (Harper & Row). Mr. Davidson obviously considers himself a wit, and he also thinks highly of sex, but his jokes and kittenish bedroom passages only get in the way of a story—the search in Israel

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Note: S. J. Perelman's "Chicken Inspector No. 23," a collection of short pieces, most of which first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Simon & Schuster.... "The Music School," twenty stories by John Updike that also appeared in these pages, has been published by Knopf.

GENERAL

Abdication, by Brian Inglis (Macmillan). An exceptionally good book that tells the story of Edward VIII's abdication with day-to-day thoroughness, with lively, trustworthy appraisals of the characters involved, and with a clear sense of what England was like in 1936. The author is scrupulously fair to the King and Mrs. Simpson. Though they were appallingly—in his case, unforgivably—ignorant of English politics, political personalities, and constitutional norms, and of English society outside their set, they appear far more charming than the opponents of their marriage. However, their antagonists were strikingly unbeguiling: Stanley Baldwin and such members of his Cabinet as Chamberlain, Hoare, and Simon; Geoffrey Dawson, the editor of the *Times*, otherwise devoted to appeasement; and the then Archbishop of Canterbury, who was frankly a snob. Baldwin, by the way, has remained a puzzle to historians, and Mr. Inglis is lucid about the multiple interpretations that can be put on the acts of that complex man, whose public personality was all simplicity; nevertheless, Mr. Inglis is fairly certain that while Baldwin did not (as has been alleged) scheme to get rid of the King from the moment of his accession, he found Edward's style of kingship on matters unconnected with his marriage unsatisfactory and nearly unconstitutional. What does Inglis himself think about it all? It is not easy to say. He works with such unobtrusive dedication at giving the reader possession of the episode that his own views are not prominent. He regrets the pain that some figures suffered, and the meannesses that others inflicted, but he does not—or so it appears—regret the outcome.

The Spanish Inquisition, by Henry Kamen (New American Library). A young English historian offers a new view of an old institution. Mr.

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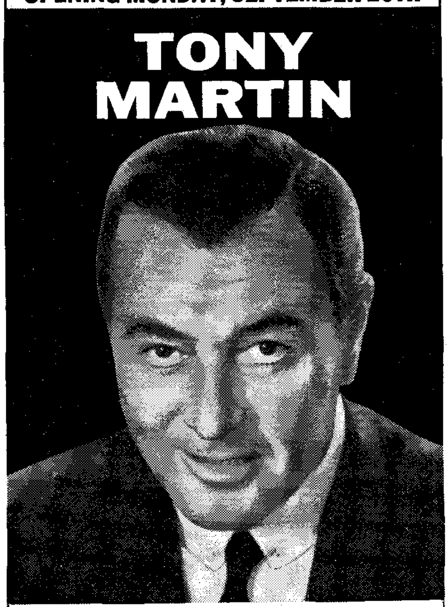

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Kamen does not regard the Inquisition as peculiarly Catholic but as peculiarly Spanish. What happened, he thinks, was that Ferdinand and Isabella needed the support of the Castilian aristocracy, and got it at the price of turning Spain's national institutions, including the brand-new Inquisition, into state machines for imposing Castilian values on what had been a heterogeneous country. Castile valued pure ancestry and military prowess; Castile detested Jews, Muslims, the middle class, and such middle-class qualities as efficiency and industriousness. And so Spain began to close itself not only to heresy but to any innovation. Over the centuries, ignorance bred ignorance, and while the rest of Europe developed physics, factories, and even, here and there, political liberty, Spain took pride in being a nation of underachievers. Throughout his narrative, Mr. Kamen is describing, not blaming. He has much unfamiliar information, a businesslike style, and—though he evidently does not share Castilian values—a sense of historical fair play.

WITH KENNEDY, by Pierre Salinger (Doubleday). There are no dull patches and no stretching of the narrative in Mr. Salinger's account of his particular thousand days in the White House with John F. Kennedy. The story, naturally, revolves around his job as Presidential press secretary (and incorporates, by the way, a shrewd study of the sometimes rough, always uneasy, relations between a democratic government and a free and uninhibited press), but there is a good deal more to it than that. Mr. Salinger served the President as a diplomatic courier in the clandestine correspondence with Khrushchev; he was an envoy extraordinary, and without the blessing of the State Department, to Russia, where he spent two strenuous afternoons in the country with the Soviet Premier and alternately enjoyed and endured seven hours of Mr. K.'s private conversation; and he had a hand in the secret negotiations between the United States and the Soviet Union by which the Cuban missile crisis was resolved. This is not only an engaging book, reflecting as it does its author's good sense, good humor, and almost unperturbable aplomb; it is also (except for the final portion, entitled "After Kennedy," which is of no great moment) a fascinating closeup

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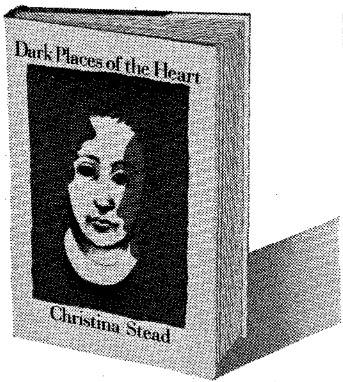

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of the Presidency in operation. Photographs.

ENGAGED AND DISENGAGED, by Douglas Bush (Harvard). Nineteen literary essays and addresses that represent the somewhat lighter side of the Gurney Professor of English at Harvard and the author of "Prefaces to Renaissance Literature." The subjects, for the most part, are not entirely unconventional (anti-Americanism, sexy fiction, Dickens' humor, the function of literature, the nature of humanism), but they are explored with a cool intelligence and (as when he speaks of biographies "written not only for but by the general reader") an occasional snap of wit. And there is one piece, a wild-eyed analysis of "Pride and Prejudice" by the "anthropological-psychological method" ("Mrs. Bennet and the Dark Gods: The Key to Jane Austen"), that is a masterpiece of mockery.

VERSE

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF THEODORE ROETHKE (Doubleday). A great deal has been written about the striking changes in Roethke's form and attitude toward life that took place between the publication of his first book, "Open House" (1941), and "The Far Field" (1964), which appeared a year after his untimely death, at the age of fifty-five. A transformation occurred from a rather tight lyricism toward a large and flexible openness in both manner and matter, and Roethke's interest in fruitful experiment remained constant. We are now able to trace the poet's progress not only in technique but in spiritual illumination in this final volume. The variety of tone and temper—from nonsense verse to metaphysical meditation—is in itself remarkable, and the close observation of divided being (for Roethke chronicles the joyous release from despair as well as his black hopelessness and angers) is a rare phenomenon in any language. His sincerity allowed him to express freely and in contemporary terms that "egotistical sublime" so uncommon and so unpopular in our day without lapsing into false romanticism. Joyce, it now is evident, was often at the center of Roethke's wild humor, while he remained almost untouched by glum Surrealism. It is difficult for a poet to use up every drop of his experience. This, often at psychic extremes, Roethke managed to accomplish, and his collected poems, rich, among oth-

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er virtues, with the virtues of courage and endurance, should continue to entertain and hearten readers for a long time to come.

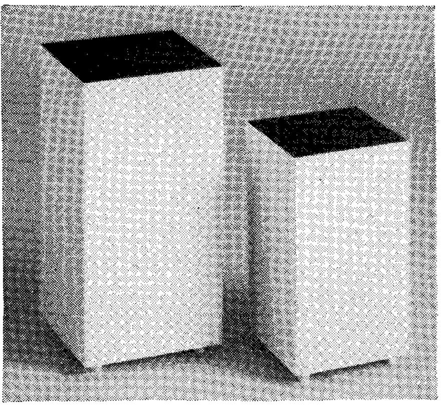
ANTIWORLDS, by Andrei Voznesensky, edited, with an introduction, by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward; foreword by W. H. Auden (Basic Books). Poets rarely receive the serious attention of both scholars and *their own poetic peers* when the delicate matter of translation is involved. Here, several of the most brilliant American contemporary lyric talents—Auden, Richard Wilbur, Stanley Kunitz among them—have taken over the task of reproducing many of this young Russian's poems in forms that correspond closely to the form of the originals, and their efforts have been based on the careful reading of editors who know Russian. As a result, we can feel that we are being brought as close as possible to the foreign poet's projection of thought and emotion. Voznesensky, from all discernible evidence, is not only talented to a degree but practiced in a range of manners: Russian fantasy, often mingled with the international Surrealism we have all become accustomed to. A certain manipulation of his gifts shows up from time to time, however—a manipulation of material and of means, which results in a kind of poetry that turns an empty and rhetorical side to the reader and, presumably, the listener (for this is a public poet used to platform performance). Reasons for his wavering between public and private emotions are clearly set out in the editors' preface. Voznesensky, having published five books between 1960 and 1964 and acquired an enormous public in and out of Russia, has surmounted many of the difficulties of a most demanding career; his energy and inventiveness give every indication that he will continue to surmount them without sacrificing too much of his original gift in the process.

•

The President gave no advance notice of his arrival at the exhibition game between National Football League teams. Before leaving early in the second quarter. In that quarter he completed four straight passes, then handed off to Tony Lorick, who went over from the 1. The Colts did all their scoring in the first half.

—*The Times.*

It wasn't much fun after that.



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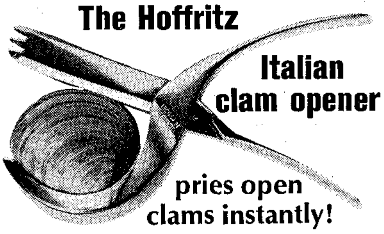

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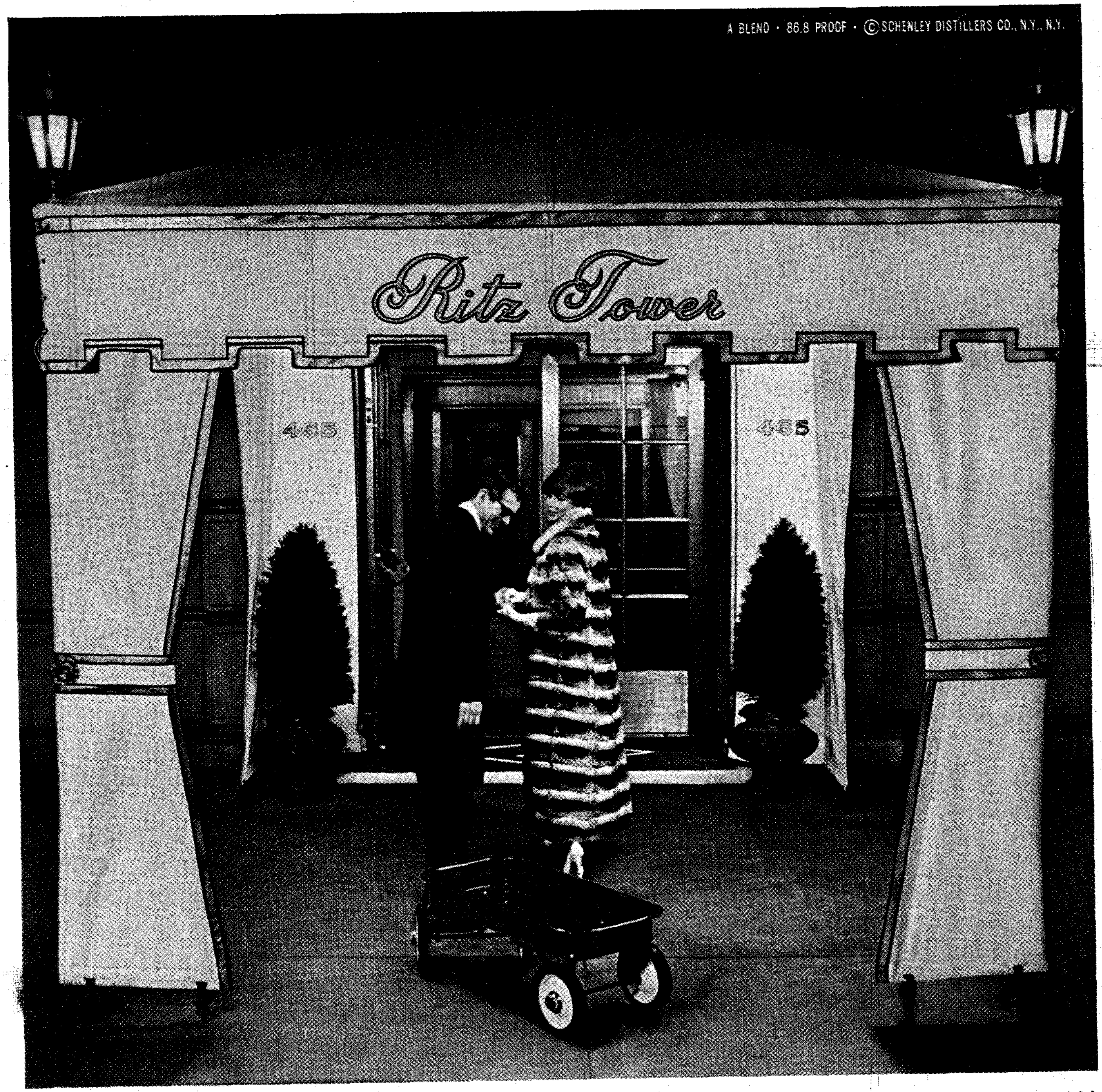
You're cruising the highway smoothly, comfortably in your 'Jeep' Wagoneer. Suddenly—a steep hill. Or slippery pavement. Or icy, dangerous curves. Just flip one simple lever into 4-wheel drive—at any speed—and you hug the road with twice the traction of other cars...twice the control, twice the safety. You've got confidence you just don't have in any other wagon. In short: a 'Jeep' Wagoneer gives you *all* the comfort, riding and handling ease of any fine car. Plus the incomparable safety of 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive. In these emergencies, it's the world's finest protection for your family...off the road, it's a new world of fun and adventure.

All the features and options you'd expect in any fine car: 250 hp V-8 or Hi-Torque 6-cylinder engines. Turbo Hydra-Matic* automatic transmission. Power steering. Power brakes. Air-conditioning. 'Picture Window' visibility. 10 added safety features. Choice of colors, custom trim, accessories. Also available in 2-wheel drive. **KAISER Jeep CORPORATION**
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

*TRADEMARK GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

You've got to drive it to believe it. See your 'Jeep' dealer. Check the Yellow Pages.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